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FOLK SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

With English Versions by American Poets

Compiled and Edited

by

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD

Volume One

There I beheld a book
With golden leaves clasped with two chrysolites
Inscribed, "Of Humble Folk, Their Lives."
Whatever was writ there might no man know;
But when one opened it, headlong there came
A flood of simple, importuning song—
Lays of the throstle and the soaring lark,
With now and then a note from nightingale.
. . . We might have had more joy of nightingales
But for the mourning of unnumbered doves.
—Images of a Mystic.

* * * * *

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FOREWORD

UNDER the title of *Folk Songs of Many Peoples* the editor has not limited her choice to folk songs alone, but has included composed songs, upon which time and popular favor have set the seal of approval.

Folk songs have no beginning and no end. They reflect, in a measure, the inherent character of a race. A tune may be caught up from the gleaner in the field and retained in the heart and memory of others who repeat it with added phrase and meaning. The same song may have many variants. Handed down from one century to another, in time we find it adapted to contemporary scale and rhythm. *There is a tavern in the town,* and *For he's a jolly good fellow* are both modern titles belonging to songs with long pedigrees. They have been sung for generations in different countries with different words and varying rhythms.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime;
She visits every ground
And favors every time.[1]

If songs could be mapped in color like geographical limits, if they were in no greater state of flux than zones of climate—the collector would feel more secure in racial divisions. But folk songs cross national boundaries like seeds upon the wind. Having life from the emotions their natural soil is the human heart and their field the world.

Where good tunes fall they persist and flourish. In this collection they have been set down in one place rather than another with regard to the language claiming them, and this not by arbitrary opinion but by the judgment of majorities. Such choice asserts no ethnic origin and only follows popular estimates. In border countries, the Balkans, for example, Teutonic influence has been so powerful that many of the most familiar seem purely German in content.

That part of our people which is European by culture or descent sings easily. English stock in America inherits English tastes and convention in music. With Herder, pioneer of folk song collectors, and with Mozart and Haydn, the majority consider that the essence of a song is music, not coloratura or word painting, that its perfection lies in the melodious swing of passion and sentiment best described under the old name of tenor or tune, the one thing in music that cannot be taught.[2] Melody, therefore, has been the deciding factor in making the final choice of songs for this collection. Explanatory notes may be missed but they could not have been added with any completeness except at the expense of the music. When possible the accompaniments have been transposed to

[1] *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age. A. H. Bullen, London, 1887.*

[2] *Voices of the Nations—Gottfried Herder, 1776. See The Sponsor of Folk Songs, by Theodore Nunnes, Temple Bar, 1897.*

easy singing keys. A place has been sought for this collection upon the home piano rack rather than on the library shelf.

Choice has been narrowed by eliminating hunting, drinking, war and student songs, as well as the curiosities of folk music of interest mainly to antiquarians. The whole may fairly be grouped under songs of country, praise of the home-land, the beauty of its women and the valor of its men; songs that accompany rustic labor in its tasks, and dances. Carols of Christmas and the New Year have been included, also a few examples of hymns and religious festival music, and finally songs of sentiment, veiling and revealing love in its most naïve manifestations.

Nor has the editor's judgment been the sole arbiter. Final decisions were made by foreign-born singers familiar with their music. The best known and most loved songs were chosen in preference to the local and less familiar and the merely curious. While many melodic gems of pure folk value disappear under this weeding, the remainder, it is hoped, will prove national in type.

The greater part of the collection, as far as is known, has not been previously translated into English verse from the original languages, and many unwritten songs have been taken from the lips of singers here and abroad. It is to the foreign-born that the editor feels most indebted. They have poured forth hoarded and remembered melodies freely, concerned only lest among so many voices that their own songs should be unheard.

In the first volume we have placed songs from the Baltic countries, the remote, crystalline melodies of Esthonia, Finland, Latvia and Lithuania; Slavic songs, expressing the melancholy Russian temperament, the naïve and individual genius of the Czecho-Slovaks, and of the fanciful and fiery Pole. The songs of the Jugo-Slavs reflect the varying emotional history of the people under their different governments, the dominant key being minor. Bulgaria offers a wealth of delicate, fanciful airs. The unusual rhythms and colorful melodies of Hungary are fully represented.

The second volume includes songs from Scandinavia, elemental expressions of a sturdy race; the swinging, passionate airs of Italy; the individual and classic melodies of the Greeks; songs from Roumania and Albania, a curious blend of Slav and oriental influence, with marked impressions of the Latin races. Much music unfamiliar to Western ears will be found in the selections from China and Japan, Armenia and Syria, and India; these songs have been selected from a wealth of material offered by natives of these particular countries and are full of interest and charm to music lovers. We have avoided duplication from English, French and German sources by using transplanted examples which have taken root in America. These have been found in the mountain regions of the South, among the French Canadians of New England border states, and the German-American immigrants.

In the same manner we have interpreted the rich and varied music of Spain and Portugal as transplanted from those countries to South America. Singers will find a number of rare and beautiful melodies, including songs from Mexico and the Central and South American states. America's contribution consists of Indian, negro, cowboy, creole and early popular music beginning with the songs of Stephen Foster.

Simple songs are we—romances—
All of light and easy measures;
What one either sings or dances
Hums or whistles at his pleasure.[3]

[3] *Charles T. Brooks.*

INTRODUCTION

For my own part I would much rather have written the best song of a nation than its noblest epic.[1]

THIS collection of songs begun twelve years ago in Southern Europe finds its completion in the editor's own country. Apart from interest to folk-lore students and music lovers, these more than three hundred songs of the people, interpreted by over three score American poets, should have a peculiar value for our foreign-born citizens. The music is their own, but the voice is the voice of America. Through this voice they may learn how lovingly the English word lends itself to songs of home and the heart, of meeting and parting, of May time and mating, to the beat of the oar, the lilt of the dance, perpetually recurring themes the world around.

As the foreign singer begins to comprehend the words they will enlarge and beautify his speech. If he takes other folks' tunes to heart they may rid him of many racial ill-humors. Pure folk lays teach the oneness of mankind; they are notes of common joys and common grief. Harmonized in a single tongue, clothed in words of universal context by world poets, they become a real Esperanto.

Time and place seem opportune for such a work. The new migration has the United States for its goal. Through every port polyglot peoples are entering.[2]

The immigrant, after he has passed the wicket gate of the port, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, enters "The Interpreter's House." There linguists translate only material wants. At the call of spiritual needs they are dumb. But the immigrant's most cherished possessions are least material. Every knocker at the gate bears with him a bundle of dreams and memories invisible as the angelic roses of St. Cecilia. Mingled with his memories are the songs he loves best; expressions of the most comforting of the arts; songs of labor and play, patriotism and devotion; and prized above all are his songs of love.

> One sweet word,
> The universal language of the muse's grove,
> Motive of all true melody.[3]

There are rare stuffs in the invisible bundle; melodies to enrich our own inherited store with moving words to give them life and spirit. They should be sung in American homes. They should be heard in the music of the future. Folk songs strike a common chord which may yet lead mankind into the unity of a saner world.

Music is the Ariadne, sad or smiling, who explores by means of her harmonious thread the labyrinth of souls.[4]

"WHY do you run away from life?" demanded Jean Christophe of the French composers, "the public are sick of your harmonized neurasthenia, your contrapuntal pedantry!" How strangely this question of Romain Rolland reminds us of other times, when the contrapuntal artists of England, after the affair of King Charles' head, fled to France carrying their music with them. Rustic England did not miss them, people gladly went back to their Elizabethan tunes and morris dances.

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[1] *Edgar Allan Poe.*

[2] *"The Saturna arrived to-day, bringing one thousand immigrants belonging to eighteen nationalities. The ship was a floating babel of strange languages." New York Times, January 10, 1921.*

[3] *Some masterpieces of Latin poetry—Propertius—translated by William Stebbing, London, 1920.*

[4] *French music of to-day—G. Jean Aubry, London, 1919.*

Rolland proposes an easier method of ridding France of the descendants of these émigrés with all their works. His hero, Christophe, will write an opera with a pastoral symphony containing the "airs of the fields and the blithe serenity of lutes, oboes, and the clear-souled folk songs of old France."

Let young American composers follow his example. They will not be limited to aboriginal Seminole or Sioux motifs, nor be forced to use later imported instruments of hullabaloo and hurly-burly. But they may draw from the invisible bundles of as many as sixty races living in America, whose voices are to be heard around the melting-pot.

With the French composers do you seek for new threads to weave into new-world symphonies? You may gather them here dyed in the purple imagery of the East, with silken strands of rare spinning that Confucius praised and Persian airs that Mahomet banned.

You need but enter a New York street to find in the possession of some living son of David another thread for a longer quest and a different pattern. With this magic your caravan shall pass by the sepulchres of Babylonian cities and approach some green oasis in the sands of Arabia. There the songs of a camel-driver will greet you, echo of the same western voice and unwinding the same mnemonic thread of lamentation. The camel-driver unconsciously wails of sorrows in labor, prophesying griefs yet to be endured. How these Mosaic threads wander! Another one may leave the windows of King David's palace in Jerusalem as a Passover hymn and enter our western world on the wings of folk-song.[5]

Preferring other threads for an opus Anglo-American, somewhere in the mountains of Kentucky the composer will hear a ballad with refrains of unhappy love. Pure English or perhaps Scotch, he imagines, until the thread is followed overseas. There the wandering melody of the sixteenth century, variously apparelled, after a stay in the British isles, may cross the channel and turn into a *ballade,* sung before courts when England was a literary province of France; then reverting to type as a *chanson populaire,* be still earlier denounced from medieval pulpits as a survival of old heathen ditties which it was acknowledged the folk could not be broken of singing.[6]

Sir Walter Scott, in a conversation with Washington Irving in 1835, compared English national music to a harlequin's jacket made up of foreign scraps, and found his own Scotch songs legitimate and untainted because with the Welsh and the Irish they had descended from the ancient Britons.[7]

Let this narrow view serve as a needed warning to Americans against musical chauvinism. Whatever English poetry or song inherited from its continental invaders, Romans, Saxons, Danes or Normans, was for enrichment, and by so much as our legacy is greater and our population less homogeneous than the British isles, future composers may profit by the difference.

The labor of rescuing folk songs from oblivion has occupied governments and the scientific societies of Europe. Many liberal patrons of music have contributed funds to further this research. Notably the late Charles Crane of Chicago, through whose generosity Madame Lineff was enabled to complete her great collection of Russian communal songs.

There is no American music in the strict sense and can be none, declares Krehbiel, the well-known authority on folk-music. Every element in our population must have its own popular musical expression and no one element can be set up to be more American than any other. A continent cannot be enclosed within a Chinese wall. Our art must face outward and welcome those who come bearing civilized and civilizing gifts.

[5] *During the Passover season, in every part of the world some voice may be heard chanting the Hallel, the Psalmist's psalm of praise. In the 16th century two new verses were added, with a new German air. The first verse carried a mystical meaning under the Hebrew title—Had Gadya—meaning "The One Kid," or the Jewish people. This was a cumulative folk-song corresponding to the "House that Jack Built." The original German air passed from one country to another, even as far as Siam. To this day in Pennsylvania towns settled by Germans, children will pass singing, "Der Bauer schickt den Jokel aus," one of the hundred variants of this Passover hymn.*

See Jewish Encyclopedia under Had Gadya. Also J. B. Stoudt, Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, 1915.

[6] *Some aspects of the medieval lyric.—E. K. Chambers, London, 1907.*

[7] *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey—Washington Irving, London, 1835.*

WE cannot fail to recognize the tie between the creative genius of the people, who have no idea of musical grammar and the highest modern composition. Madame Lineff characterizes the relation between them as that of mother and child. *The Bulina,* the musical epic of her people, evolves into the recitative in opera into romance and instrumental music.[8]

Cecil J. Sharp, in the London *Morning Post,* discussing this subject in December, 1906, would magnify the composer's debt. He declares that history provides not a single instance of a national school of music founded upon anything else than national folk-music.[9]

Bach, the father of modern music, wrote country airs and dances into his *Bauern Cantata,* 1742. In his *Well Beloved Symphony* the memory of shepherds and pastoral scenes seems to set his mind welling to the same lovely themes.[10]

Beethoven began to draw thematic designs from Russia before Tchaikowsky revealed the soul of his people through their songs. Earlier than Tchaikowsky, Glinka revived their flexible melodies and free rhythms and he was followed by a long line of composers from Borodin to the present time.

Schubert's *Divertissements à la Hongroise* contain a succession of real national tunes, one of which the great song writer took from the lips of a maid singing in her kitchen. Liszt repaid Schubert's debt in the Gypsy songs of his *Rhapsodies. Mozart's Magic Flute* betrays similar influences. Grieg listened in his northern solitude and wrote down much that the humblest taught him. What Mendelssohn borrowed from the land of Burns was more than repaid to the world by Moore. In his first days Wagner confessed to finding his new jewels in the same old gold. This one may see in the *Flying Dutchman.* Dvorak has done the same service for Bohemia as well as for the songs of the American negro. In Paderewski's *Mazurkas* and *Fantasias* the people dance in peasant fashion with the clatter of heavy soles. The folk-song enters deliberately into the instrumental music of the younger French school, especially of Vincent d'Indy, declares the critic, Philip Hale, who also finds French operettas of the eighteenth century "stuffed with folk tunes." [11]

WHO shall assess the debt of the Christian church to the people for its devotional music? There has always been conflict between plain song and folk song, between the effort of rigid churchmen to keep their music in the old modes and the desire of the people to favor St. James' advice: "Is there any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing songs!"

The struggle doubtless began in the catacombs of Rome. Early Christians must have taken their tunes wherever they could find them, from temple worship or from Greek and Roman street songs. In the fourth century the conflict between ecclesiastics became intense. A Constantinople crowd was so captivated by the music of heretic processions that orthodox clergy were obliged to imitate the example of their rivals. Many thus drawn to the church through curiosity remained and were baptized. Hasty conversions like this provoke Dr. Burney to say that English parochial music of 1776 was more likely to drive Christians with good ears out of the church than draw pagans into it.

Later we see Pope Gregory banishing the *Canto Figurato* from cathedral service as too light and dissolute, while reformers, though allowing the people to sing with one voice in a plain tune, objected to antiphonal responses, as they said, "tossing the psalms from one side to the other of the church with intermingling organs."

Luther wrote in 1524 to a friend informing him that he meant to make psalms for the common people. The same year the Reformer published his *Kirchenlieder* set to popular melodies. In his preface to the hymn book of 1530, Luther declares music to be "the beautiful and heavenly gift of God. Next to theology, with my small ability to judge, I would set nothing higher." His *Ein' feste Burg* has been used as the foundation of various pieces of music, such as Bach's *Cantata,* Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony,* Wagner's *Kaiser Marsch* and in an Overture by Raff. It was largely employed by Meyerbeer in *Les Huguenots.*

[8] *Peasant songs of Great Russia—Eugenia Lineff, Moscow, 1905.*

[9] *"I cannot withhold the criticism that the educational authorities of the large cities of the United States are too ready to ignore the educational and cultural value of that national heritage of song which every immigrant brings with him to his new home."—English folk-songs from the Southern Appalachians, collected by Oliver Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, New York, 1917.*

[10] *Sebastian Bach—Sir Hubert H. Parry. London 1918.*

[11] *Modern French Songs. Philip Hale, Boston, 1904.*

In France, psalmody found a poet sixteen years later in Clement Marot. Like Luther he took his tunes from the favorite songs of the times. These were the French airs in mixed meter that plagued our Pilgrim fathers. The first Plymouth congregation sang from the Ainsworth edition of the Psalms. Other congregations of the colony preferred the Bay Psalm book, compiled by a chorister at St. Paul's and reprinted in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640. The meters used were simple, being known as single common meters. The hymn-book battle lasted for seventy years. Then one day in June, 1692, to quote from the church records, the Plymouth pastor "stayed the congregation and propounded, seeing that many of the Psalms which we now sing had such difficult tunes that none in the church could sett, would not they consider some way of accommodation?" A music committee was appointed. When it reported the following August and recommended the book with the easier tunes, "not one brother opposed the conclusion." If any Plymouth spinster sighed for the French 134th Psalm which she may have been singing for seventy years, she kept silence. Doubtless she sang *Old Hundredth* from the new hymn book with great fervor without realizing that the tune was once a popular air.

These interchurch wars make melancholy reading for music lovers in America. They mark the beginning of a great decline in the aesthetic taste of the colonies, which seemed unaffected by the contemporaneous revival of music and learning in the mother country.

Our forefathers were engaged in rearing the strong pillars which should support the state. The vine which was to twine around these pillars and lend them grace was left for later hands to plant and cherish.[12]

Volumes have been written about the elevation of certain popular airs to the ecclesiastical peerage. Does it excite less religious emotion in a congregation uniting to sing Wesley's Advent Hymn, *Lo, He Comes in Clouds Descending,* to know that Olivers, the composer, adapted it from an Irish air he heard whistled in a London street! Such an affirmation goes back to Scott's idea that a good song can be tainted by its origin.

While Queen Mary was still on the throne an Edinburgh Scotchman showed his contumacy by putting together a collection of "Godlie songs with divers other ballads changit out of prophane songs." How did he change them? Let Dr. Geddes (1683) also an adapter of hymns for his parish, answer. "We choose the part angelical—the tune—and leave out the diabolical."

FOLK SONGS play strange tricks upon memory and imagination alike. A famous collector once said that in every country he visited he found himself listening for echoes of the songs he had left behind him. The editor herself is haunted occasionally by unmated or mismated songs, married to unworthy words or to unsuitable tempos—a love song masquerading as a song of war or a dance tune out of step. Hymn makers for the Salvation Army are trained to make the most and best of such tunes. They travel around the world in search of them, making apparently impossible contacts between East and West.

One of these protean melodies has clung to the editor's memory for years. Lately, in searching for "the oldest folk song"—another rainbow quest—she chanced upon this passage from Maspero. "I consider," says the French explorer, "that Egypt must be regarded, if not the original home of folk tales, at least as one of those countries in which they earliest assumed the form of actual literature."[13]

This suggested ridding oneself of the haunting, tormenting melody by a bold experiment. Why not wed it to an ancient folk theme, one well within the comprehension of a native of modern Egypt? The haunting melody was rightfully in use in the first volume of our *Folk Songs of Many Peoples,* where it appears as a Slovak love song under the title of *Sadla Muska.* Effectively as the Slovak text has been rendered into English, the melody itself seems to warrant another theme, bolder and sung in a different tempo.

Maspero has deciphered one tale of the 12th Egyptian Dynasty, about 2400 B.C., which is replete with folk interest. In papyri, discovered in the last century, it is variously described as the lamentations or complaints of Sekhti, the learned and eloquent Egyptian peasant. Of these Laments, Petrie, another Egyptologist, says, "There is not a single point of interest which might not be true in modern times. Every turn in it seems to live as one reads it in view of country life in Egypt." [14]

[12] *The Psalmodies of Plymouth. S. L. Thorndyke in Colonial Society of Massachusetts Proceedings, February, 1894.*

[13] *Popular stories of ancient Egypt. Sir G. Maspero, London, 1892.*

[14] *Egyptian tales, translated from the papyri, 4th to 12th dynasty—W. M. F. Petrie, London, 1899. See also "Literature of Ancient Egyptians," E. A. Wallis Budge, London, 1914, and "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archeology," June 14, 1872.*

To turn one or two of these complaints uttered nearly 5,000 years ago into 19th century singing and ballad form is an anachronism. It cannot be defended. It can only be tried. Yet every folk song collector knows of scores of examples of the adoption by one country of the songs of another. Malbrough, the only song which Napoleon knew, is an example. Chateaubriand, who visited Syria in the 18th century, heard it sung there by the Arabs. He conjectured that it had been brought to the holy land by the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon. It certainly requires an effort of the imagination to hear Arab musicians uniting to chant *"For he's a jolly good fellow,"* the English version of *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.*

The story of Sekhti comes to us in the form of bold, almost defiant, declaration. Sekhti has been treated cruelly. He stands before his oppressors and defends himself. He was the original Egyptian rebel. Perhaps around the salt marshes of Cairo his sayings were chanted in proverbs by Nile ditch diggers and pyramid stone masons. Who knows? Can Sekhti's words translated into another speech be set to a tune which is sung by European peasants? It is a favorite saying of collectors that folk songs have no beginning and no end. At any rate here is a beginning!

THE STORY OF SEKHTI

About 2400 B.C.

The Argument

Sekhti lived near Cairo with his wife Nofrit. One morning the peasant told his wife that he was going to Madinit to sell his salt and skins. On the way he had to pass the estate of Rensi, the high steward of Pharaoh. Suti, the jealous servant of Rensi, coveting the peasant's store, spreads a carpet before him in such a way that the little caravan might with difficulty pass beneath the canal ditch and a field of wheat. When the animals cropped the growing grain, Suti seized them, beat the peasant with tamarisk branches and even threatened him with death. Sekhti thereupon went to the palace and appealed to the King's steward in nine complaints and in language so lofty and picturesque that the steward was astonished and went and reported it to Pharaoh. His majesty ordered Rensi to take down the peasant's words carefully, induce him to spin them out as long as possible but give Sekhti no satisfaction for his stolen goods. The peasant's speeches cover 400 lines in the Berlin Museum papyrus of which the last fourteen columns are lost. Through two other manuscripts, known as the Butler and Amherst fragments, the story is made fairly complete. The conclusion being lost it is not certain whether the Pharaoh of his time gave Sekhti back his goods or left him to die in Egypt away from his little farm and from Nofrit and his children.

Sekhti

Sekhti addresses his wife, Nofrit.

Bake me loaves for six days' journey;
Lo, the asses wait!
I must haste with hides to Egypt
Through Madinit's gate.[15]

Suti

Suti see Sekhti coming on the narrow tow-path bordering his master's cornfield.

Praise to Sebek[16] who hath sent us
Wolf and jackal hides!
Slave! go spread this strip of carpet
Where that peasant rides.

Suti seizes the asses and scourges Sekhti with green tamarisk branches.

Look out villain, how your donkeys
Trample down my wheat!
Were rare carpets of Madinit
Made for peasant's feet?

Rensi orders two of his men to drive Sekhti away from his gates with staves.

Sekhti

He also threatens him with death, the Lord of Silence.

You have beaten me with branches,
Robbed me of my all!
Would you stop my mouth from speaking
In Osiris' hall?

Sekhti, expecting death, appeals to the gods of Judgment in the Hall of Osiris.

Sekhti makes his complaint to Suti's master at his palace.

Rensi, at the pool of justice,
Thy poor servant kneels;
Sebek nourish thee with reed birds,
Fill thy pots with eels!

Rudder of the Ship of heaven,
High Wave of the Nile—
When the man steals for the master
Which has greater guile?

Thou art richer than a Pharaoh,
My goods are my breath;
Give me what thy slave hath stolen,
Compass not my death.

Stands thy servant like a jackal
Mouthing empty words?
Must the vulture always fatten
On the little birds?

Avaricious son of Maru!
In thy shadow falls
One more soul,—his dust forsaking,
Who on Ammon calls.

I have poured out soul from body,
Washed my linen white;
Where I go all men are equal
In Anubis' sight.

I may sleep, but not forever;
In His judgment place,
When the voice of Thoth shall name us,
Cover not thy face—[17]

[15] *A town near the modern "Ahnas elMedineh."*
[16] *The God of the Fayum, Rensi's domain.*
[17] *For melody, see Vol. I, page 151.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE editor wishes to make acknowledgments to foreign-born men and women of this country for contributions of song and verse drawn from memory and from private collections generously placed at her disposal; also to translators of tested worth without whose aid the collection could not have been completed, and especially to American poets who have given of their best in order that the immigrant may sing his own melodies in the language of his adopted country. She wishes that space would allow individual mention of these co-workers, hundreds in number.

Members of the Foreign-Born Department of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of America have augmented this list. The field, local and foreign language secretaries of the International Institutes of the Young Women's Christian Association have furnished valuable material. These associates have helped by research, correspondence and practical suggestion. They deserve the grateful appreciation of all whom this book will interest. Among these who deserve special mention is Helen Jauncey Kingsbury, whose musical knowledge and enthusiasm have been a constant help.

The editor is under obligation to musicians and composers for their contributions; notably to Mr. Franklin W. Robinson for many arrangements and for his friendly criticism and encouragement.

The experience of Mrs. Edith Terry Bremer with the many-sided immigration problems has made her appreciative of every resource for mutual understanding between ourselves and the stranger within our gates. She early saw the need for this collection of songs and her interest and support have been invaluable in the furtherance of the editor's task.

The musical collections in the Library of Congress in Washington, the libraries of Boston, Harvard, Philadelphia, Chicago and the public libraries of New York, especially the Forty-second Street and Webster Branch, have been a great resource. Hearty thanks are extended for courteous assistance given by their librarians over a long period.

These songs have been edited with permission of authors and publishers wherever known. If any omissions have occurred the editor hopes that the publishers, authors, and singers will overlook them. Upon request corrections will be made in subsequent editions.

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD.

New York, May, 1921.

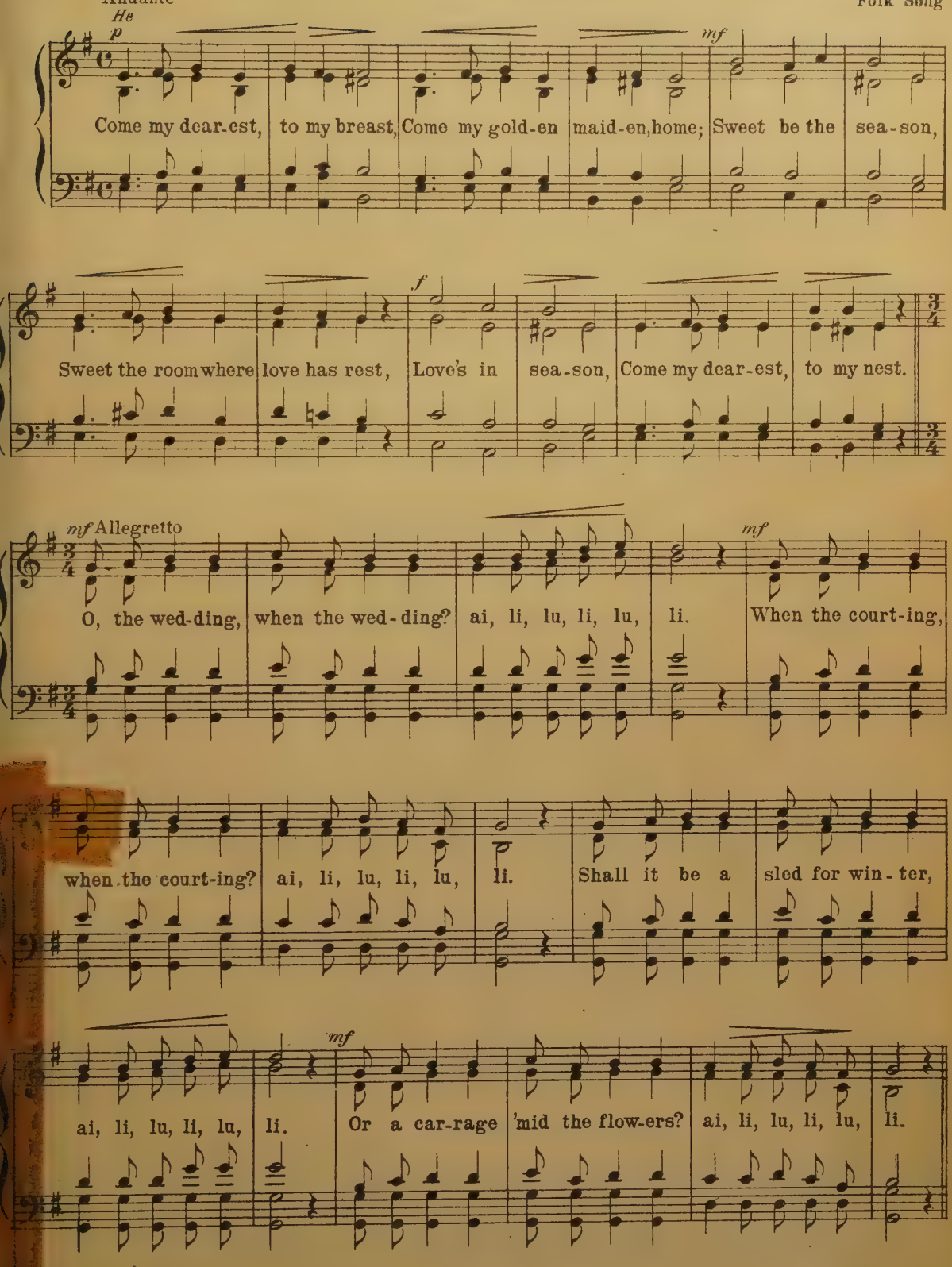
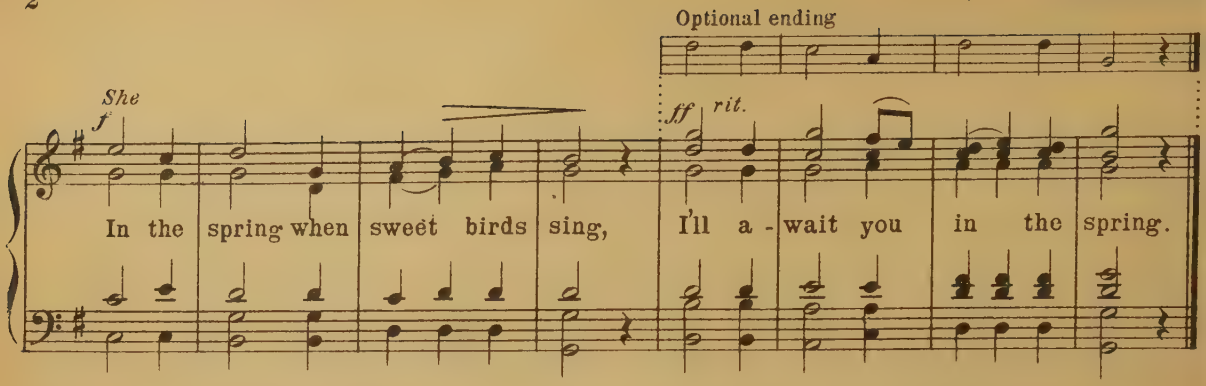
FOLK SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

COME MY DEAREST

English version by
David Morton

Andante

Folk Song


He
p
mf
Come my dear-est, to my breast, Come my gold-en maid-en, home; Sweet be the sea-son,
f
Sweet the room where love has rest, Love's in sea-son, Come my dear-est, to my nest.
mf Allegretto
O, the wed-ding, when the wed-ding? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
mf
When the court-ing,
when the court-ing? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
Shall it be a sled for win-ter,
mf
ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
Or a car-rage 'mid the flow-ers? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.

Tule kodu!

Tule koju, armuke, kulla kaunis piigake!
Tule koju! Mul on kodus kambrike,
Kena, waikne, armukaunis pesake.
Millal meie pulmad teeme, ai,li,lu,li,lu,li!
Millal võin ma kosja sõita, ai,li,lu,li,lu,li!
Kewadel, kui häälitseb lind –
Kewadel, siis ootan ma sind!

Come My Dearest

He
Come, my dearest, to my breast,
Come, my golden maiden, home;
Sweet be the season,
Sweet the room where love has rest,
Love's in season,
Come, my dearest, to my nest.

O, the wedding, when the wedding? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
When the courting, when the courting? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
Shall it be a sled for winter, ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
Or a carriage 'mid the flowers? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.

She
In the spring when sweet birds sing,
I'll await you in the spring.

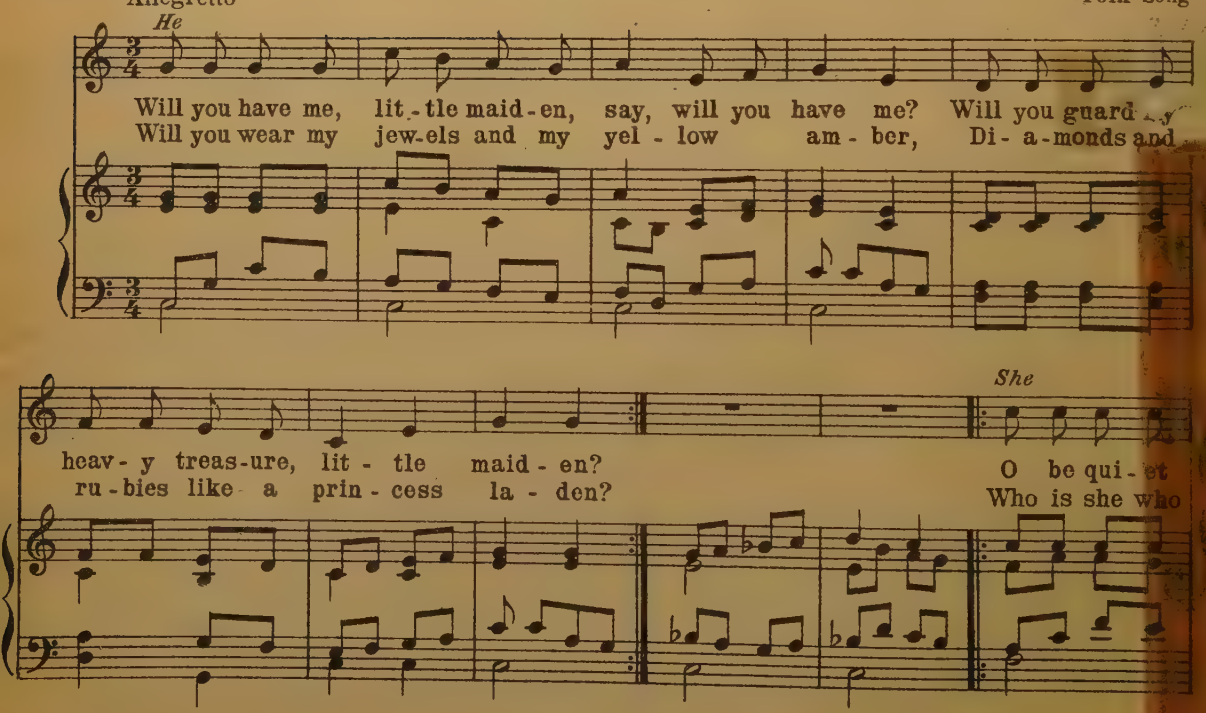
English version by
David Morton

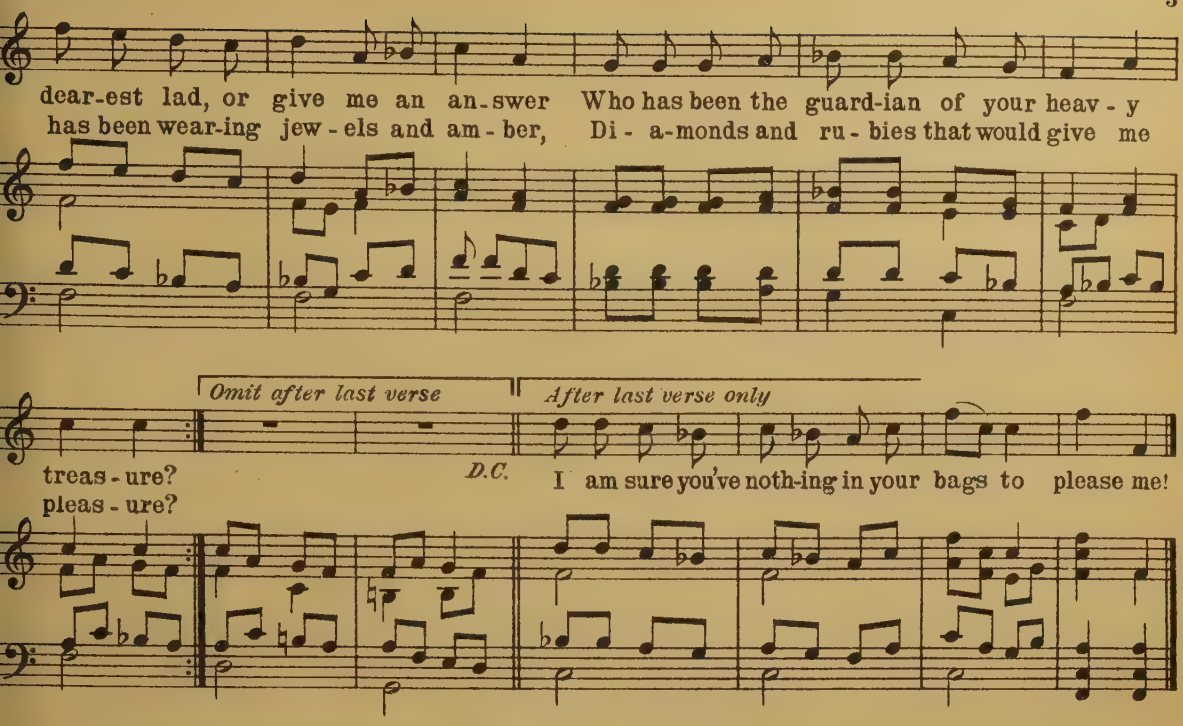
WILL YOU BE MINE?

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Allegretto

Folk Song


He
Will you have me, lit - tle maid - en, say, will you have me? Will you guard
Will you wear my jew - els and my yel - low am - ber, Di - a - monds and
She
heav - y treas - ure, lit - tle maid - en?
ru - bies like a prin - cess la - den?
O be qui - et
Who is she who


dear-est lad, or give me an an-swer Who has been the guard-ian of your heav-y
has been wear-ing jew-els and am-ber, Di-a-monds and ru-bies that would give me
Omit after last verse
After last verse only
treas-ure?
pleas-ure?
D.C.
I am sure you've noth-ing in your bags to please me!

Tule mulle, neitsikene

Tule mulle, tule mulle, neitsikene,
Tule mulle, mul on külla, neitsikene;
Tule mu külla, tule mu külla kaitsejaksa,
Tule mu wara, tule mu wara wahtijaksa.
Ole waita, ole waita, noori meesi,
Kes su hulka, kes su hulka enne hoidis,
Kes su wara, kes su wara enne wahtis?
Kes su wara, kes su wara enne wahtis?

Tule ikka, tule ikka, neitsikene,
Tule sisse, tule sisse käckene;
Tule mu külla, tule mu külla kaitsejaksa,
Tule mu hõbe, tule mu hõbe hoidijaksa.
Ole waita, ole waita, peiukene,
Ole waita, ole waita, noori meesi,
Kes su kulda, kes su kulda enne kaitsis,
Kes su hõbe, kes su hõbe enne hoidis?

Tule ikka, tule mulle, neitsikene,
Tule mulle, kuldakallis käokene;
Tuhat seisab, tuhat seisab tünderissa,
Sada seisab, sada seisab salwedessa.
Oh sa petis, oh sa petis peiukene,
Kawalik sa, kawalik sa, kaasakene,
Tuhk sul seisab, tuhk sul seisab tünderissa,
Sawi seisab, sawi seisab salwedessa.

Will You Be Mine?

He
Will you have me, little maiden, say, will you have me?
Will you guard my heavy treasure, little maiden?
Will you wear my jewels and my yellow amber,
Diamonds and rubies, like a princess laden?

She
O be quiet, dearest lad, or give me an answer–
Who has been the guardian of your heavy treasure?
Who is she who has been wearing jewels and amber,
Diamonds and rubies that would give me pleasure?

He
Come to me, O little cuckoo, say, are you coming?
Little cuckoo, will you guard my silver shining?
Will you watch and keep my bags of golden treasure?
For your sake I'd give it all without repining.

She
O be quiet, foolish boy, or give me an answer–
Who has been the guardian of your heavy treasure?
Who has kept the shining silver you would give me?
Who has kept the gold you offer for my pleasure.

He
Little maiden, golden cuckoo, say, will you have me?
In my barrels I have thousands for your keeping,
In my money-bags are hundreds for your spending,
And for need of treasure you would not be weeping.

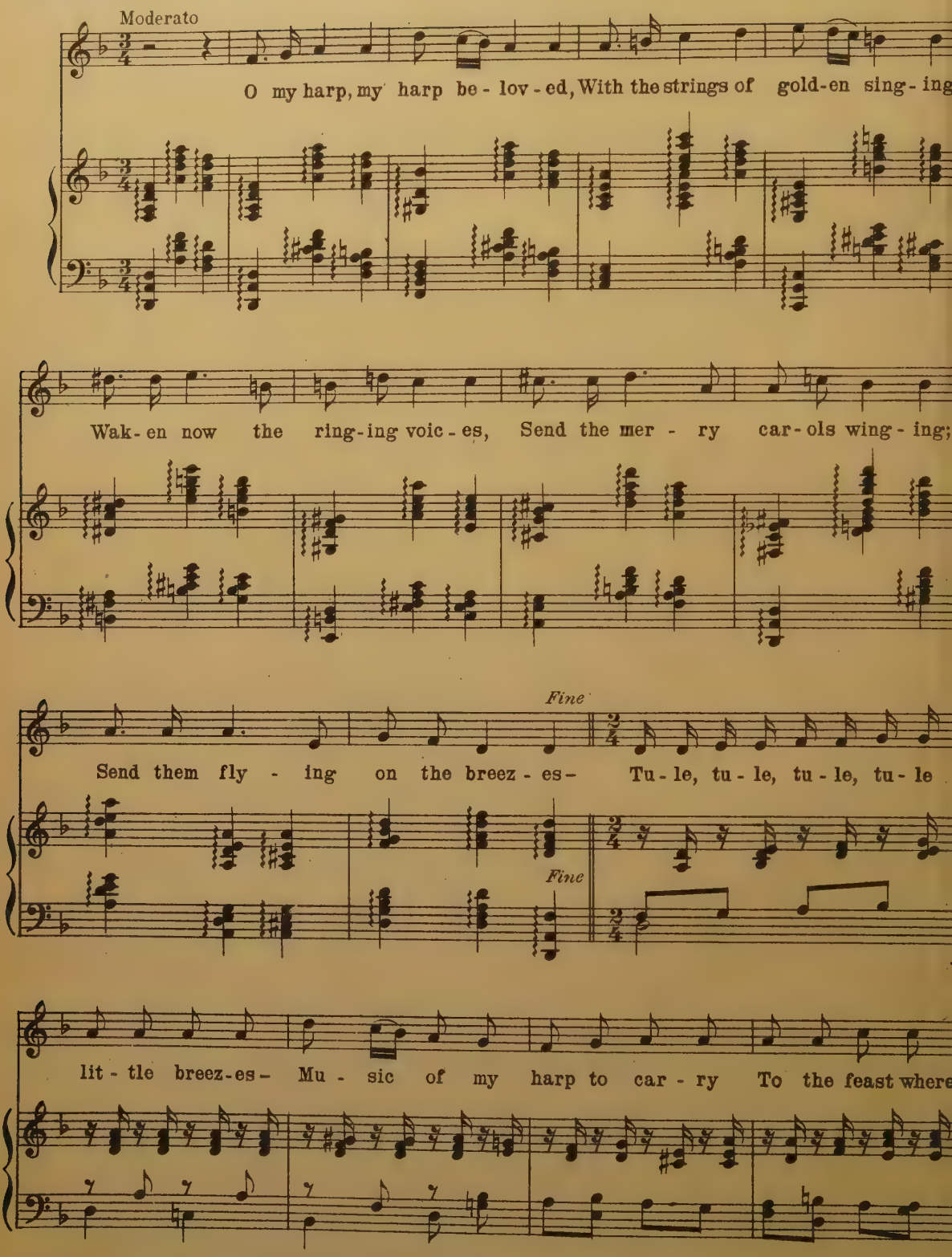
She
You are fooling! You are bragging! Oh, what a silly!
I am far too wise to listen when you tease me.
You have only dust and ashes in all your barrels,
I am sure you've nothing in your bags to please me!
I am sure you've nothing in your bags to please me!

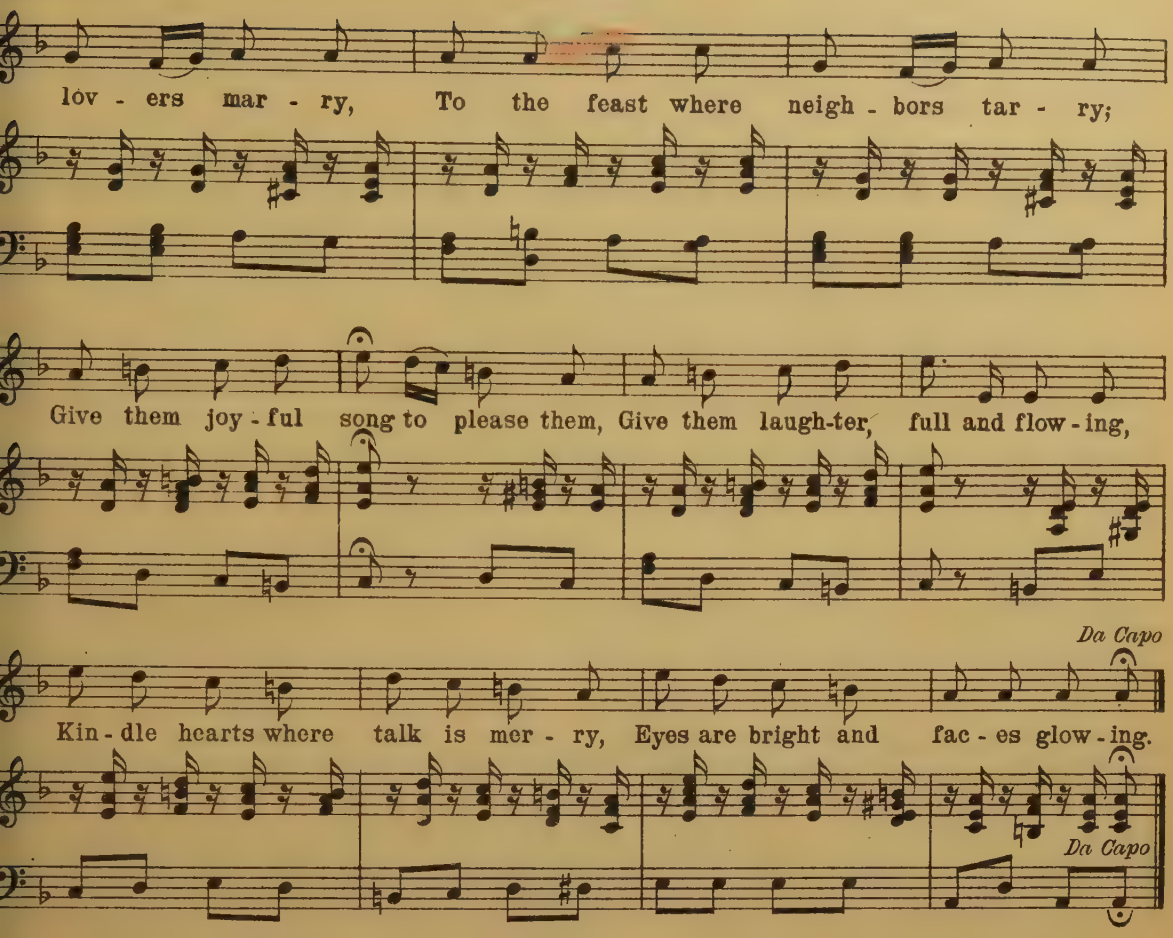
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

THE HARP SONG

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Arranged by
Franklin W. Robinson


Moderato
O my harp, my harp be - lov - ed, With the strings of gold-en sing - ing
Wak-en now the ring-ing voic - es, Send the mer - ry car - ols wing - ing;
Fine
Send them fly - ing on the breez - es - Tu - le, tu - le, tu - le, tu - le
Fine
lit - tle breez-es - Mu - sic of my harp to car - ry To the feast where


lov - ers mar - ry, To the feast where neigh - bors tar - ry;
Give them joy - ful song to please them, Give them laugh-ter, full and flow - ing,
Da Capo
Kin - dle hearts where talk is mer - ry, Eyes are bright and fac - es glow - ing.
Da Capo

Kannel

Kannel armas, kannel kallis,
Kannel kulla-keeleline
Awab hääle ärkamaie,
Lugusida lendamaie
Laulusida lôôrimaie,
Tule, tule, tule, tule, tuulekene,
Wii minu kandle häälekene
Rôômsa rahwa ridadesse,
Lustiliste laua taha,
Kussa pulma peetanessa,
Kussa lustil luisatakse,
Et saaks häälta ärgitama,
Et saaks südant sütitama.

Kannel armas, kannel kallis,
Kannel kulla-keeleline
Awab hääle ärkamaie,
Lugusida lendamaie
Laulusida lôôrimaie,
Tule, tule, tule, tule, tuulekene,
Wii minu kandle häälekene
Leinaliste keskeelle,
Waeste kurwa südamele,
Et saaks walu waigistama,
Kurwastusta kustutama,
Leinamista lepitama
Nutu-ohku uinutama.

The Harp Song

O my harp, my harp beloved,
With the strings of golden singing,
Waken now the ringing voices,
Send the merry carols winging;–
Send them flying on the breezes
Tule, tule, tule, tule, little breezes –
Music of my harp to carry
To the feast when lovers marry,
To the feast where neighbors tarry;
Give them joyful song to please them,
Give them laughter, full and flowing,
Kindle hearts where talk is merry,
Eyes are bright and faces glowing.

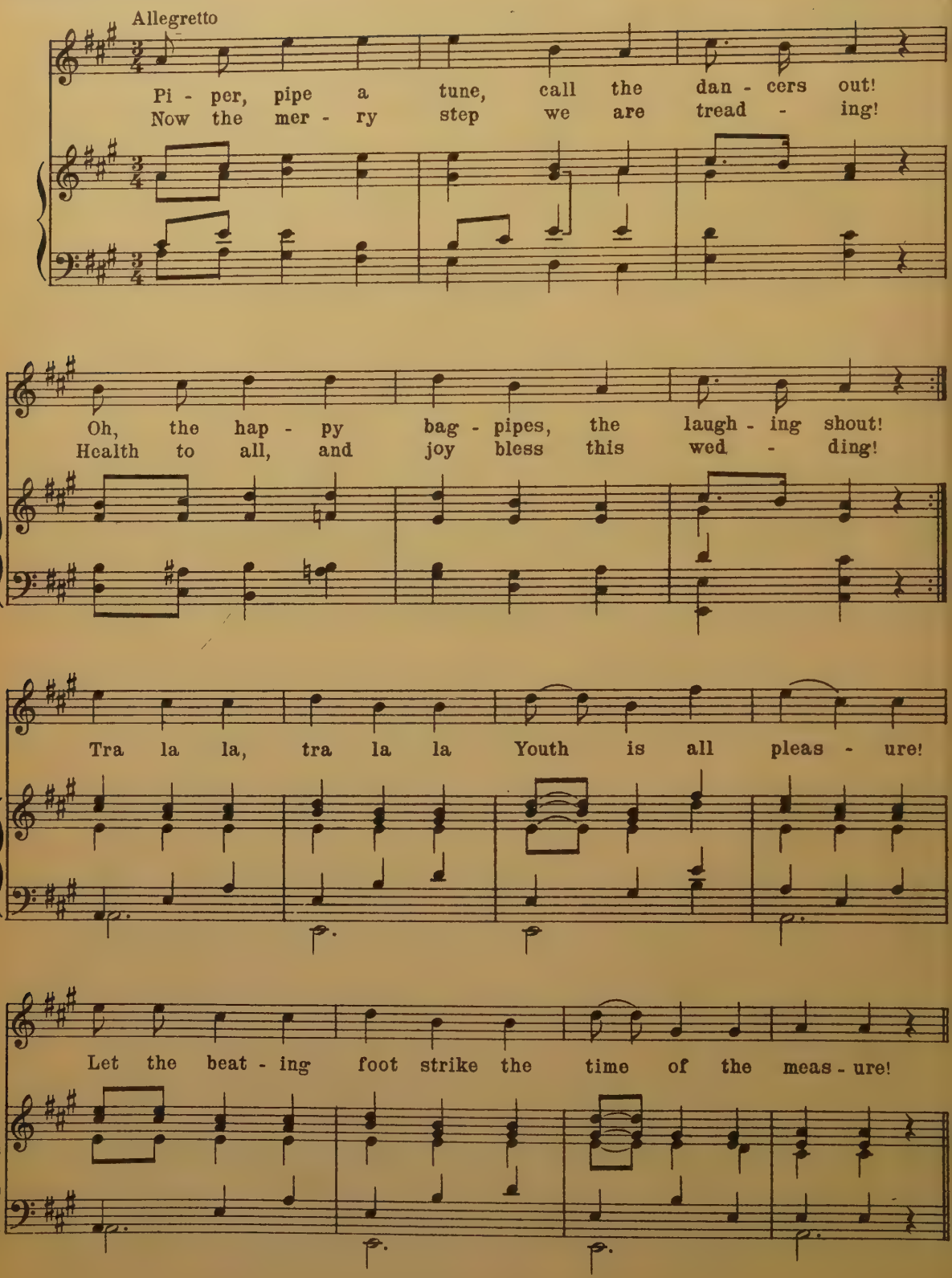
O my harp, my harp beloved,
With the strings of golden singing,
Waken now the gentle voices,
Send your mellow music winging;
Send it flying on the breezes –
Tule, tule, tule, tule, little breezes –
Find the place of heavy sighing,
And the bed of pain and dying;
Comfort all the bitter crying,
Giving balm for every sorrow,
Giving ease for quiet sleeping,
Stealing tears from eyes of mourners,
Calm the heart that would be weeping.

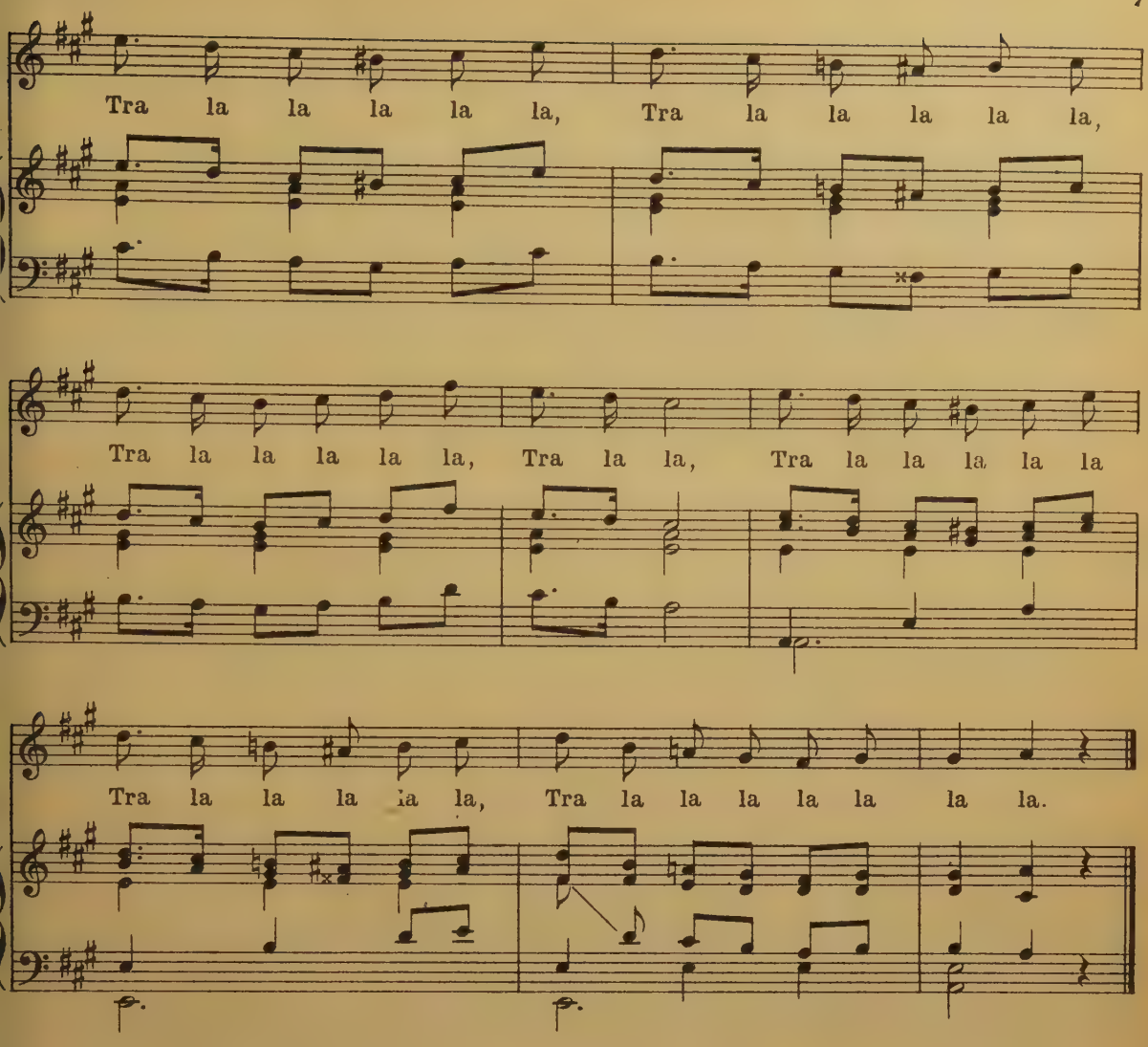
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

WEDDING JOY

English version by
Edna St.Vincent Millay

Folk Dance


Allegretto
Pi - per, pipe a tune, call the dan - cers out!
Now the mer - ry step we are tread - ing!
Oh, the hap - py bag - pipes, the laugh - ing shout!
Health to all, and joy bless this wed - ding!
Tra la la, tra la la Youth is all pleas - ure!
Let the beat - ing foot strike the time of the meas - ure!



Pulma lust

Oh seda elu ja õnne,
Oh seda pidu ja põlwe.
Oh seda lusti ja rõõmu,
Torupill kui kutsub meid tans'ma.
Tril lal la, tral lal la, pane pulmajalg al la,
Wõta pill siis kätte ja astu meie ette.

Tral lal la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la, tral la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Sinisukka meistrime' poega,
Punapärga talume' tütar.
Neist saab siis wiimaks weel paar,
Nendest saab siis wiimaks weel paar.
Uh tsah tsah, tral lal la, oleksin mina
Selle kena neiu armas, kallis peiu.

Tral lal la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la, tral la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Wedding Joy

Piper, pipe a tune, call the dancers out!
Oh, the happy bag-pipes, the laughing shout!
Now the merry step we are treading!
Health to all, and joy bless this wedding!
Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la! Youth is all pleasure!
Let the beating foot strike the time of the measure!

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

Now the master's son, riches spurning,
Weds the farmer maid of his yearning;
Now the girl the rose garland covers,
Leaves her father's house for her lover's.
Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Lonely my heart, dream laden.
Would that I the bridegroom were, of so sweet a maiden

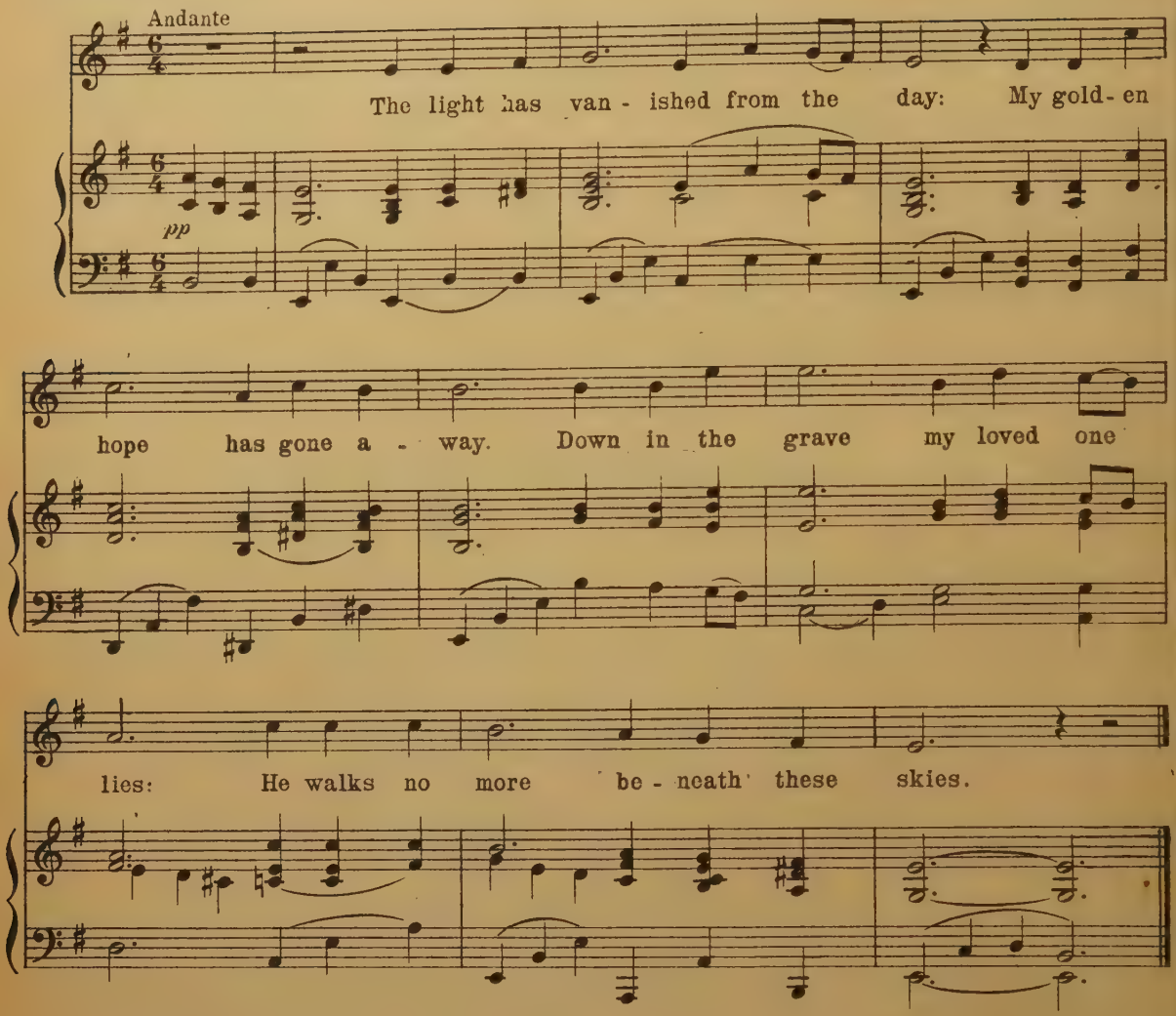
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

English version by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

MOAN TO THE MOON

Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham

Folk Song


Andante
pp
The light has van - ished from the day: My gold - en
hope has gone a - way. Down in the grave my loved one
lies: He walks no more be - neath these skies.

Waiksel ööl

Kuu kumab kõrgest ülewast
Näeb leinawalus tütarlast.
Täis rahu hingab waikne ilm,
Ei suigu unel minu silm.

Mu kuldne lootus kadunud,
Mu kallim hauda kannetud
Nüüd pörmuks läind mu parem püüd,
Täis tühjust terwe ilma hüüd.

Oh kuu, sa kuldne kuningas,
Seal tähe walda walwamas
Oh saada hiilgwast tähe wäest
Üks söna rahuks ingli käest.

Moan to the Moon

The light has vanished from the day:
My golden hope has gone away.
Down in the grave my loved one lies:
He walks no more beneath these skies.

O moon, you shine so bright in heaven,
But I have sorrows, seven times seven.
Earth sleeps beneath your silver beam,
While I am crying for my dream.

O, whisper from your place above
Some tidings of my dear lost love.
Tell me that lovers find once more
Their lost loves on some other shore.

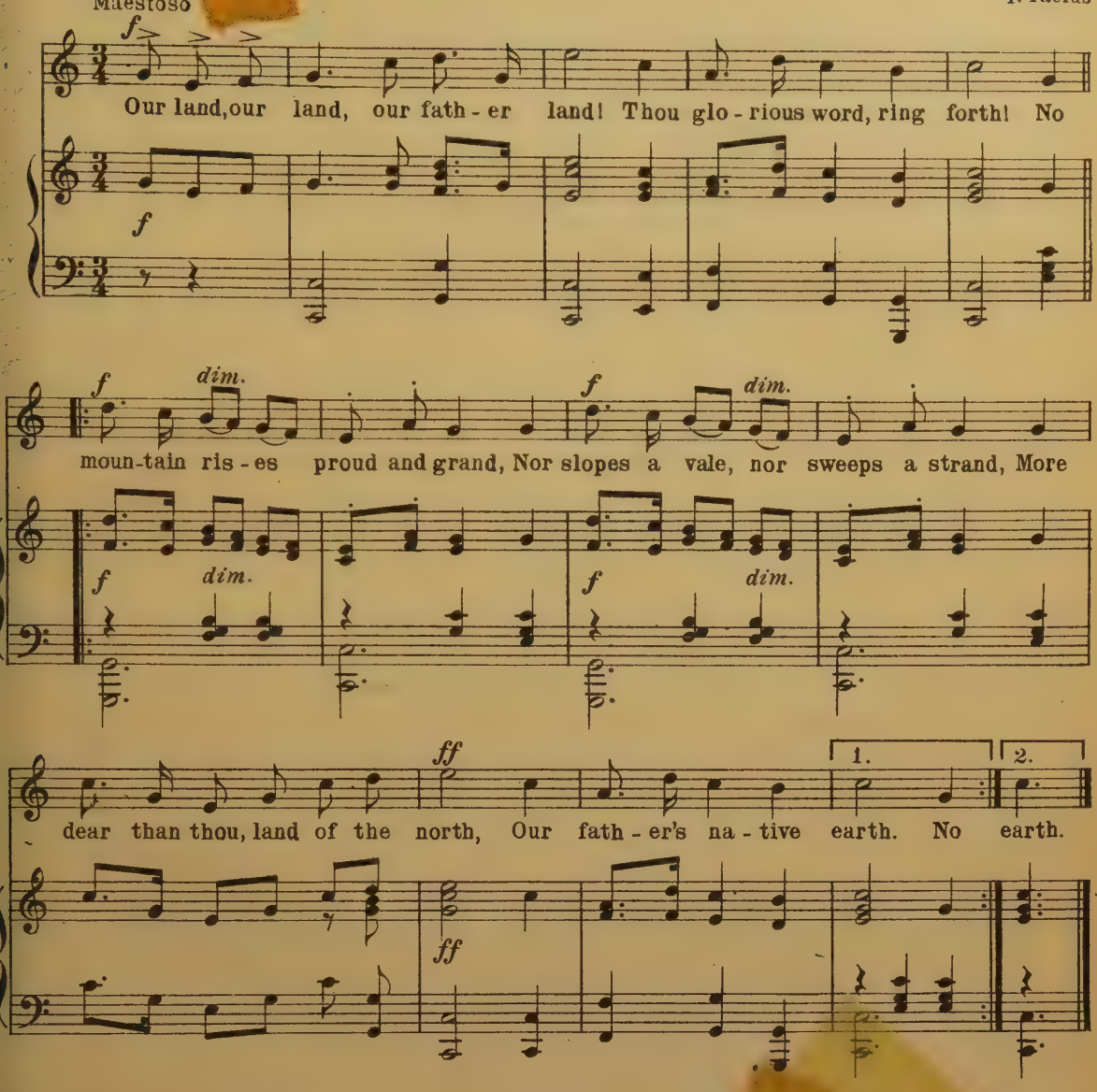
Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham

OUR LAND

English version by
Dr. Montague H. Donner

Maestoso

F. Pacius


f
Our land, our land, our fath - er land! Thou glo - rious word, ring forth! No
f
f dim.
f dim.
moun-tain ris - es proud and grand, Nor slopes a vale, nor sweeps a strand, More
f dim.
f dim.
ff
1.
2.
dear than thou, land of the north, Our fath - er's na - tive earth. No earth.
ff

Maamme

Maa isänmaamme, Suomenmaa
Soi sana kultainen!
Ei laaksoa, ei kukkulaa,
Ei vettä, rantaa rakkaampaa
Kuin kotimaa tää pohjainen,
Maa kallis isien.

Sun kukkas vielä kuorestaan
Vapaaksi puhkeaa;
Viel' lempemme saa hehkullaan
Sun toivos, riemus nousemaan,
Ja kerran lautus, synnyinmaa,
Korkeemman kaiun saa.

J. L. Runeberg

Our Land

Our land, our land, our fatherland!
Thou glorious word, ring forth!
No mountain rises proud and grand,
Nor slopes a vale, nor sweeps a strand,
More dear than thou, land of the north,
Our fathers' native earth.

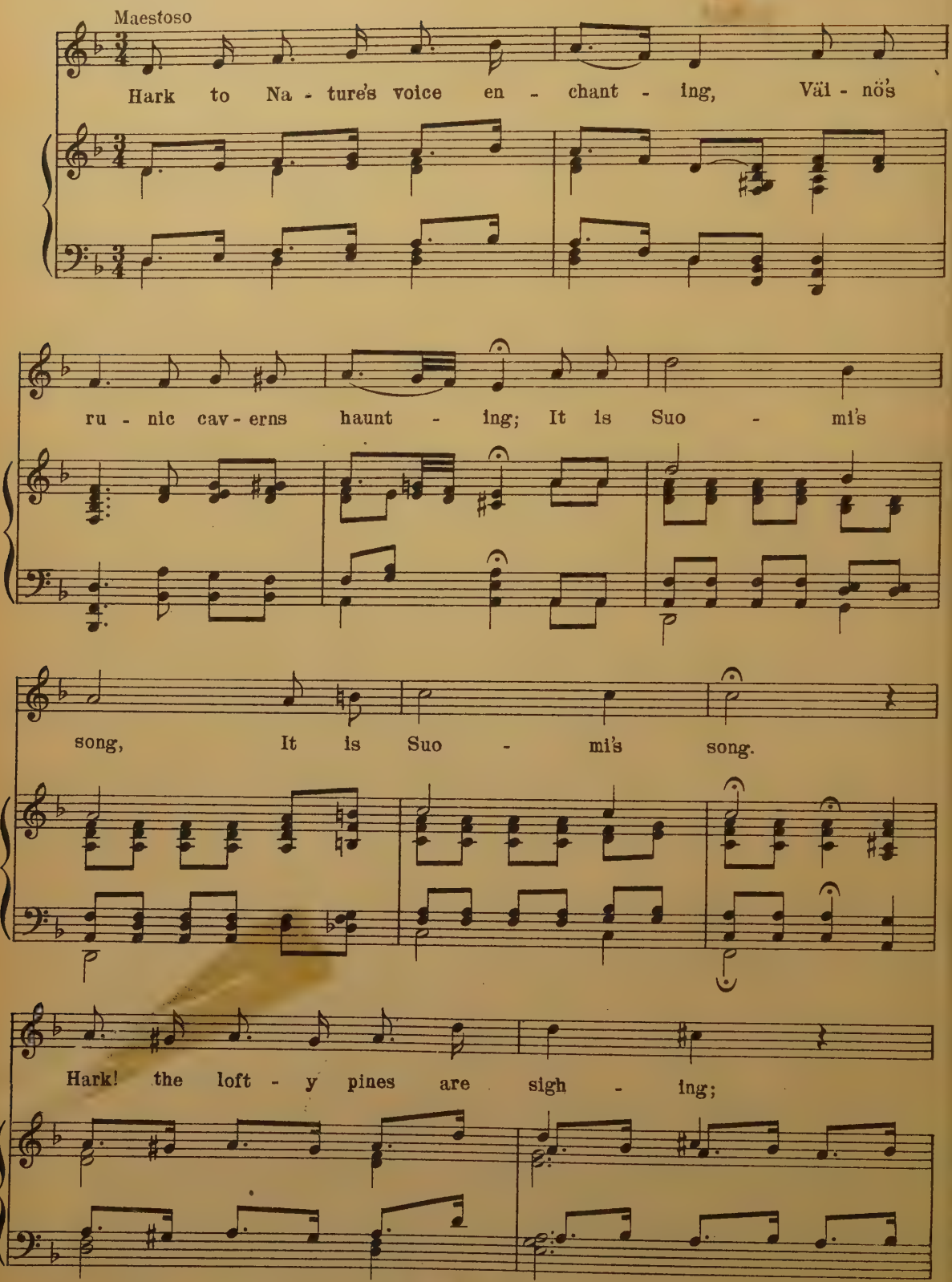
Thy blossom in the bud that lies
Shall burst its fetters strong;
Lo! from our tender love shall rise
Thy light, thy fame, thy hopes, thy joys;
And prouder far shall sound ere long
Our Finland's patriot song!

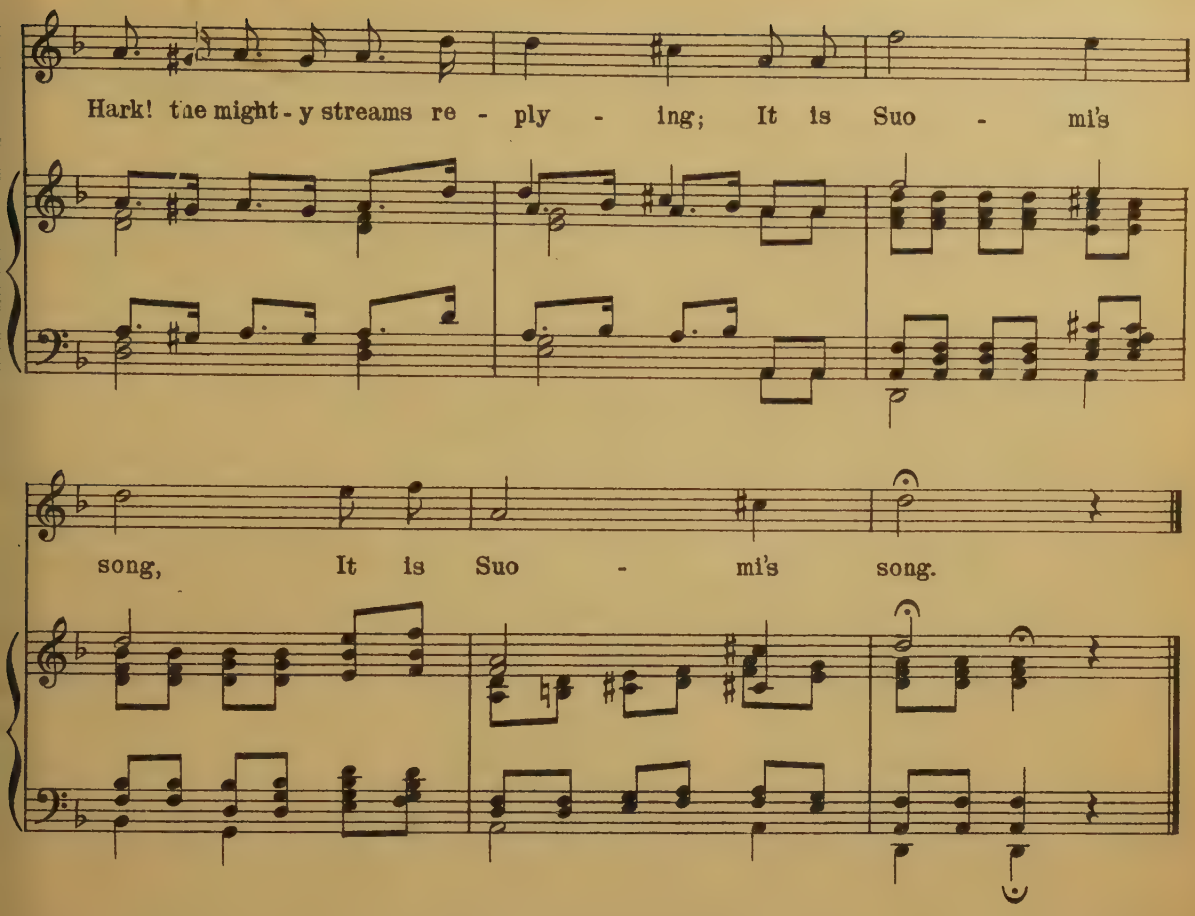
English version by
Dr. Montague H. Donner

SUOMI'S SONG

Translation by
Dr. Montague H. Donner

Melody by
J. Pacius


Maestoso
Hark to Na - ture's voice en - chant - ing, Väi - nö's
ru - nic cav - erns haunt - ing; It is Suo - mi's
song, It is Suo - mi's song.
Hark! the loft - y pines are sigh - ing;



Suomen laulu

Kuule kuinka soitto kaikuu,
Wäinön kanteleesta raikuu
Suomen laulua,
Suomen laulua!
Kuule hongat huokaileepi,
kuule kosket pauhaileepi
Suomen laulua,
Suomen laulua!

Kaikkialla ääni kaikuu,
Kaikkialla kielet raikuu
Suomen laulua,
Suomen laulua!
Sydän jos on suotu sulle,
Murheess' ilossakin kuule
Suomen laulua!
Suomen laulua!

Suomi's Song

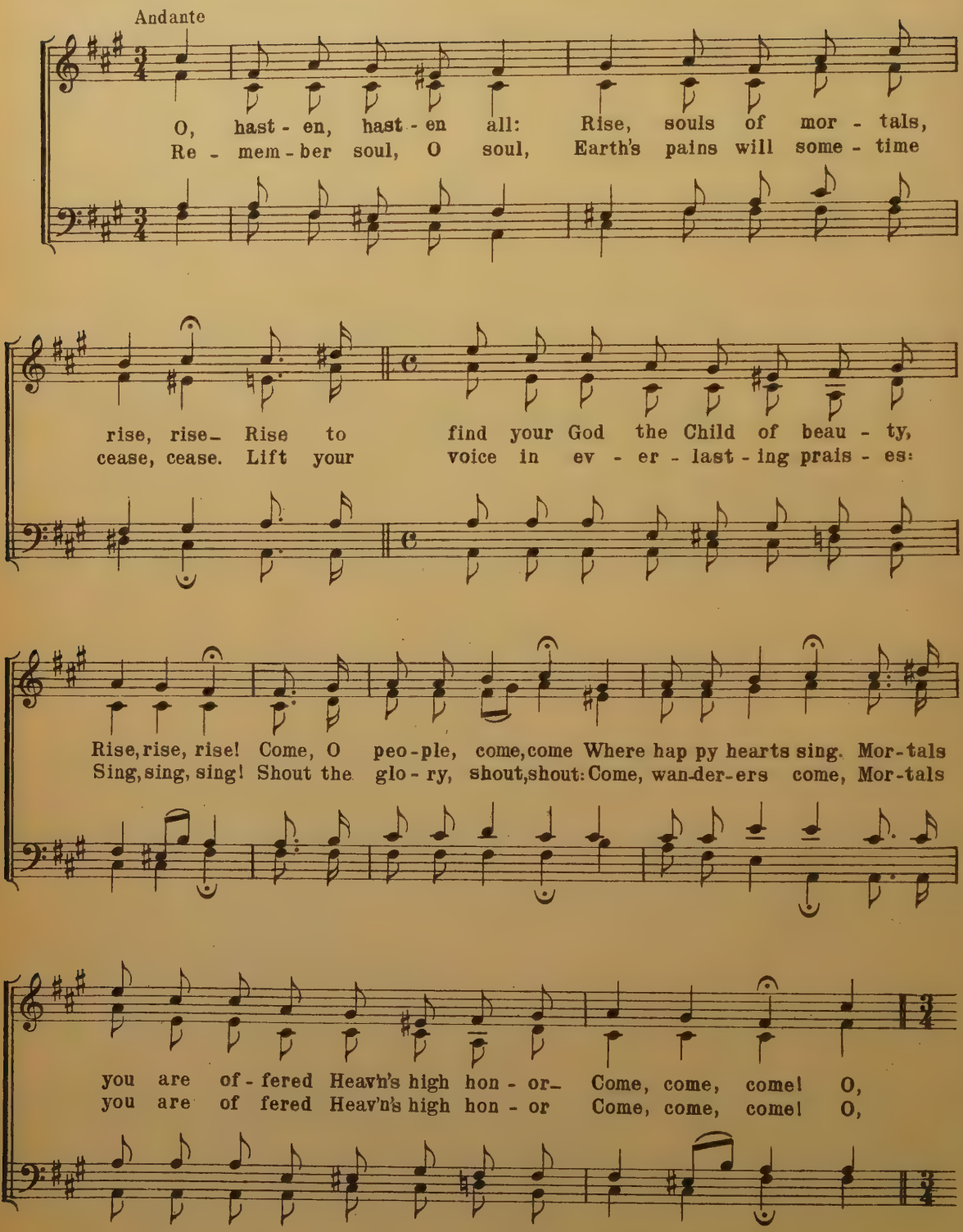
Hark to Nature's voice enchanting,
Väinö's runic caverns haunting;
It is Suomi's song,
It is Suomi's song.
Hark! the lofty pines are sighing;
Hark! the mighty streams replying;
It is Suomi's song,
It is Suomi's song.

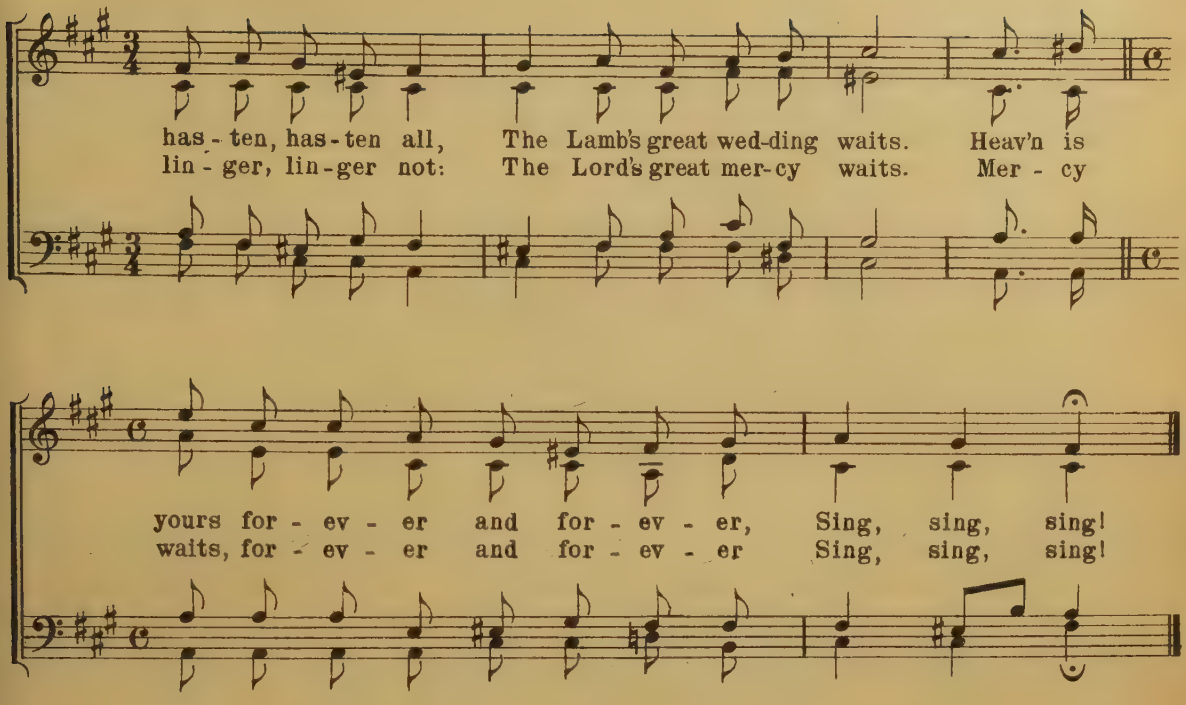
Everywhere are changing voices;
Nature mourns or she rejoices;
Each is Suomi's song,
Each is Suomi's song.
Brother, mourns thy heart in sadness,
Do thy pulses leap in gladness?
Thou hear'st Suomi's song,
Thou hear'st Suomi's song.

Translation by
Dr. Montague H.Donner

FINNISH HYMN

English version by
Edwin Markham


Andante
O, hast - en, hast - en all: Rise, souls of mor - tals,
Re - mem - ber soul, O soul, Earth's pains will some - time
rise, rise— Rise to find your God the Child of beau - ty,
cease, cease. Lift your voice in ev - er - last - ing prais - es:
Rise, rise, rise! Come, O peo - ple, come, come Where hap py hearts sing. Mor - tals
Sing, sing, sing! Shout the glo - ry, shout, shout: Come, wan - der - ers come, Mor - tals
you are of - fered Heavn's high hon - or— Come, come, come! O,
you are of fered Heav'n's high hon - or Come, come, come! O,


has - ten, has - ten all, The Lamb's great wed-ding waits. Heav'n is
lin - ger, lin - ger not: The Lord's great mer-cy waits. Mer - cy
yours for - ev - er and for - ev - er, Sing, sing, sing!
waits, for - ev - er and for - ev - er Sing, sing, sing!

Nyt ylös, sieluni

Nyt ylös, sieluni,
Nous' ylös mullast' tästä,
Riennä jalkain juureen Jumalan ja Karitsan;
Jjäiseen iloon ja juhlaan jaloon
Karitsan sunriin häihin olet kutsuttu.
Taivainen kunnia
On siellä tarjona,
Sun osas' on se, perintös' ja tavaras!

Ja vaikka silmäni
Ei sitä valoo kestä
Niin sä riemuiten, mun sielun, lähde laulamaan
Jjäiseen iloon ja juhlaan jaloon
Karitsan suuriin häihin olet kutsuttu.
Taivainen kunnia
On siellä tarjona,
Oi laula, laula: Jumala on laupias!

Finnish Hymn

O, hasten, hasten all:
Rise, souls of mortals, rise, rise–
Rise to find your God, the Child of beauty,
Rise, rise, rise!
Come, O people, come, come
Where happy hearts sing.
Mortals you are offered Heaven's high honor–
Come, come, come!
O, hasten, hasten, all,
The Lamb's great wedding waits.
Heaven is yours forever and forever,
Sing, sing, sing!

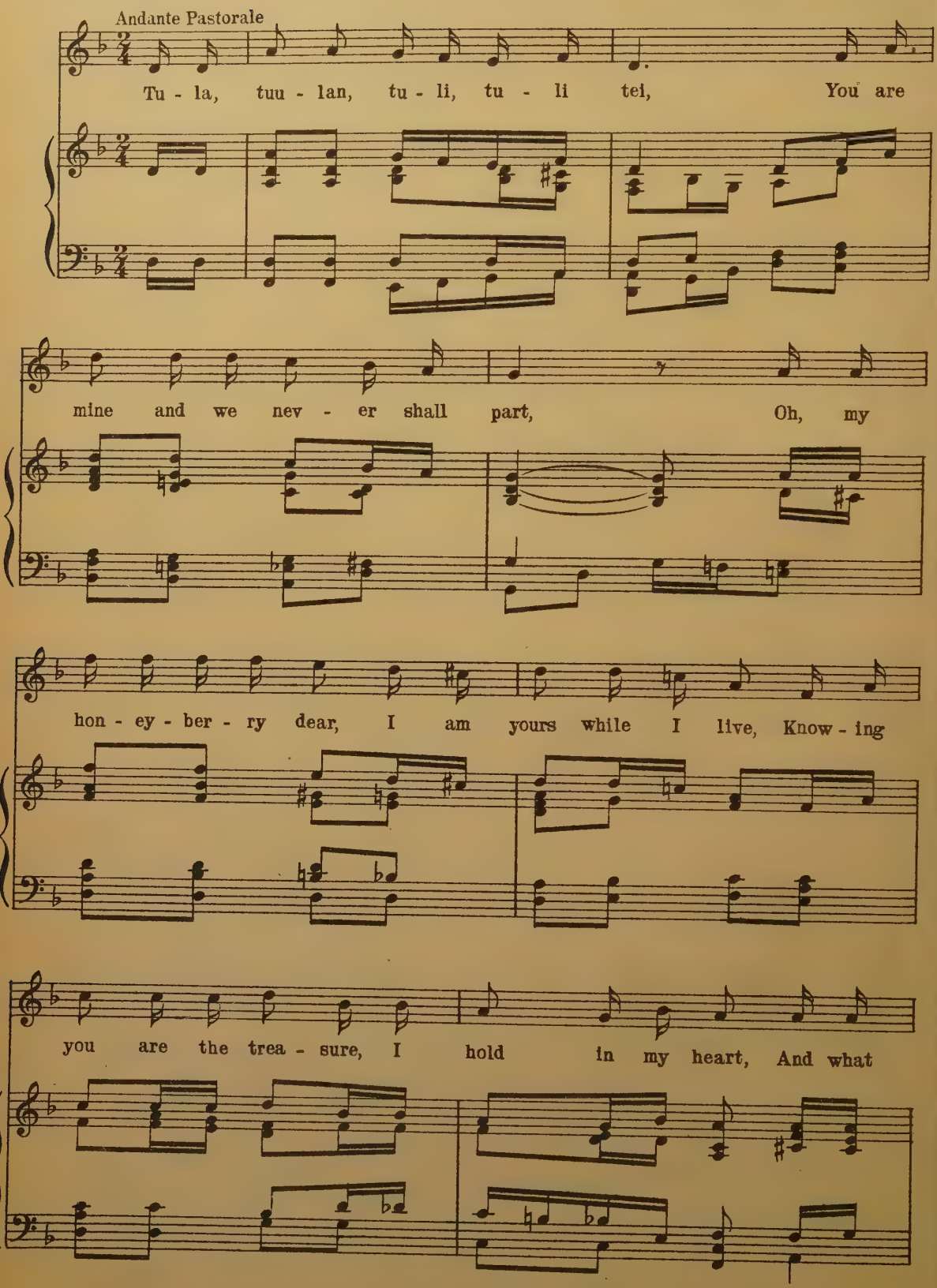
Remember, soul, O soul,
Earth's pains will sometime cease, cease.
Lift your voice in everlasting praises
Sing, sing, sing!
Shout the glory, shout, shout,
Come, wanderers, come,
Mortals you are offered Heaven's high honor.
Come, come, come!
O linger, linger not,
The Lord's great mercy waits,
Mercy waits, forever and forever
Sing, sing, sing!

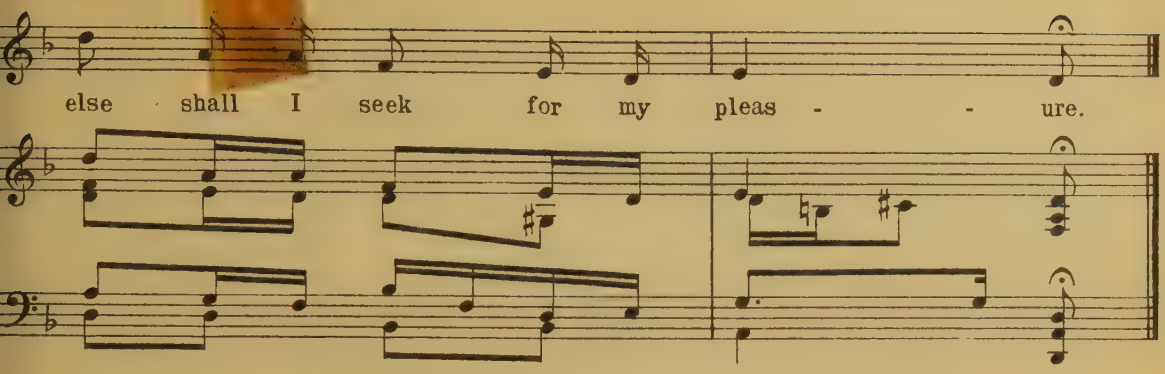
English version by
Edwin Markham

TUULAN TEI

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Folk Song


Andante Pastorale
Tu - la, tuu - lan, tu - li, tu - li tei, You are
mine and we nev - er shall part, Oh, my
hon - ey - ber - ry dear, I am yours while I live, Know - ing
you are the trea - sure, I hold in my heart, And what



Tuulan tei

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,
Emme erkane konsana ei
Mesimarjani pulmuni pääskyni mun
Paras aarteeni oot sinä mun minä sun,
Mitä toivoisin minä muuta?

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,
Oma onni se yhtehen vei,
Ja tulkohot hallat ja harmit ja muut,
Ilo huoleton meillä on naurussa suut,
Ja kirkkaana päivä ja ilta.

Tuulan Tei

Tula, tuulan, tule, tule, tei,
You are mine and we never shall part,
Oh, my honey berry dear, I am yours while I live,
Knowing you are the treasure I hold in my heart,
And what else shall I seek for my pleasure?

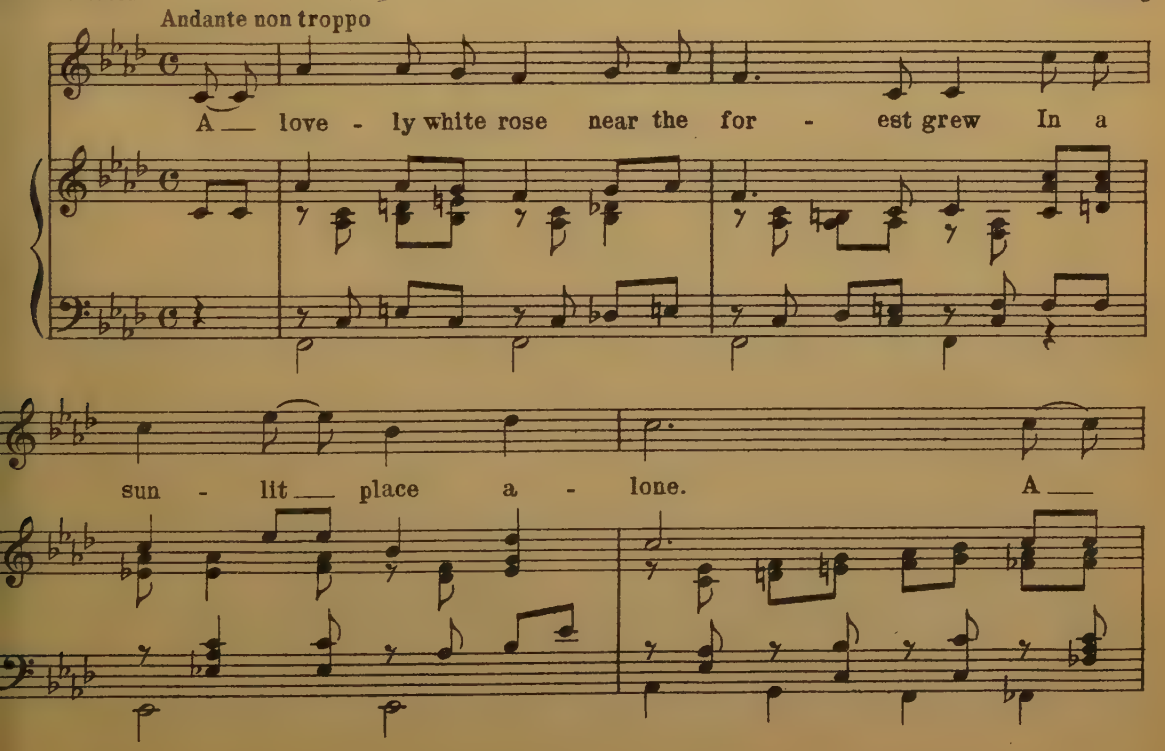
Tula, tuulan, tule, tule, tei,
Through the storm I'll be guarding your home,
O my swallow, where you nest, you are safe while I live,
Knowing sorrow shall never be near when I come,
Day and night will be blessed forever!

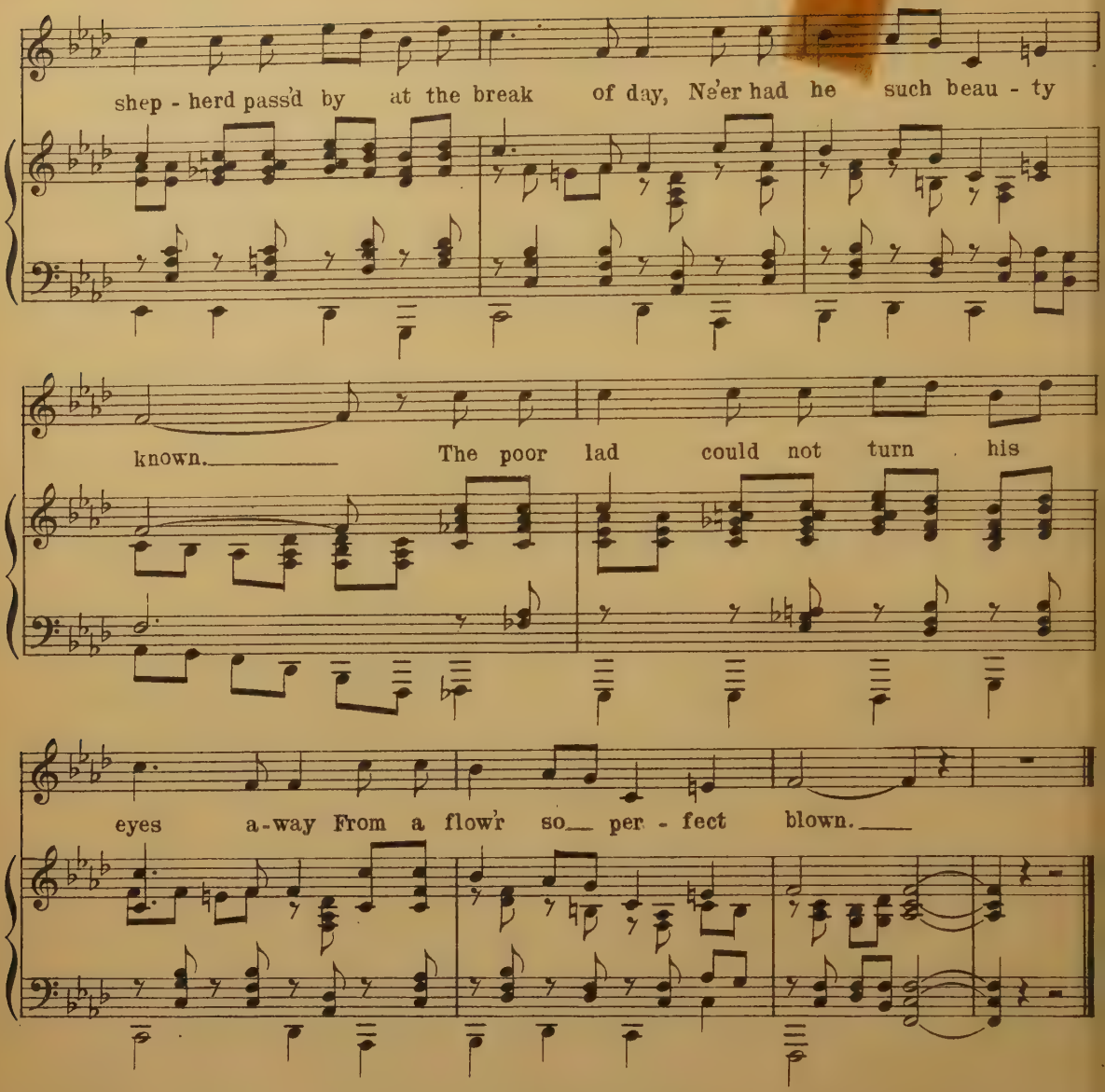
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

THE LOVELY ROSE

Paraphrase by
David Morton

Folk Song




shep - herd pass'd by at the break of day, Ne'er had he such beau - ty
known. The poor lad could not turn his
eyes a-way From a flow'r so per - fect blown.

Ruusu laaksossa

Yksi ruusu on kasvanut laaksossa,
joka kauniisti kukoistaa;
Yksi kulkijapoika on nähnyt sen
eikä voi sitä unohtaa.
Yksi kulkijapoika on nähnyt sen
eikä voi sitä unohtaa.

Ja sen olisi hän kylläkin poiminut
ja sen kätkenyt povelleen,
mutta köyhänä ei ole tohtinut,
vaan on jättänyt paikalleen.
mutta köyhänä ei ole tohtinut,
vaan on jättänyt paikalleen.

The Lovely Rose

A lovely white rose near the forest grew
In a sunlit place alone.
A shepherd passed by at the break of day,
Ne'er had he such beauty known.
The poor lad could not turn his eyes away
From a flower so perfect blown.

Ah gladly, he cried, would I pluck and bind
On my heart such a perfect flower,
But the south wind passing would grieve to find,
On its round, no perfect flower.
So he left it there with the sun and wind
To fade in its own sweet hour.

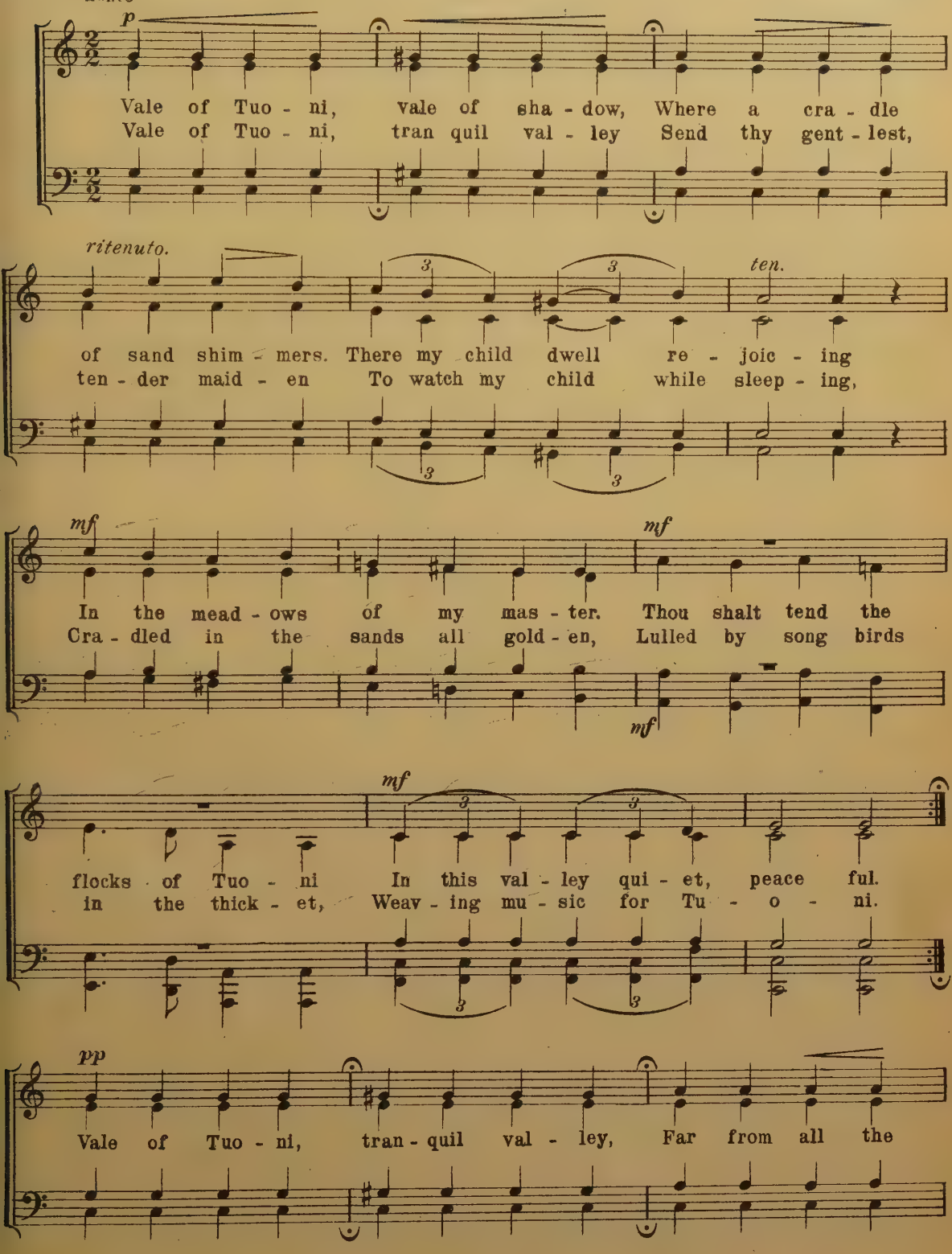
Paraphrase by
David Morton

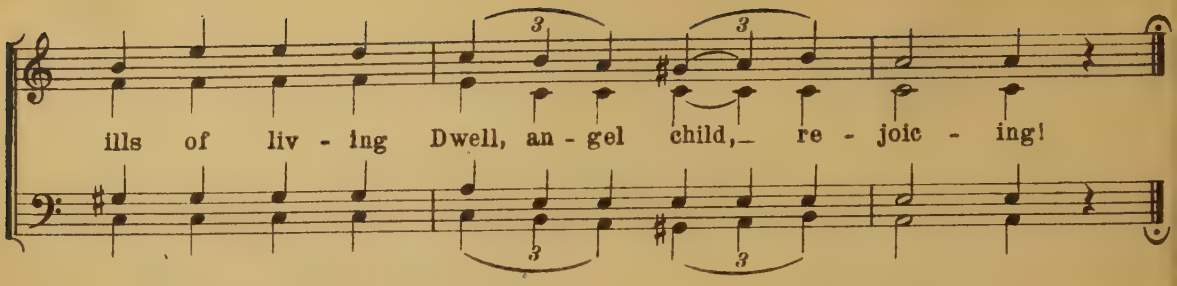
VALE OF SHADOW

English version by
Charles H. Botsford

J. Sibelius

Lento


p
Vale of Tuo - ni, vale of sha - dow, Where a cra - dle
Vale of Tuo - ni, tran quil val - ley Send thy gent - lest,
ritenuto.
ten.
of sand shim - mers. There my child dwell re - joic - ing
ten - der maid - en To watch my child while sleep - ing,
mf
mf
In the mead - ows of my mas - ter. Thou shalt tend the
Cra - dled in the sands all gold - en, Lulled by song birds
mf
mf
flocks of Tuo - ni In this val - ley qui - et, peace ful.
in the thick - et, Weav - ing mu - sic for Tu - o - ni.
pp
Vale of Tuo - ni, tran - quil val - ley, Far from all the



Sydameni laulu

Tuonen lehto, öinen lehto,
Siell' on hieno hietakehto,
Sinnepä lapseni saatan.
Siell' on lapsen lysti olla,
Tuonen herran vainiolla,
Kaitsea Tuonelan karjaa.

Siell' on lapsen lysti olla,
Illan tullen tuuditella
Helmassa Tuonelan immen.
Onpa kullan lysti olla,
Kultakehdoss' kellahdella,
Kuullella kehrääjälintuu.

Tuonen viita, rauhan viita,
Kaukana on vaino, riita,
Kaukana kavala mailma.

A. Kivi

Vale of Shadow

Vale of Tuoni*, vale of shadow,
Where a cradle of sand shimmers,
There, my child, dwell rejoicing.
In the meadows of my master
Thou shalt tend the flocks of Tuoni,
In this valley, quiet, peaceful.

Vale of Tuoni, tranquil valey,
Send thy gentlest, tender maiden,
To watch my child while sleeping,
Cradled in the sands all golden,
Lulled by song birds in the thicket,
Weaving music for Tuoni.

Vale of Tuoni, tranquil valley,
Far from all the ills of living
Dwell, angel child, rejoicing.

**Tuoni - Death*

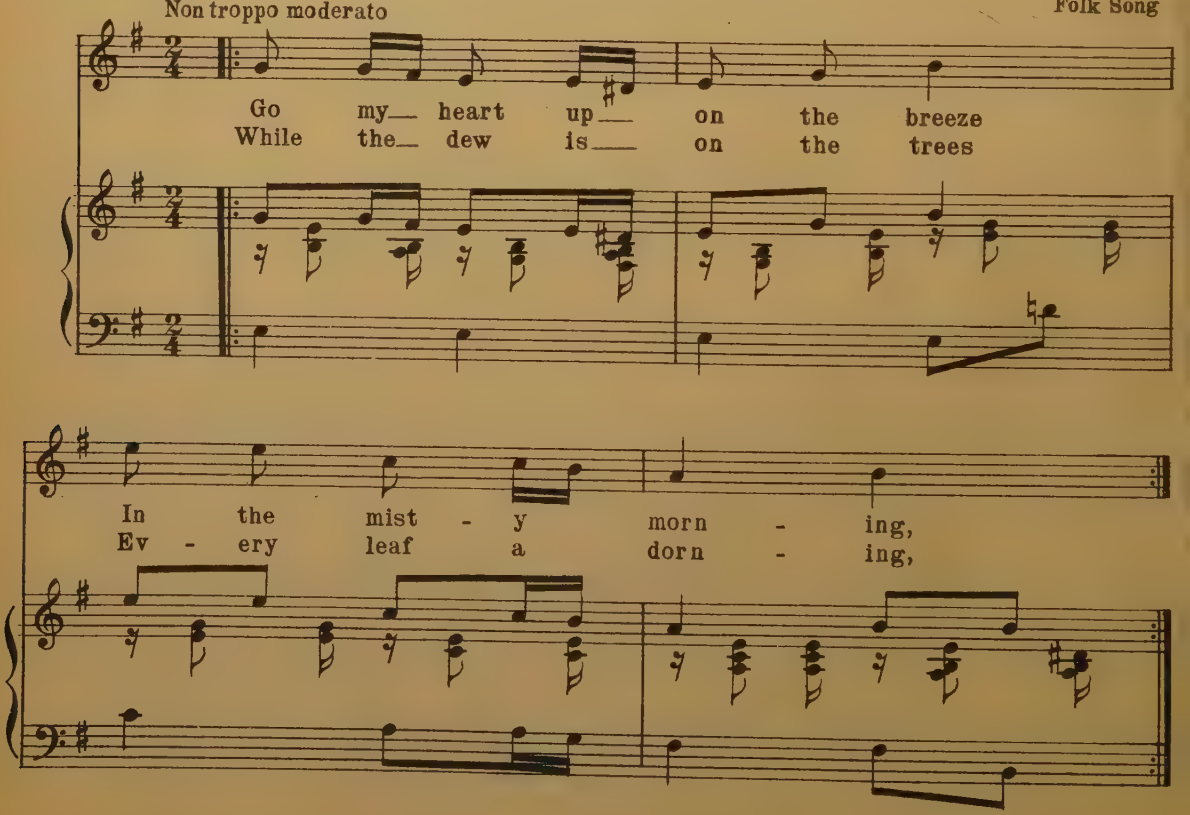
English version by
Charles H. Botsford

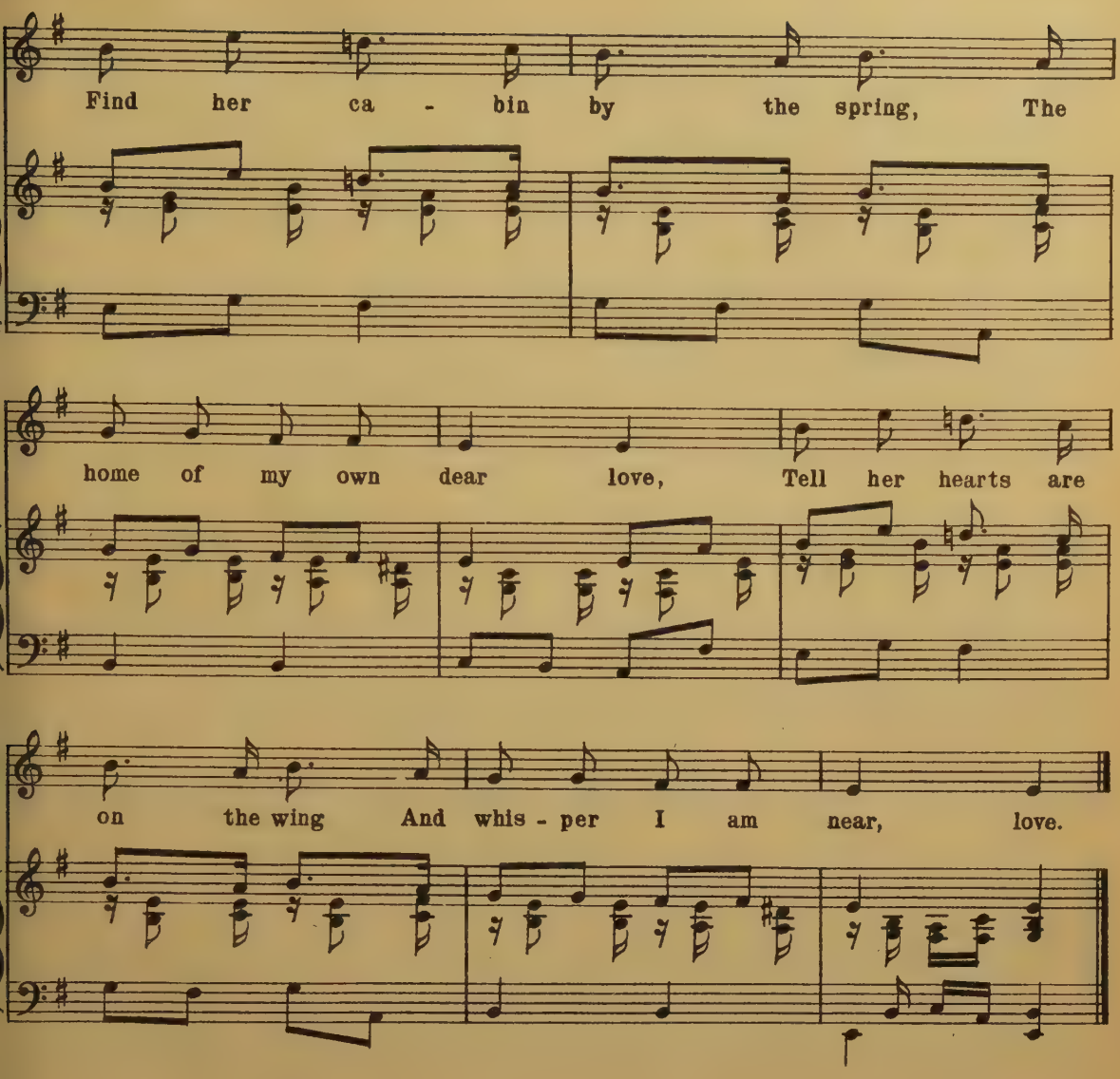
BEYOND THE WOOD

Paraphrase by
Franklin P. Adams

Non troppo moderato

Folk Song





Tuonne taakse metsämaan

Tuonne taakse metsämaan
Sydämeni halaa,
Siell' on mieli ainiaan,
Sinne toivon salar.
Siellä metsämökissä
On kaunis kultaseni,
Siellä metsämökissä
On kaunis kultaseni.

Vaikka polku pitkä on,
Kivinen ja kaita,
Korpi kolkko, valoton,
Ei se mitään haittaa.
Kullan muoto muistossa
On tiekin hauska aivan,
Kullan ääntä kuullessa
Jo unhottaapi vaivan.

Beyond the Wood

Go, my heart, upon the breeze
In the misty morning,
While the dew is on the trees,
Every leaf adorning;
Find her cabin by the spring,
The home of my own dear love,
Tell her hearts are on the wing
And whisper I am near, love.

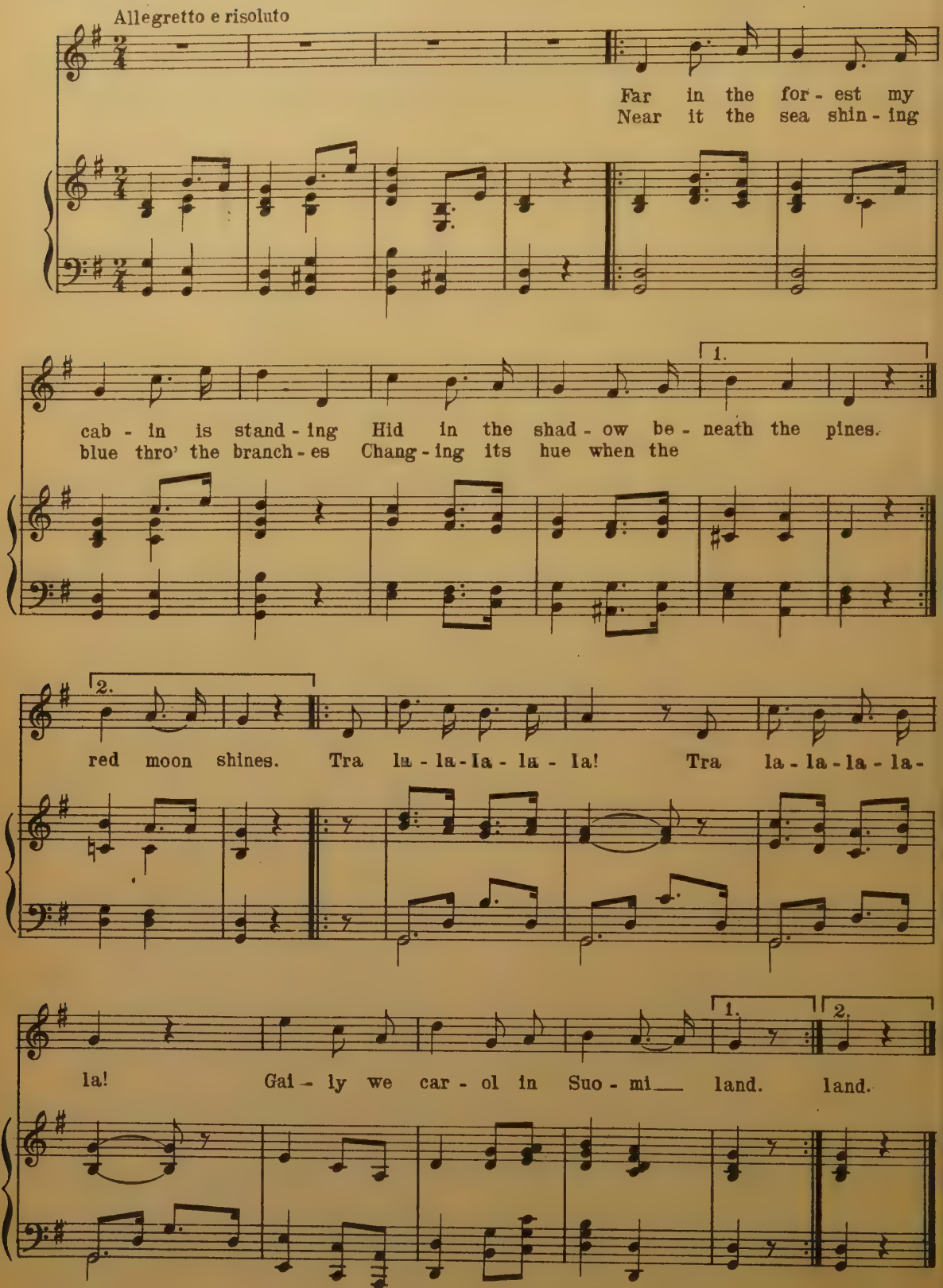
Rough the road and long and drear,
Set with dark and danger.
All unknown to me is fear,
Weariness a stranger.
Go, my heart, more swiftly race,
More swift than homing swallow,
When you've found your hiding place,
Then whisper I shall follow.

Paraphrase by
Franklin P. Adams

FAR IN THE FOREST

English version by
Edwin Markham

Folk Song


Allegretto e risoluto
Far in the for - est my
Near it the sea shin - ing
1.
cab - in is stand - ing Hid in the shad - ow be - neath the pines.
blue thro' the branch - es Chang - ing its hue when the
2.
red moon shines. Tra la - la - la - la - la! Tra la - la - la - la -
1.
2.
la! Gai - ly we car - ol in Suo - mi land. land.

Suomen salossa

Honkaen keskellä mökkini seisoo,
Suomeni soreassa salossa,
honkaen väliltä siintävä selkä
vilkkuvi koittehen valossa.
Hoi laari, laari laa!
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Kaukana korvessa käkönen kukkuu.
sulhonsa suloutta ylistää.
Paimenten soitanto laitumen tieltä
ääntänsä korviini vilistää.
Hoi laari, laari laa!
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Omanpa henkeni kieltä ne puhuu,
honkaen humina, luonto muu.
Itse en sydäntä hillitä taida,
riemusta soikohon raikas suu.
Hoi laari, laari laa!
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Far in the Forest

Far in the forest my cabin is standing
Hid in the shadow beneath the pines.
Near it the sea shining blue thro' the branches
Changing its hue when the red moon shines.

Refrain:
Tra la, la, la, gaily we carol in Suomi* land.

Deep in the woodland the cuckoo is calling
Lulling the fledglings hid in her nest,
Songs of the wild dove fill the green forest
Bringing deep peace to my troubled breast.
Refrain:

Joy laden bird songs and green boughs waving
Borrow their notes from my own delight,
Now one by one sighs are turned to rejoicing,
Now one by one sorrows take their flight.
Refrain:

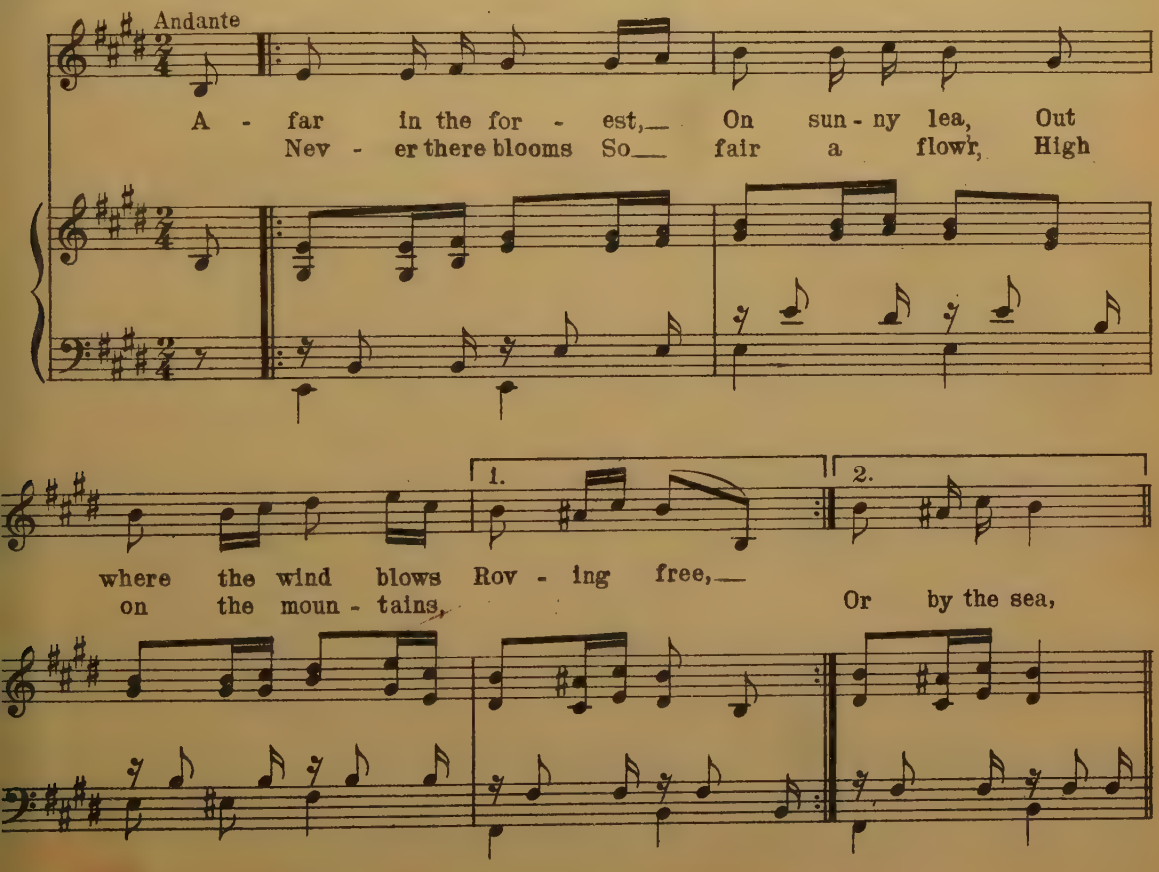
English version by
Edwin Markham

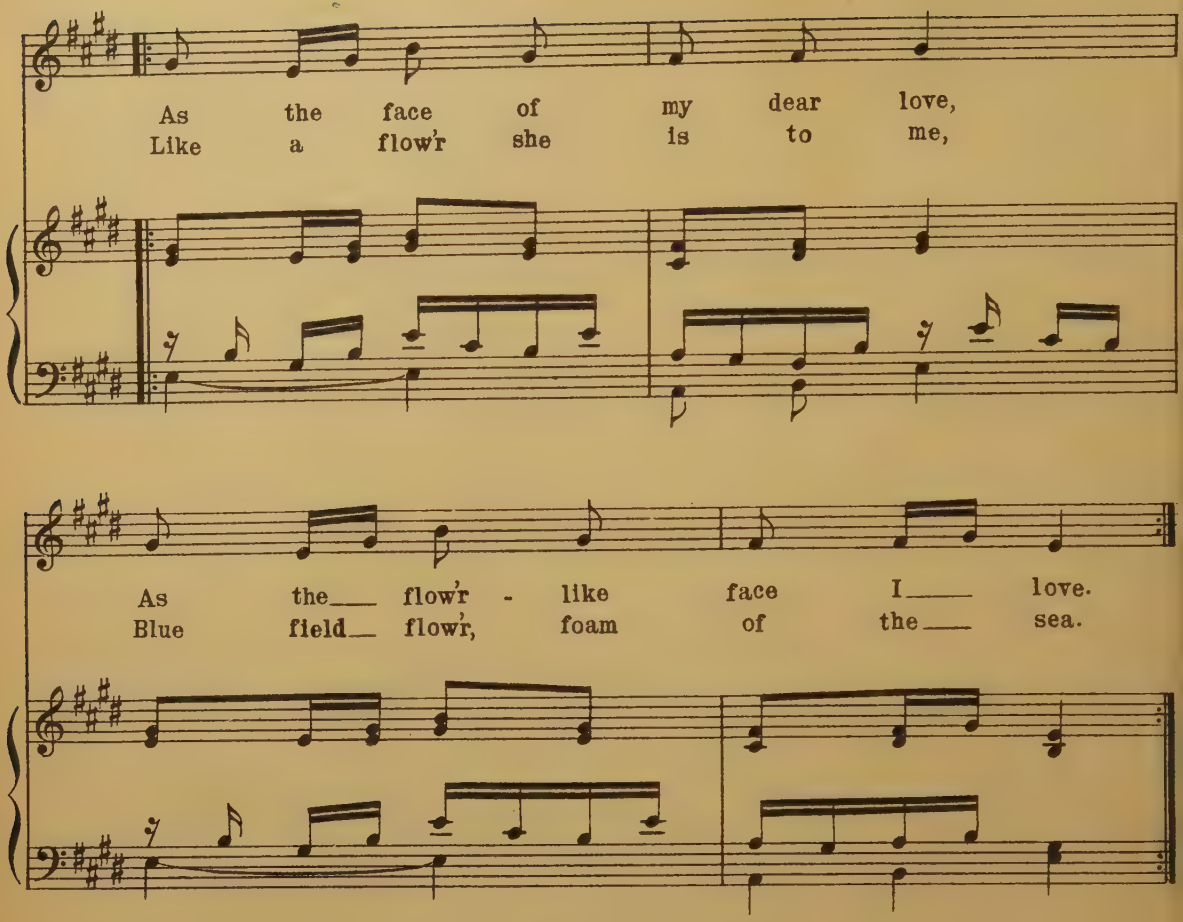
* *Suomi-Finland*

SONG OF MY DEAR

Free translation by
Florence Wilkinson

Folk Song


Andante
A - far in the for - est,— On sun - ny lea, Out
Nev - er there blooms So— fair a flowr, High
1.
2.
where the wind blows Rov - ing free,—
on the moun - tains, Or by the sea,



Laulu Lapista

Ei taivaan alla ja avaralla
löydy niin kaunista kukkaista kuin mun armas
kultani, joll' on minun sydämeni.

Kuin kuljen tuulessa tunturilla
kultaa mieleeni muistutan, ja heti on tyyni,
lämpöinen, kuin jäljestä Juhannuksen.

Song of My Dear

Afar in the forest,
On sunny lea,
Out where the wind blows
Roving free,

Never there blooms
So fair a flower,
High on the mountains,
Or by the sea,

As the face of my dear love,
As the flower like face I love.

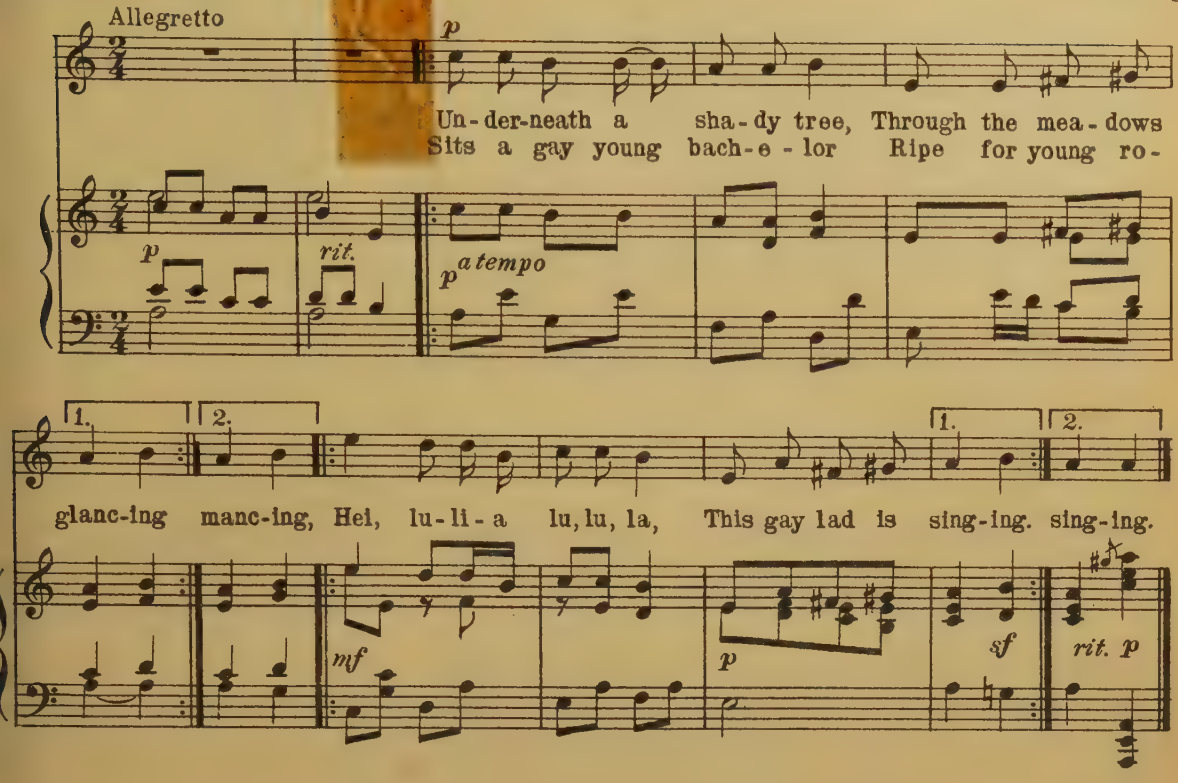
Like a flower she is to me,
Blue field flower, foam of the sea.

Free translation by
Florence Wilkinson

THE GAY YOUNG BACHELOR

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Folk Song



Kullan ylistys

Minun kultani kaunis on,
vaikk' on kaitaluinen,
Hei luulia illalla illalla,
vaikk' on kaitaluinen.

Kullan pää on pähkinä,
vaikk on väärällänsä.
Hei luulia illalla,
vaikk on väärällänsä.

Tukka tumman ruskea,
vaikk on tappurainen.
Hei luulia illalla,
vaikk on tappurainen.

Siniset silmat sillä on,
vaikk on kieronlaiset.
Hei luulia illalla,
vaikk on kieronlaiset.

The Gay Young Bachelor

Underneath a shady tree,
Through the meadow glancing,
Sits a gay young bachelor
Ripe for young romancing;
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing,
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing.

Lovely is my sweetheart dear,
Though she is too slender,
Though her head is crooked set,
All her ways are tender.
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing,
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing.

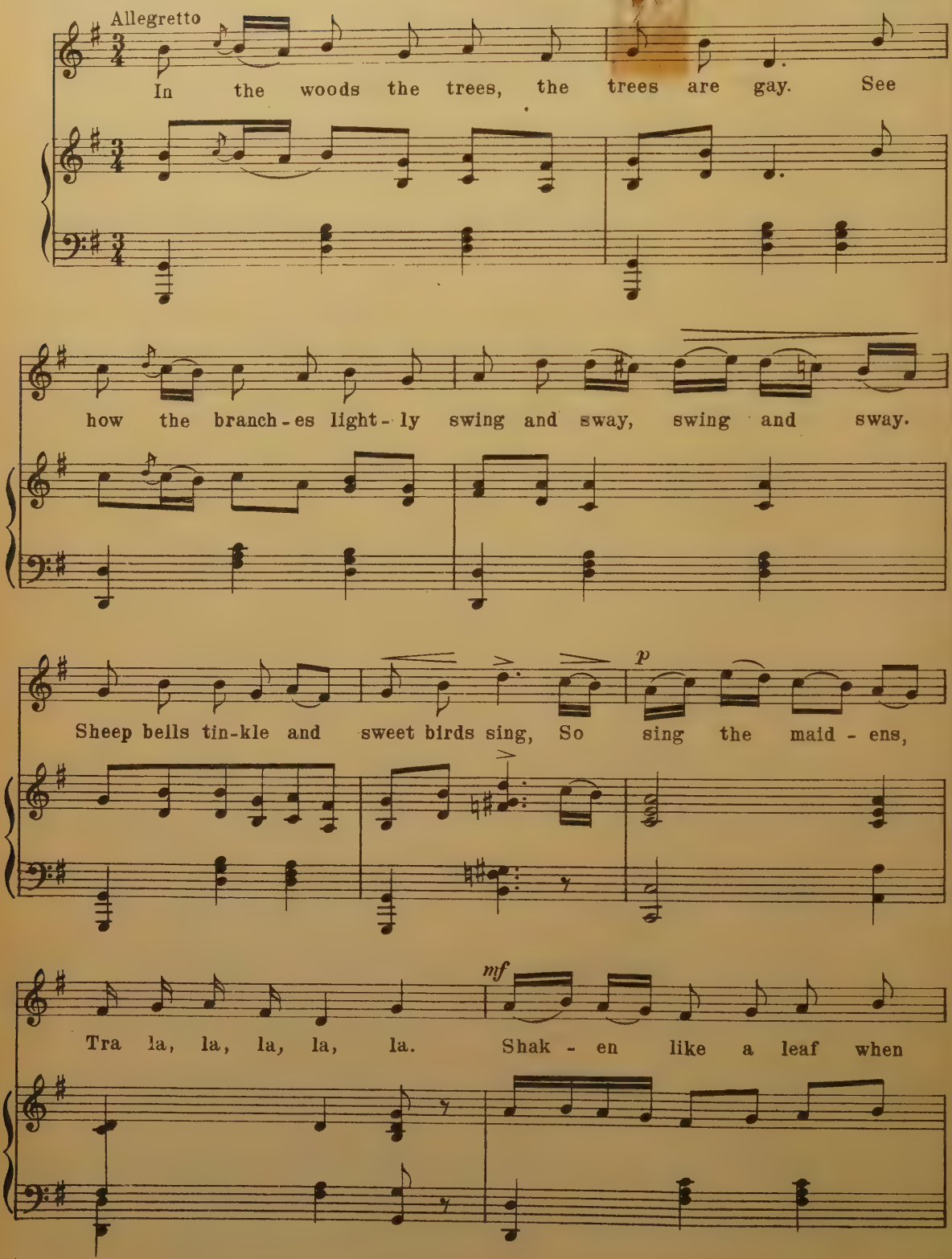
Golden is her heavy hair–
Coarse like rope untwining–
Blue her eyes as heaven above,
Though they cross in shining!
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing,
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing.

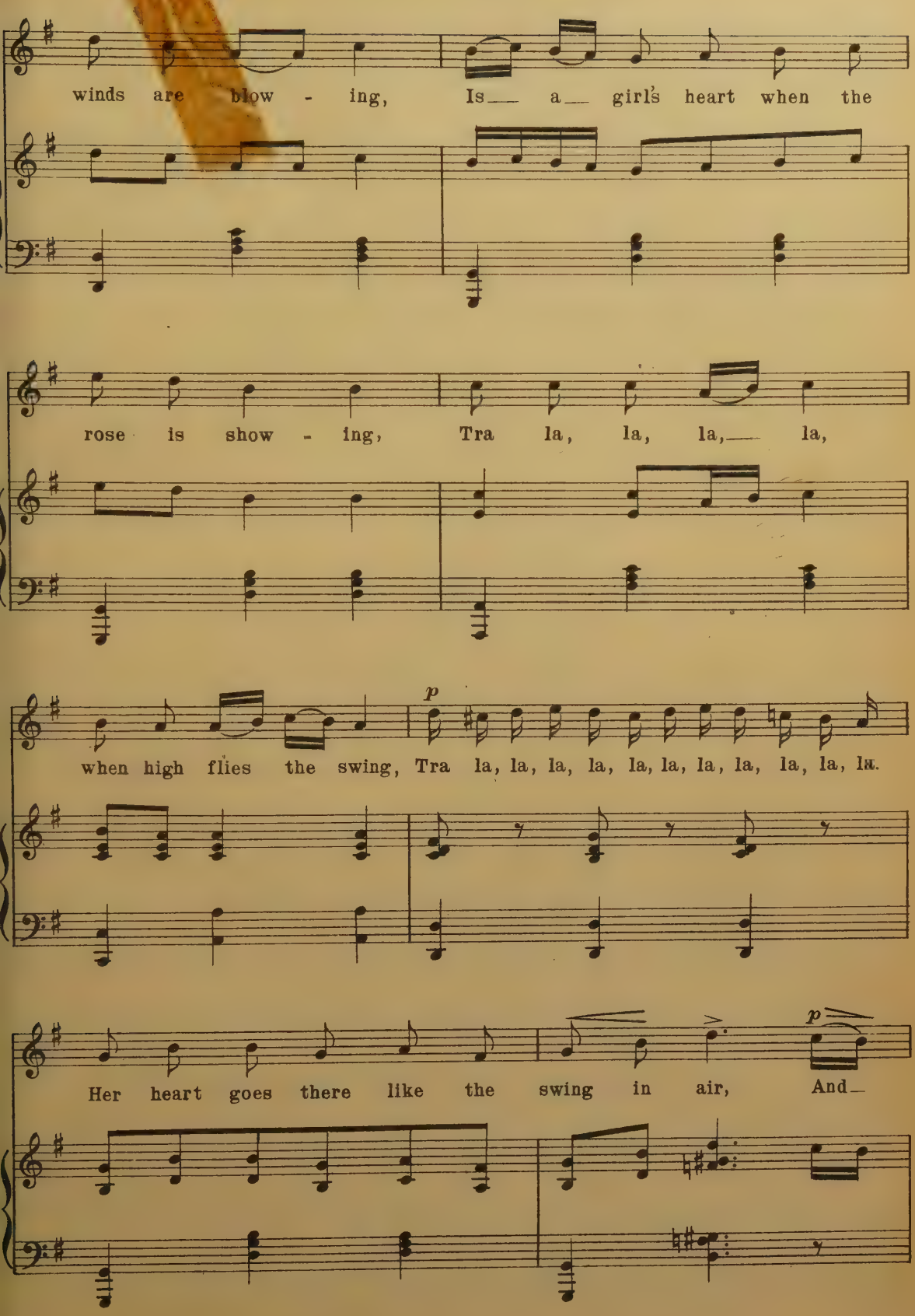
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

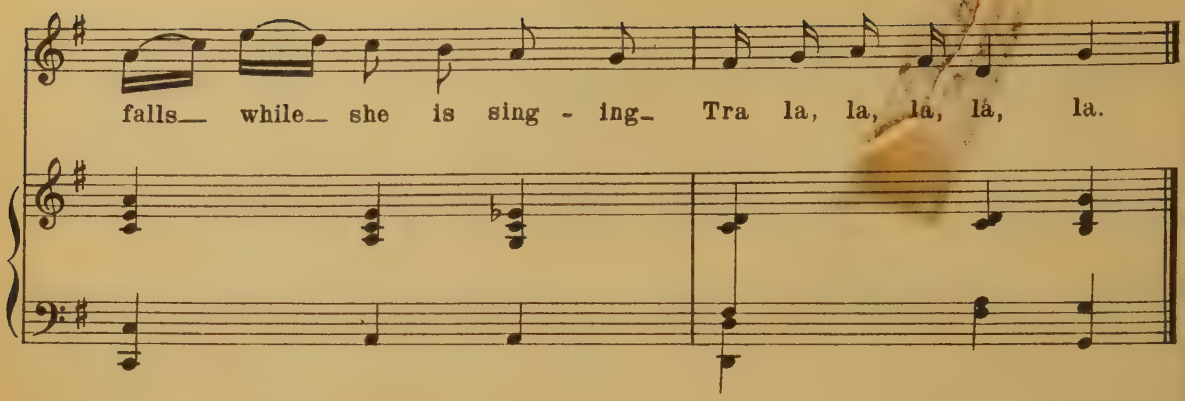
POLKA

English version by
Louise Driscoll

Folk Dance


Allegretto
In the woods the trees, the trees are gay. See
how the branch-es light-ly swing and sway, swing and sway.
Sheep bells tin-kle and sweet birds sing, So
p
sing the maid-ens,
Tra la, la, la, la, la.
mf
Shak-en like a leaf when


winds are blow - ing, Is a girl's heart when the
rose is show - ing, Tra la, la, la, la,
p
when high flies the swing, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
p
Her heart goes there like the swing in air, And



Polska

Metsän puita tuuli tuudittaa,
ja joka lehti liikkuu,
oksat keinuu, kiikkuu,
karjan kellot kilvan kalkattaa
ja linnut livertävät
la la la la la la.
Niinpä neidon mieli nuorell' ijällä
lentää kuin lehti ilman tiellä
Näin iloiten vain ma laulelen
la la la la la la la la la la la la.
Karjan kellot kilvan kalkattaa
ja linnut livertävät
la la la la la la.

Sunnuntaina taasen kiikuttaa
pojat iloissansa
kukin neitojansa.
Korkealle keinu heilahtaa
ja tytöt laulelevat
la la la la la la.
Niinpä neidon mieli nuorell' ijällä
lentää kuin lehti ilman tiellä.
Näin iloiten vaan ma laulelen
la la la la la la la la la la la la.
Korkealle keinu heilahtaa
ja tytöt laulelevat
la la la la la la.

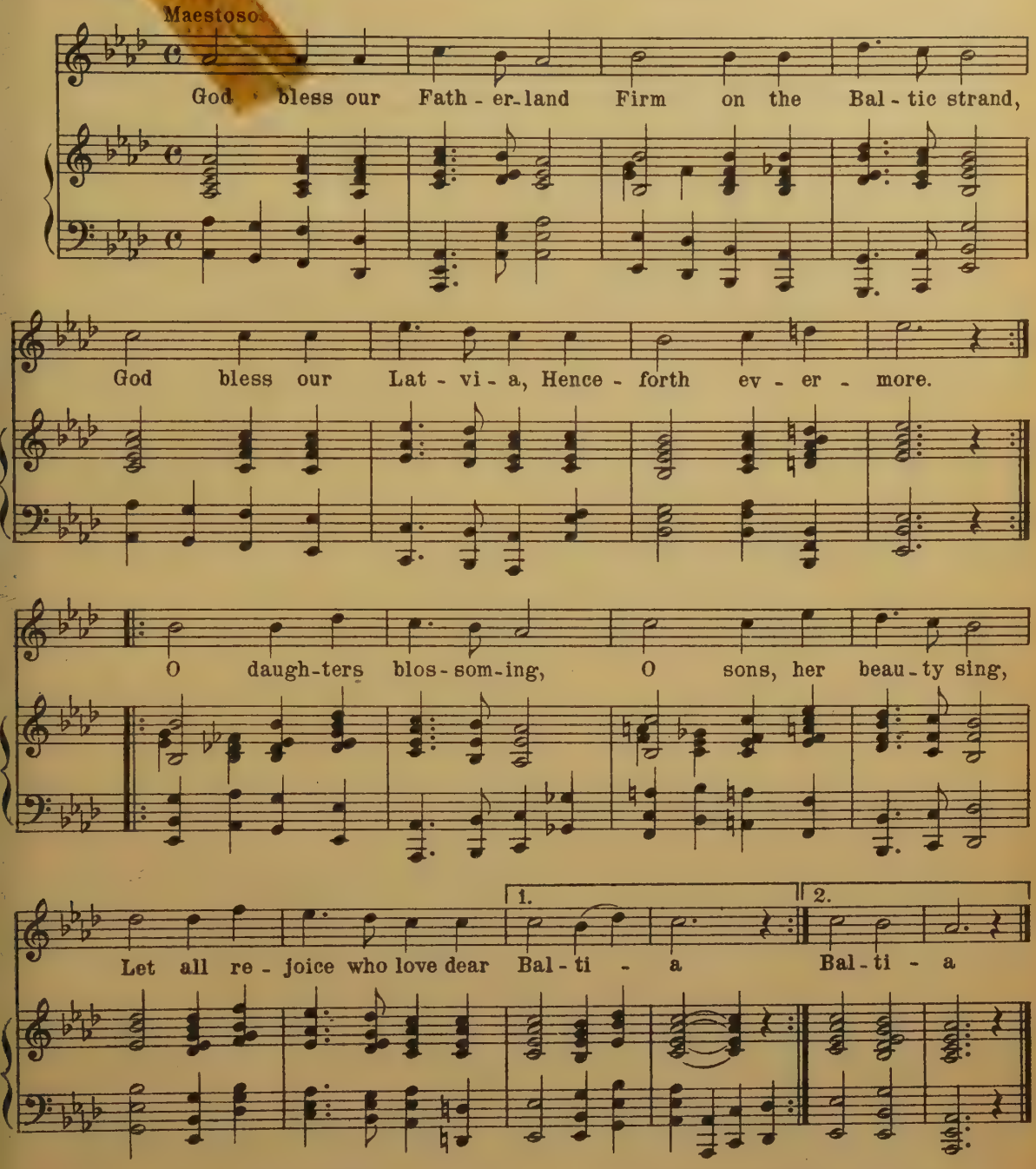
Polka

In the woods the trees, the trees are gay.
See how the branches lightly swing and sway, swing and sway.
Sheep bells tinkle and sweet birds sing,
So sing the maidens, tra la, la, la, la, la.
Shaken like a leaf when winds are blowing,
Is a girl's heart when the rose is showing.
Tra la, la tra la, la, when high flies the swing,
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Her heart goes there like the swing in air,
And falls while she is singing—Tra la, la, la, la, la.

English version by
Louise Driscoll.

NATIONAL HYMN- LATVIA

English version by
C. H. B.


Maestoso
God bless our Fath - er-land Firm on the Bal - tic strand,
God bless our Lat - vi - a, Hence - forth ev - er - more.
O daugh-ters blos-som-ing, O sons, her beau-ty sing,
1.
2.
Let all re - joice who love dear Bal - ti - a Bal - ti - a

Deews, swehti Latwiju

Deews, swehti Latwiju, muhs' dahrgo tehwiju
Swehti jel Baltiju ak swehti jel to!
Kur Latwju dehli dseed, kur Latwju meitas seed,
Laid mums tur laimê deet, muhs' Baltijâ!

National Hymn- Latvia

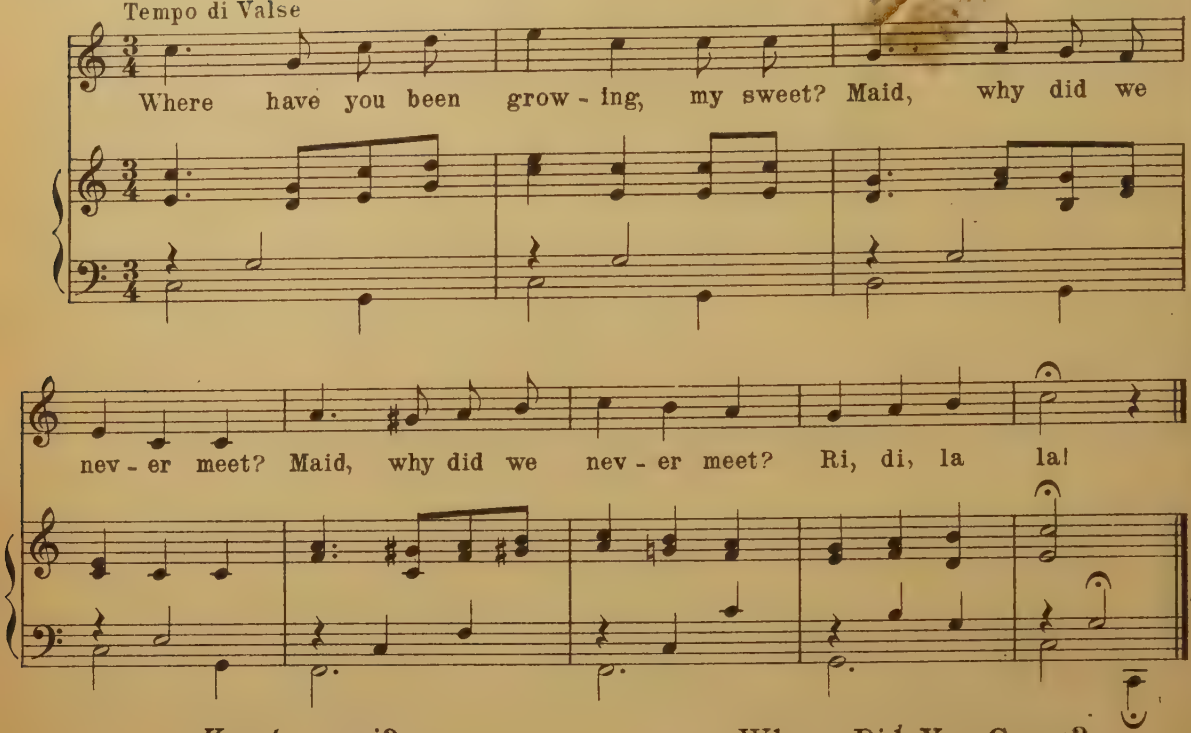
God bless our Fatherland
Firm on the Baltic strand,
God bless our Latvia,
Henceforth, evermore.
O daughters, blossoming,
O sons, her beauty sing.
Let all rejoice who love dear Baltia.

English version by
C. H. B.

WHERE DID YOU GROW?

English version by
Beatrice Barry

Folk Song



Kur tu augi?

Kur tu augi daiļa meita, ka es tewi neredsej'?
Ka es tewi neredsej'? Ridirala!
Es usaugu pee mahmiņas skaista roschu darsiņâ,
Skaista roschu darsiņâ. Rai, rai, la, la!

Wai tu augi pee mahmiņas wai mahmiņas puhriņa?
Wai mahmiņas puhriņa? Ridirala!
Es us augu pee mahmiņas baltam deegu seķitem,
Sarkanami kurpitem. Rai, rai, la, la!

Sneeds roziņu dod mutites buhsi mana lihgawiņ'!
Buhsi mana lihgawiņ'! Ridirala!
Zitam tehwu dehlinami roku dewu solijoś
Roku dewu solijos. Rai, rai, la, la!

Where Did You Grow?

Men:
Where have you been growing, my sweet?
Maid, why did we never meet?
Maid, why did we never meet?
Ri di la la!

Girls:
I was in a garden growing
Where the roses flourished, too—
Where the roses flourished, too.
Ri di la la!

Men:
Did your mother keep you always
Hidden in your marriage chest?
Hidden in your marriage chest!
Ri di la la!

Girls:
Nay, I danced for mother, I wore
Sandals red and stockings white!
Sandals red and stockings white!
Ri di la la!

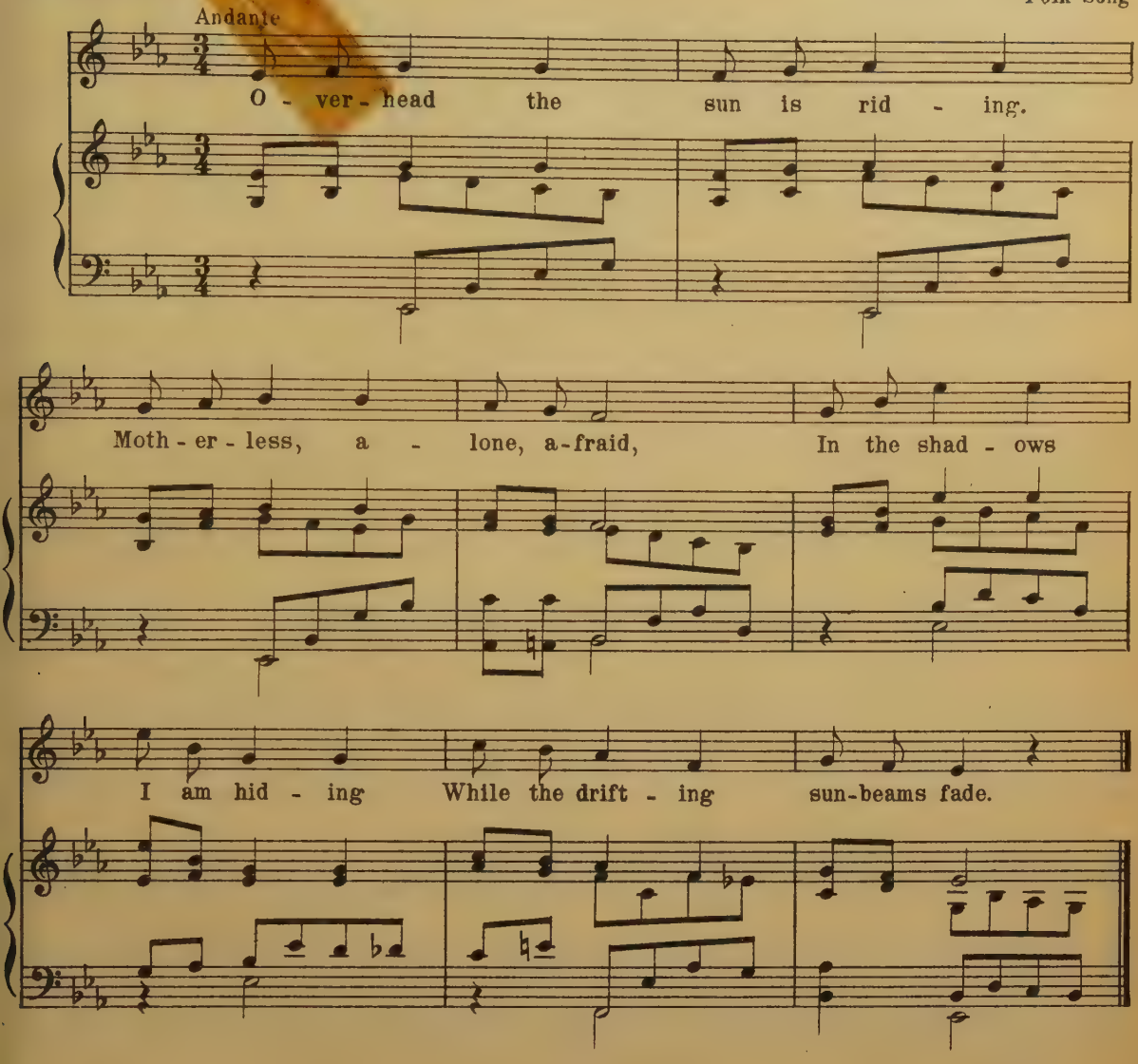
Men:
Give me your hand, sweetheart, won't you
Kiss me, promise to be mine?
Kiss me, promise to be mine!
Ri di la la!

Girls:
I have pleged my promise truly
To another man than you!
To another man than you!
Ri di la la!

English version by
Beatrice Barry

THE SUN RUNS ITS COURSE

English version by
Beatrice Barry

Folk Song

Saulit' tezej' tezedama

Saulit' tezej' tezedama,
Es paliku pawehni
Nawa sawas mahmuliņas,
Kas eezehla saulité.

Tez', saulite, pagaid' manis,
Ko es tewim pasazisch'
Aisnes manai mahmulinai
Labu, labu wakariņ'

Jau saulite semu, semu,
Mahmuliņa tahļu tahl',
Teku, teku, nepanahku,
Sauzu, sauzu, nesasauz'!

The Sun Runs Its Course

Overhead the sun is riding.
Motherless, alone, afraid,
In the shadows I am hiding
While the drifting sunbeams fade.

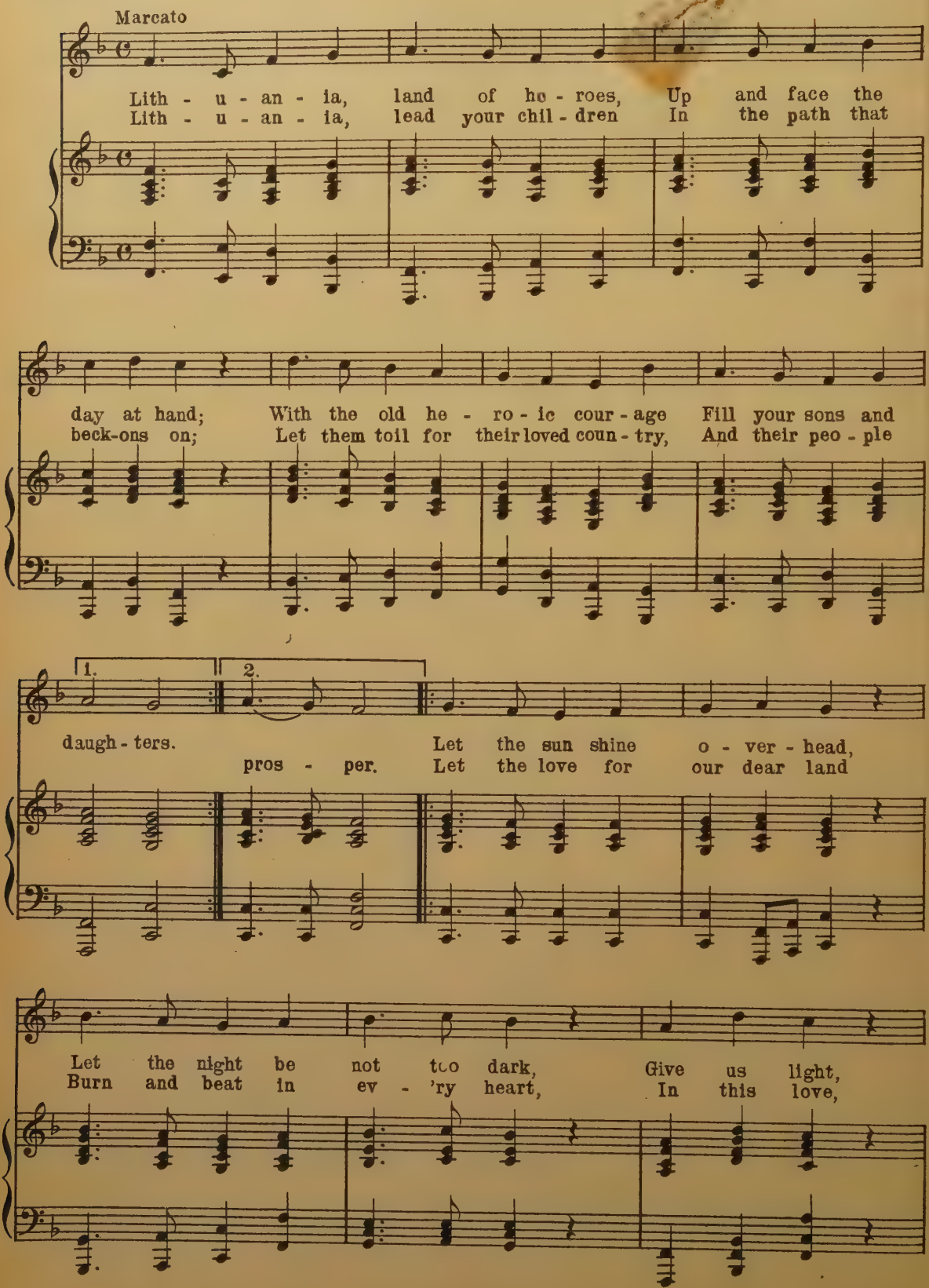
Sunbeam, for a moment tarry–
Be my messenger, I pray.
Tell my mother that you carry
All my love to her to-day!

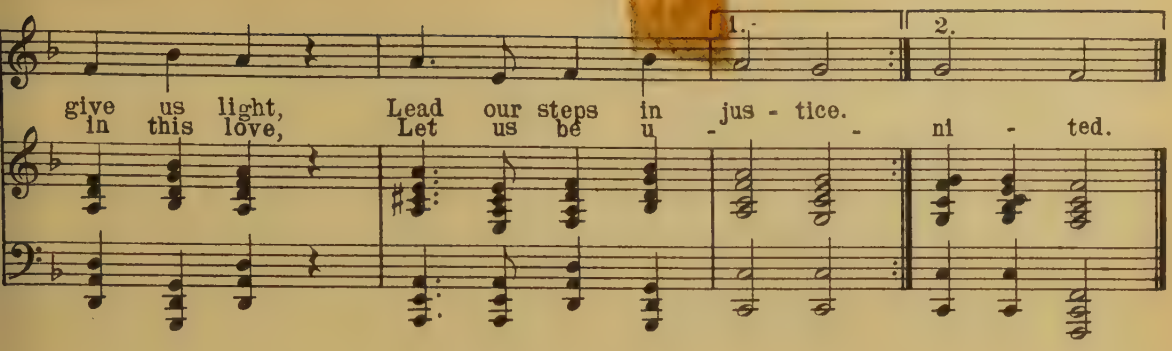
Bear my greetings, I beseech you,
Since you travel far indeed;
Lo, I run, but cannot reach you–
Though I call, you will not heed.

English version by
Beatrice Barry

LITHUANIAN NATIONAL HYMN

English version by
William Griffith


Marcato
Lith - u - an - ia, land of he - roes, Up and face the
Lith - u - an - ia, lead your chil - dren In the path that
day at hand; With the old he - ro - ic cour - age Fill your sons and
beck-ons on; Let them toil for their loved coun - try, And their peo - ple
1.
2.
daugh - ters. Let the sun shine o - ver - head,
pros - per. Let the love for our dear land
Let the night be not too dark, Give us light,
Burn and beat in ev - 'ry heart, In this love,



Hymnas

Lietuva, tėvyne mūsų,
Tu didvyrių žeme;
Iš praeitės tavo sūnųs
Vis stiprybę seme.

Tegul tavo vaikai eina
Vien takais dorybės!
Tegul dirba ant naudos tav
Ir žmonių gėrybės!

Tegul saulė Lietuvos
Tamsumus prašalina,
Ir šviesa ir tiesa
Mūs' žingsnius telydi!

Tegul meilė Lietuvos
Dega mūsų širdyse;
Vardan tos Lietuvos
Vienybė te žydi!

Lithuanian National Hymn

Lithuania, land of heroes,
Up and face the day at hand;
With the old heroic courage
Fill your sons and daughters.

Lithuania, lead your children
In the path that beckons on;
Let them toil for their loved country,
And their people prosper.

Let the sun shine overhead,
Let the night be not too dark,
Give us light, give us light,
Lead our steps in justice.

Let the love for our dear land
Burn and beat in every heart,
In this love, in this love
Let us be united.

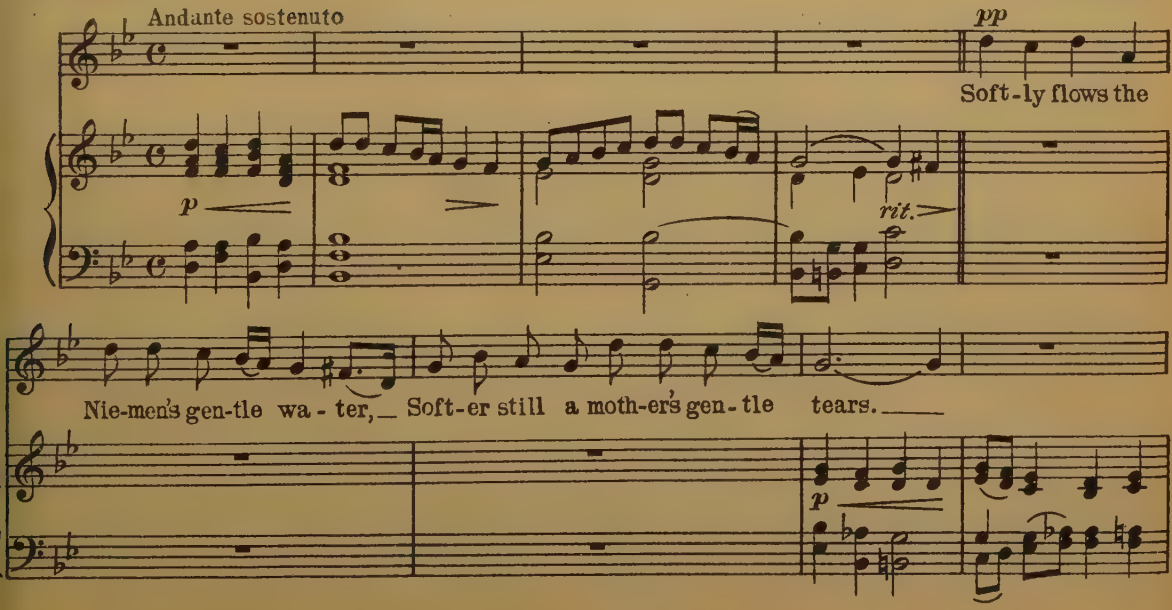
English version by
William Griffith

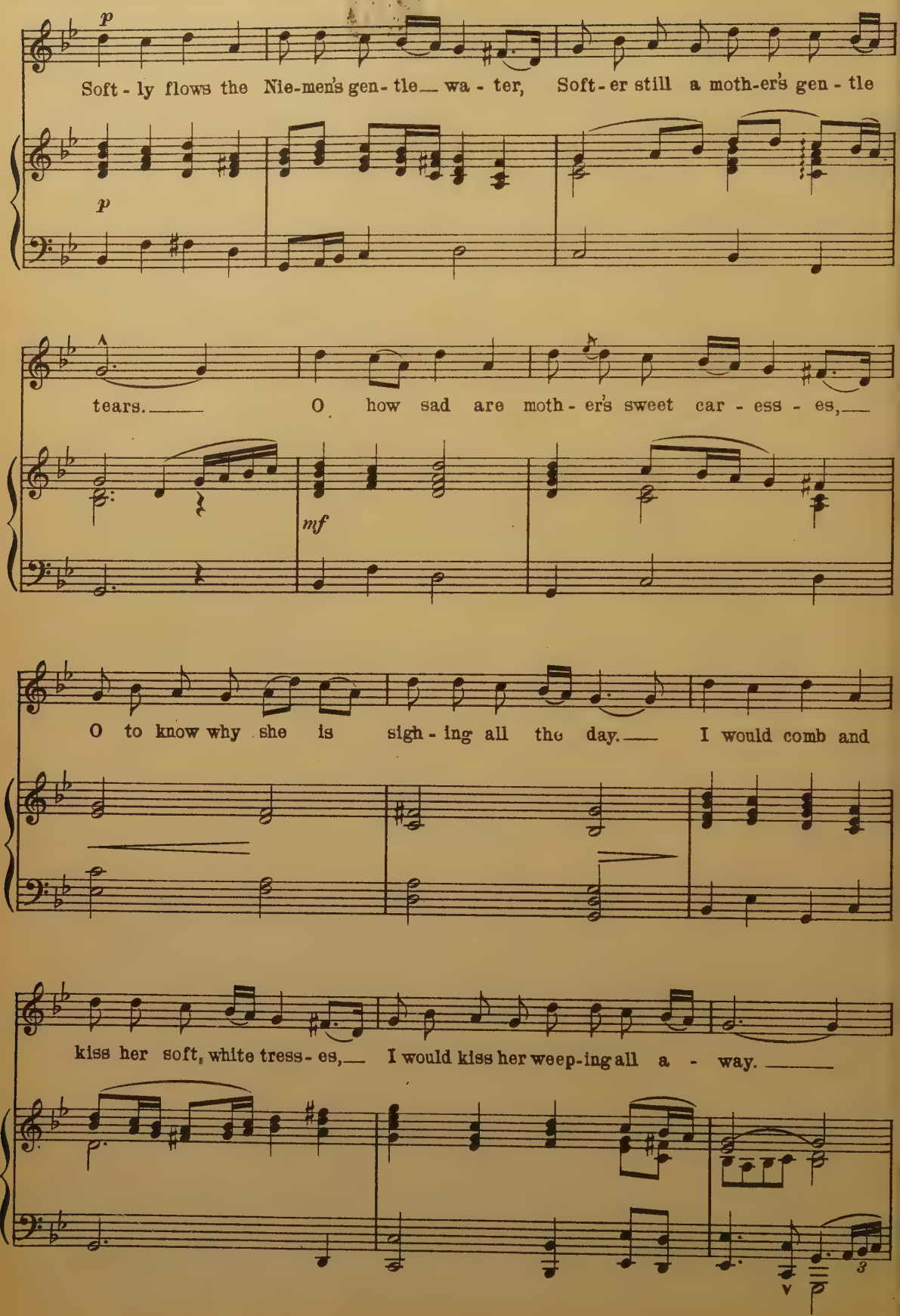
SOFTLY FLOWS THE NIEMEN

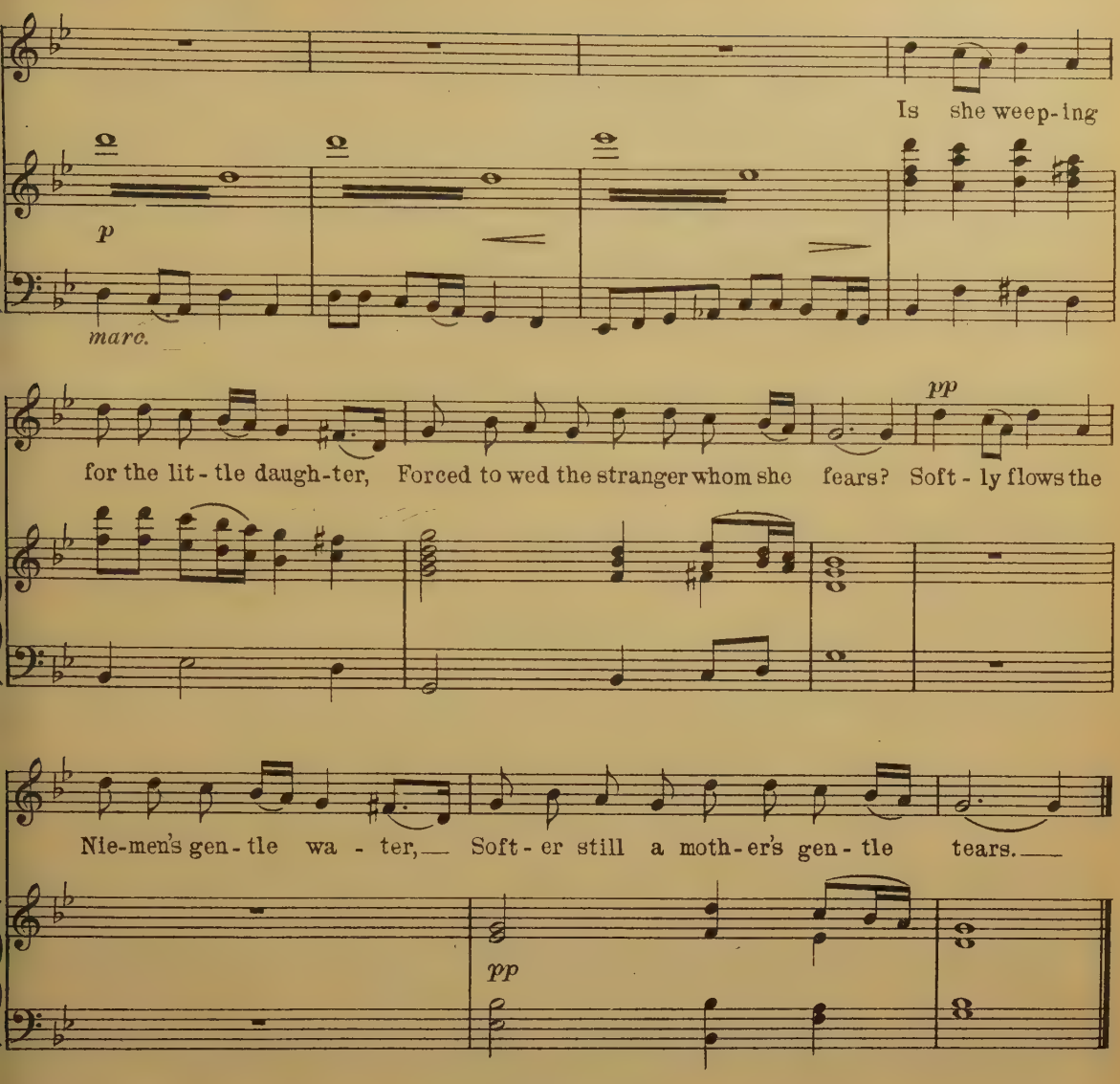
English version by
Leonora Speyer

Folk Song

Arranged by
M. Petrauskas




p
Soft - ly flows the Nie-men's gen - tle wa - ter, Soft - er still a moth-er's gen - tle
p
tears. O how sad are moth - er's sweet car - ess - es,
mf
O to know why she is sigh - ing all the day. I would comb and
kiss her soft, white tress - es, I would kiss her weep-ing all a - way.
3


Is she weep-ing
p
marc.
pp
for the lit-tle daugh-ter, Forced to wed the stranger whom she fears? Soft-ly flows the
Nie-men's gen-tle wa-ter, Soft-er still a moth-er's gen-tle tears.
pp

Tykiai Nemunėlis Teka

Tykiai, tykiai Nemunėlis teka,
Ne taip tykiai kaip motulė verkia,
Tykiai, tykiai Nemunėlis teka,
Ne taip tykiai kaip motulė verkia.

Kad žinočiau ko motulė verkia,
Kad aš išmanyciau, ko motulė verkia!
Aš motulei galvelę šukuočiau,
Jos baltuosius plaukelius bučiuočiau!

Gal motulei pagailo dukrelės
Kad tėvelis vargeliui nor duoti.
Tykiai, tykiai Nemunėlis teka,
Ne teip tykiai, kaip motulė verkia!

Softly Flows the Niemen

Softly flows the Niemen's gentle water,
Softer still a mother's gentle tears,
Softly flows the Niemen's gentle water,
Softer still a mother's gentle tears.

O how sad are mother's sweet caresses,
O to know why she is sighing all the day.
I would comb and kiss her soft, white tresses,
I would kiss her weeping all away.

Is she weeping for the little daughter,
Forced to wed the stranger whom she fears?
Softly flows the Niemen's gentle water,
Softer still a mother's gentle tears.

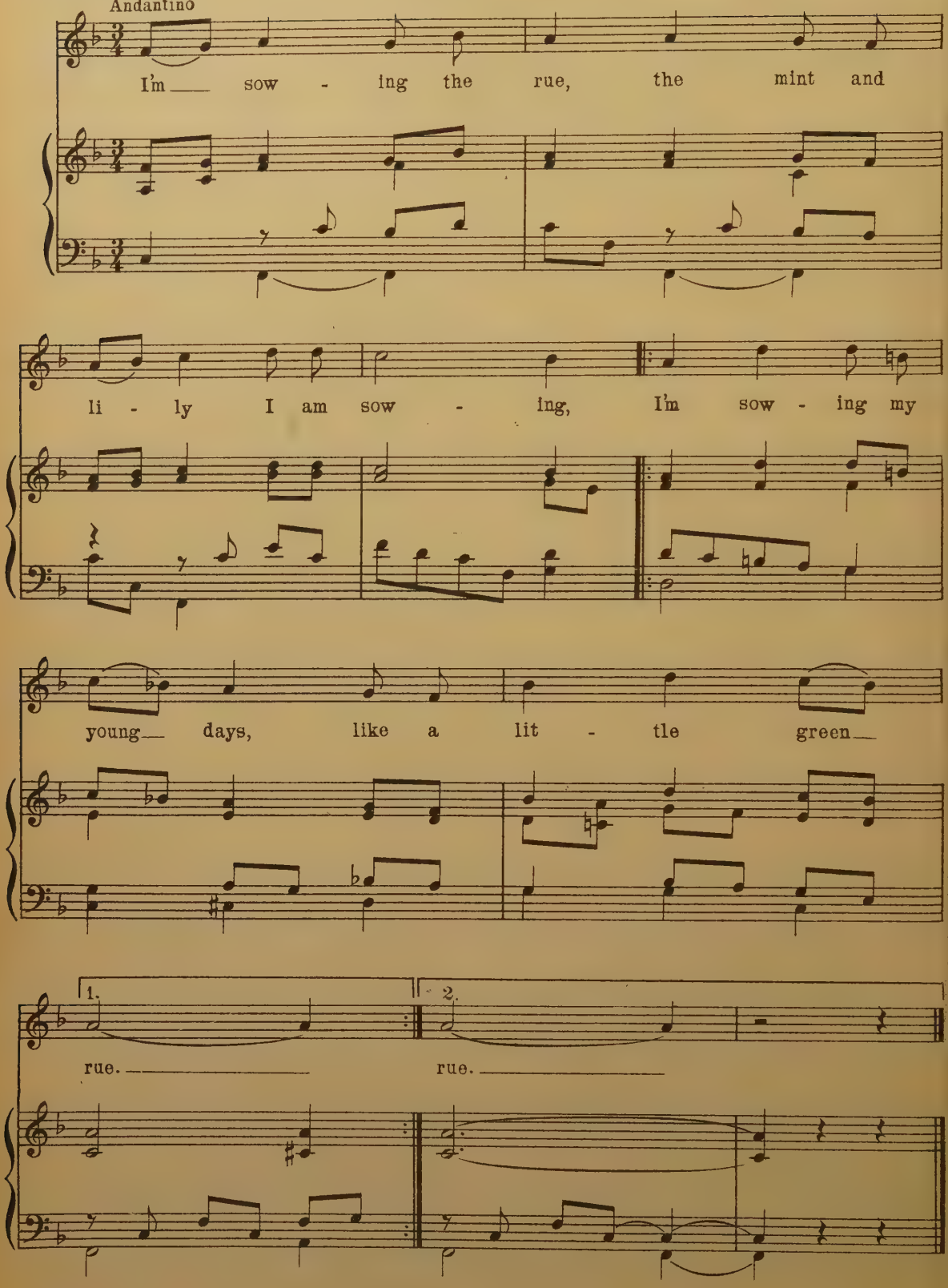
English version by
Leonora Speyer

SOWING THE RUE

English version by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

Folk Song

Andantino



Sējau rūtą

Sējau rūtą, sējau mėtą, sējau lelijėlę,
Sējau savo jaunas dienas, kaip žalią rūtelę.

Dygo rūta, dygo mėta, dygo lelijėlė,
Dygo mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalia rūtelė.

Augo rūta, augo mėta, augo lelijėlė,
Augo mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalia rūtelė.

Noko rūta, noko mėta, noko lelijėlė,
Noko mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalia rūtelė.

Ir atėjo bernužėlis, skynė lelijėlę,
Skynė mano jaunas dienas, Vytau kaip rūtelė.

Kirto rūtą, kirto mėtą, kirto lelijėlę
Kirto mano jaunas dienas kaip žalia rūtelė.

Vyto rūta, vyto mėta, vyto lelijėlė
Vyto mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalia rūtelė.

130187
Sowing the Rue

I'm sowing the rue, the mint and lily I am sowing,
I'm sowing my young days, like a little green rue.

The rue is budding, budding is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are budding, like a little green rue.

The rue is growing, growing is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are growing, like a little green rue.

The rue is ripened, ripened is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are ripened, like the little green rue.

There comes to my garden a youth with a sickle,–
"Oh, touch not my young days, like a little green rue!"

He has mown down the rue, the mint and lily, he has severed,
My young days he has wasted, like the little green rue.

The rue is fading, fading is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are fading, like the little green rue.

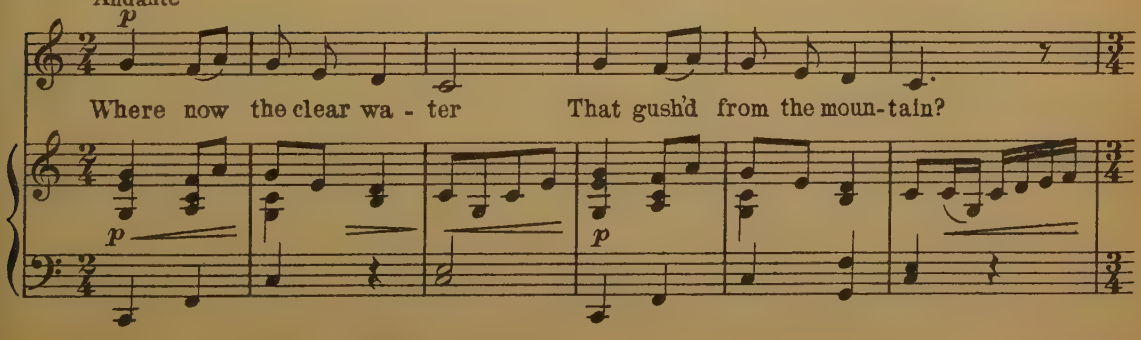
English version by
Edna St. Vincent Milloy

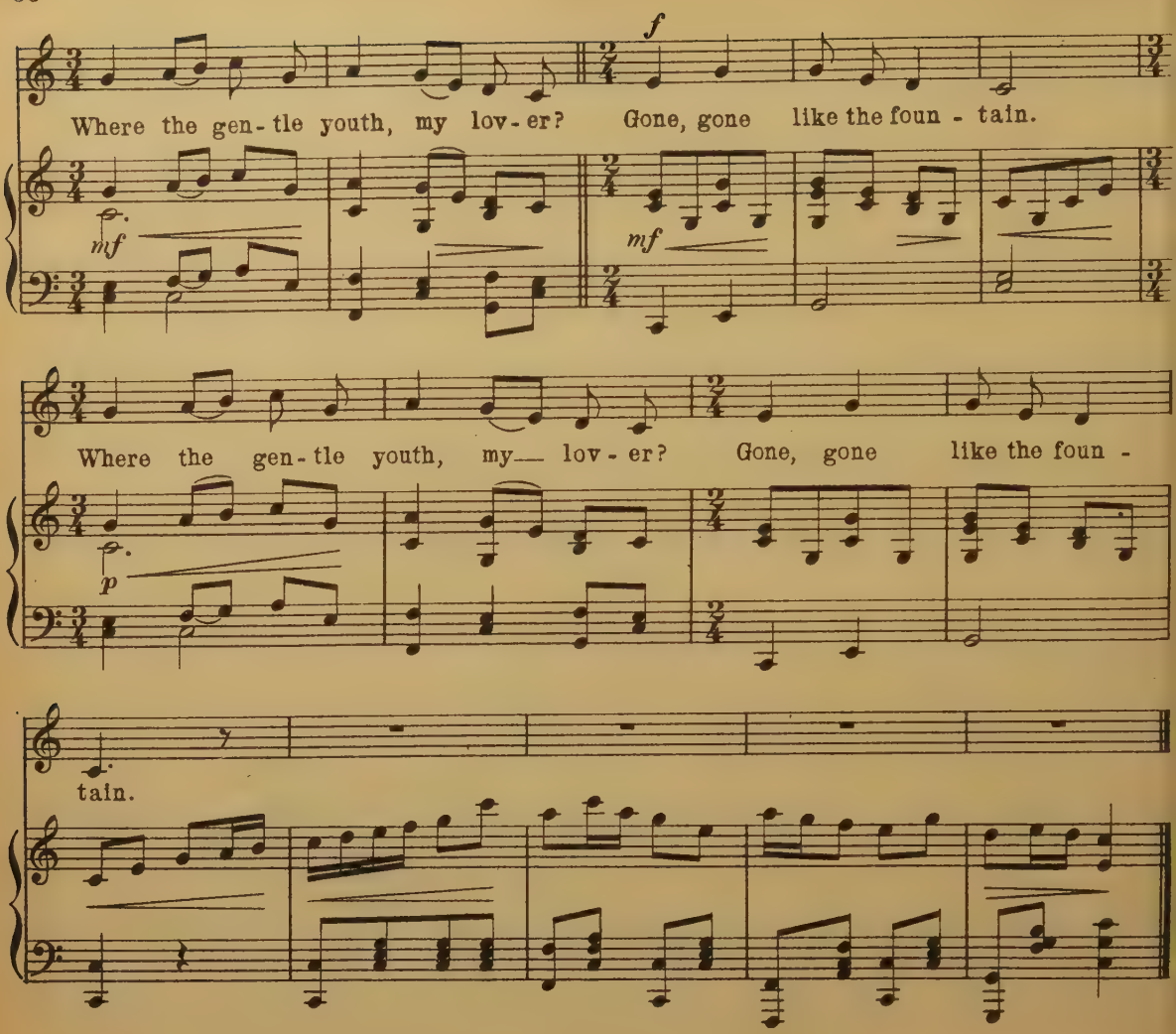
AT THE SPRING

Folk Song

English version by
H. B.

Arranged by
M. Petrauskas





Kur tas šaltinėlis?

Kur tas šaltinėlis,
Kur aš jauna gėriau,
Kur tas mano bernužėlis
Katrą aš mylėjau.

Katrą aš mylėjau,
Širdelėj turėjau,
Kas naktelę per sapnelį
Žodelį kalbėjau

Jau tas šaltinėlis
Žolele apaugo,
Jau tas mano bernužėlis
Į karę išjojo.

Darysiu lyseles,
Pasėsiu gėleles,
Apsikaišius žalia ruta
Bernelio gedėsiu.

At the Spring

Where now the clear water
That gushed from the mountain?
Where the gentle youth, my lover?
Gone, gone like the fountain.

Him the war has taken,
My faithful, fond lover.
Seek not the spring in the meadow,
Grass covers it over.

In my heart I hid him;
When in dreams he sought me
And we spoke together softly,
What joy dreams brought me.

Bring rue from my garden,
My dark hair adorning.
I'll be constant to my lover
Through long years of mourning.

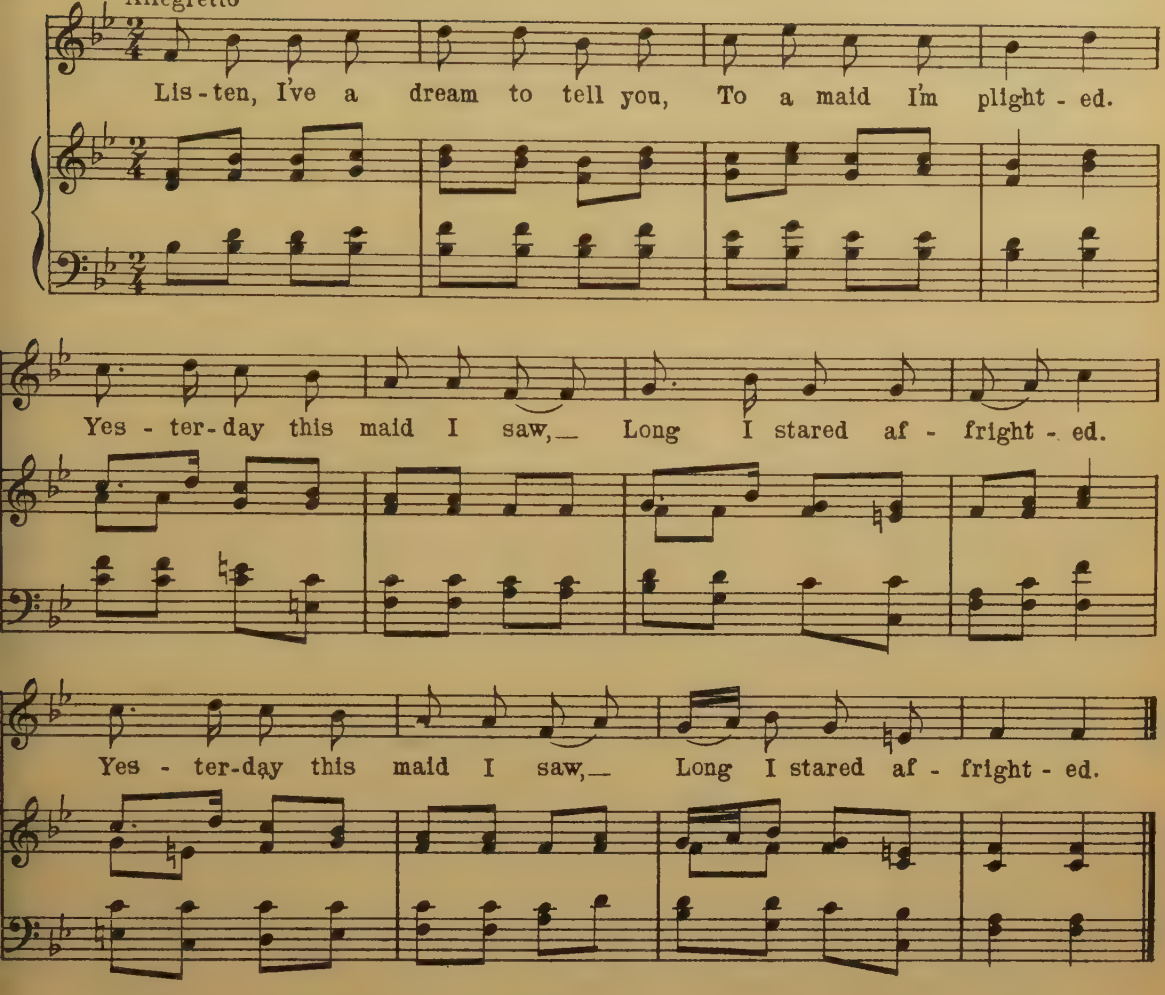
English version by
H. B.

IN MY DREAMS

English version by
C. H. B.

Folk Dance

Allegretto


Lis - ten, I've a dream to tell you, To a maid I'm plight - ed.
Yes - ter - day this maid I saw,— Long I stared af - fright - ed.
Yes - ter - day this maid I saw,— Long I stared af - fright - ed.

Noriu miego

Noriu miego, saldaus miego,
Neturiu kur gulti.
Jaučiu kieme mergužėlę,
Neturiu ką siūsti!]2

Siunčiau, siunčiau pasiuntinį,
Ką mergužė veikia?
Žalių rūtų darželėlyj'
Vainikėlį pina.]2

Ir pindama, dabindama,
Su vainiku kalba:
Vainikėli žalių rūtų
Kur aš tave dėsiu?]2

Kaip buvau aš pas močiutę,
Kaip rožė žydė jau,
Pas tave, mans bernužėli,
Kaip ruta pavytau!]2

In My Dreams

Listen, I've a dream to tell you,
To a maid I'm plighted.
Yesterday this maid I saw,
Long I stared, affrighted.

Was this maid a mist or shadow
In the garden walking?
There she wove a wreath of rue,
Soft, I heard her talking.

Tell me little glossy leaflet
Now so neatly braided,
How, O how, may I wear you
When your green has faded?

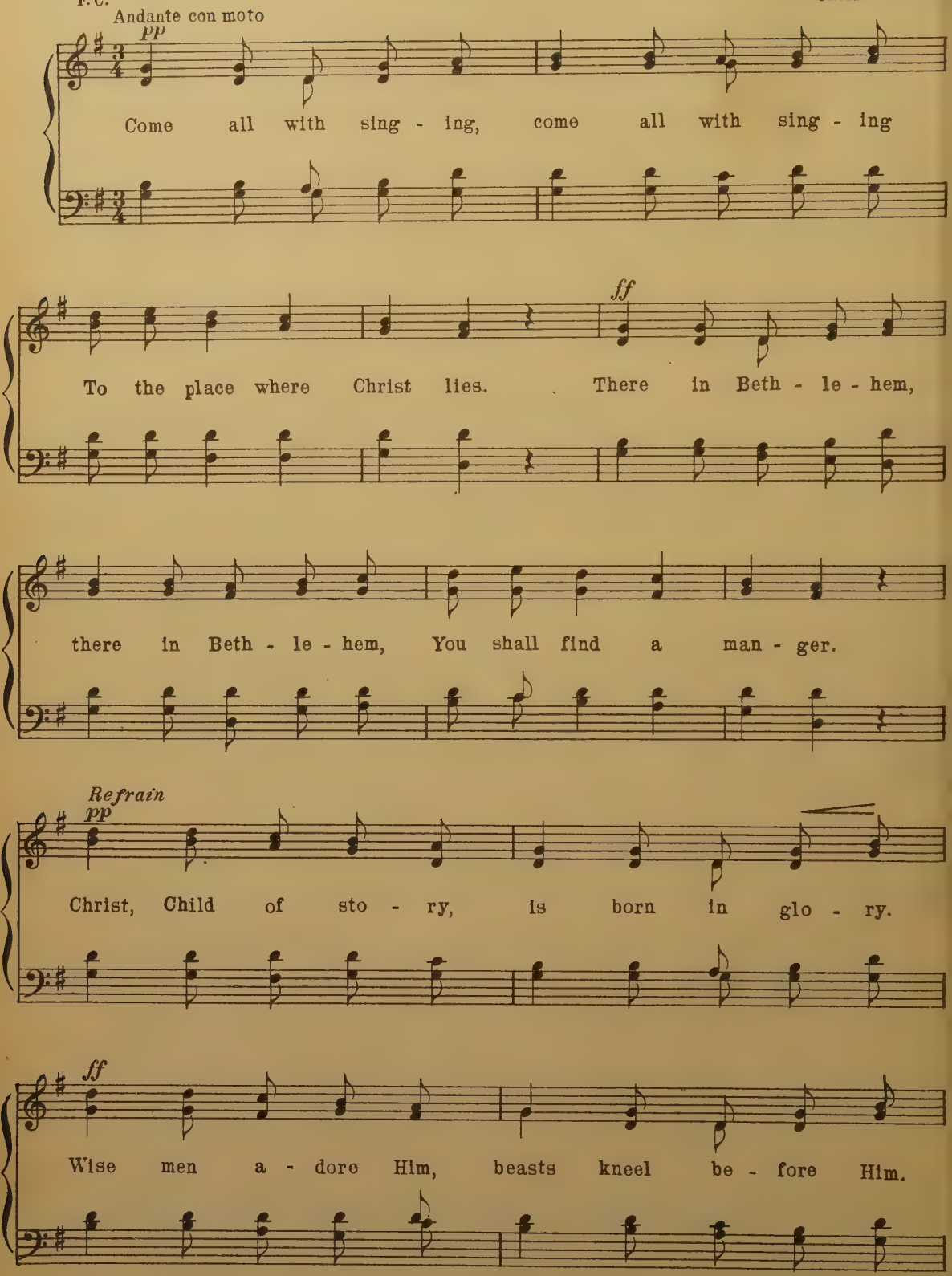
Now I bloom in mother's garden,
Rose by bees attended;
When a lover comes to pluck me,
Rose life will be ended.

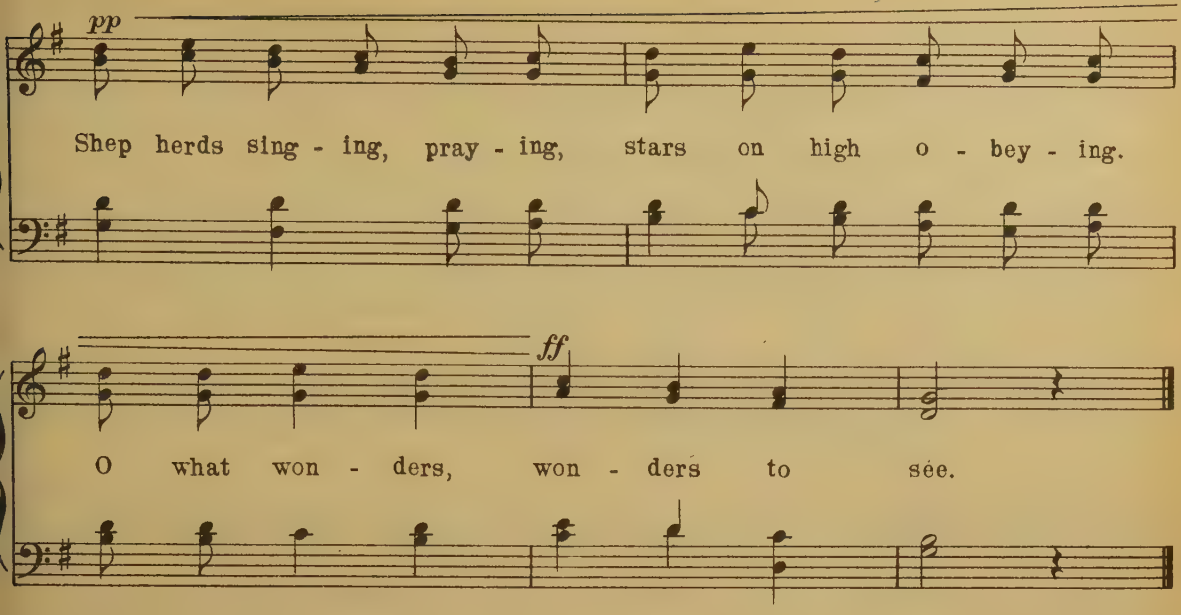
English version by
C. H. B.

TO-DAY IN BETHLEHEM

English version by F. C.

Christmas Carol


Andante con moto
pp
Come all with sing - ing, come all with sing - ing
ff
To the place where Christ lies. There in Beth - le - hem,
there in Beth - le - hem, You shall find a man - ger.
Refrain
pp
Christ, Child of sto - ry, is born in glo - ry.
ff
Wise men a - dore Him, beasts kneel be - fore Him.



Šiandien Betlėjuj

Šiandien Betlėjuj linksma naujiena:
Sūnelį Jėzų pagimdė mums Pana.

Kristus užgimė, linksma gadynė,
Aniuolai grajin', Karaliai sveikin';
Gieda piemenėliai, klaupia gyvulėliai
Stebūklus, stebūklus garsin'.

Marija Pana Vaikelį nešioja,
Ir senas Juozapas Jį pridaboja.

Kristus užgimė, ir t.t.

Ir Trįs Karaliai iš Rytų atėjo
Ir dovanėles Viešpačiui sudėjo,

Kristus užgimė, ir t.t.

Būk pasveikintas, amžinas Viešpatie,
Kurisai ant šieno guli jau šiandie.

Kristus užgimė, ir t.t.

Būk pagarbintas, Dieve nepabaigtas,
Garbinam Tave, Jėzau neapimtas.

Kristus užgimė, ir t.t. Amen.

To-day in Bethlehem

Come all with singing, come all with singing
To the place where Christ lies.
There in Bethlehem, there in Bethlehem,
You shall find a manger.

Refrain.

Christ, Child of story, is born in glory,
Wise men adore Him, beasts kneel before Him.
Shepherds singing, praying, stars on high obeying.
O what wonders, wonders to see.

There lies the Virgin her babe adoring,
Joseph watches near them,
Watches the Christ Child, watches the Christ Child,
The world's Redeemer.
Refrain

What have the wise men, what have the wise men,
Laid before the cradle?
Gold and frankincense, gold and frankincence,
For a King's adorning.
Refrain

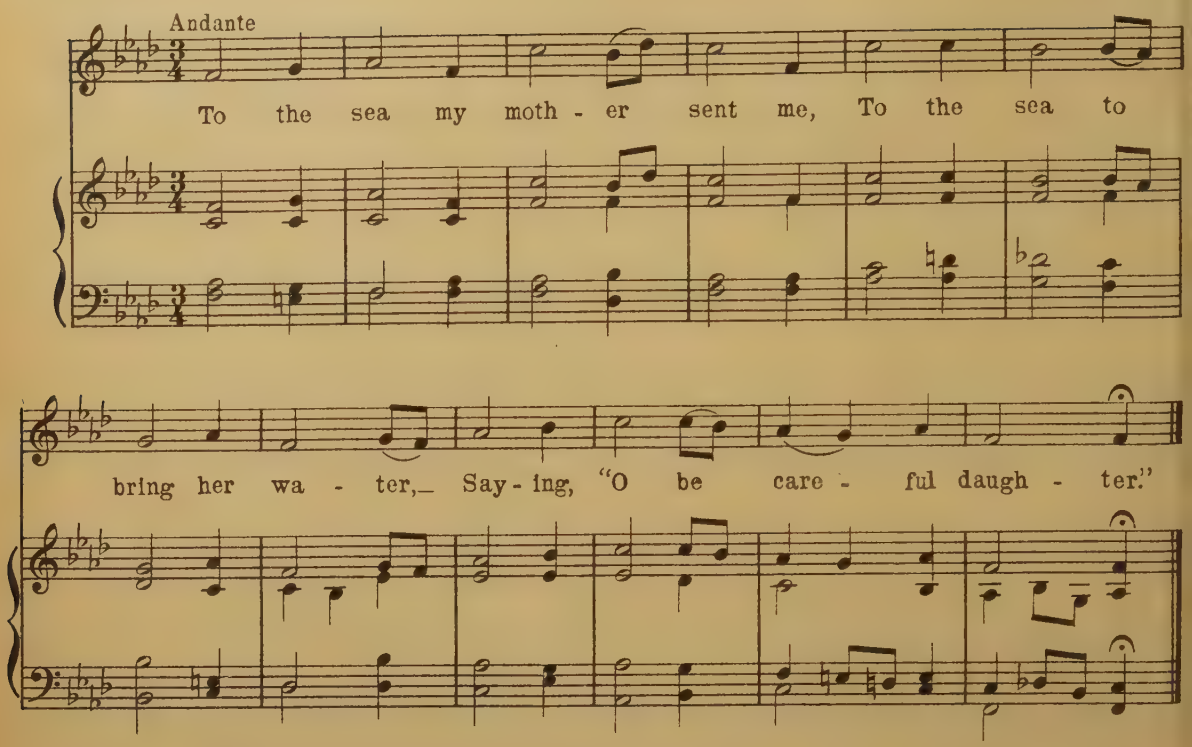
Honor and glory, honor and glory
Be unto the Father;
And to His dear Son, and to His dear Son,
Praises everlasting.
Refrain

English version by
F. C.

MOTHER SENT ME

English version by C.H.B.

Folk Song



Siuntē mane

Siuntē mane motinēlē,
Į jūreles vandenēlio.] 2

Man besemiant vandenēlį
Ir atlēkē gulbinēlis.] 2

Ir atbēgo juods laivelis,
Tam laivelyj jauns bernelis.] 2

Eik šian, mano mergužēle,
Aš perkelsiu per jūrelę.] 2

Dievas davē man protelį,
Kad nesēdau į laivelį.] 2

Mother Sent Me

To the sea my mother sent me,
To the sea to bring her water
Saying, "O be careful, daughter."

Came a sea-gull slowly flying
While I dipped the blue sea water,
In my hands I might have caught her.

Came a black boat slowly sailing
With a single sail of yellow,
Steered by such a handsome fellow.

Cried the young and handsome fellow,
"Drain the sea not with your pitcher
For my lips are warmer, richer.

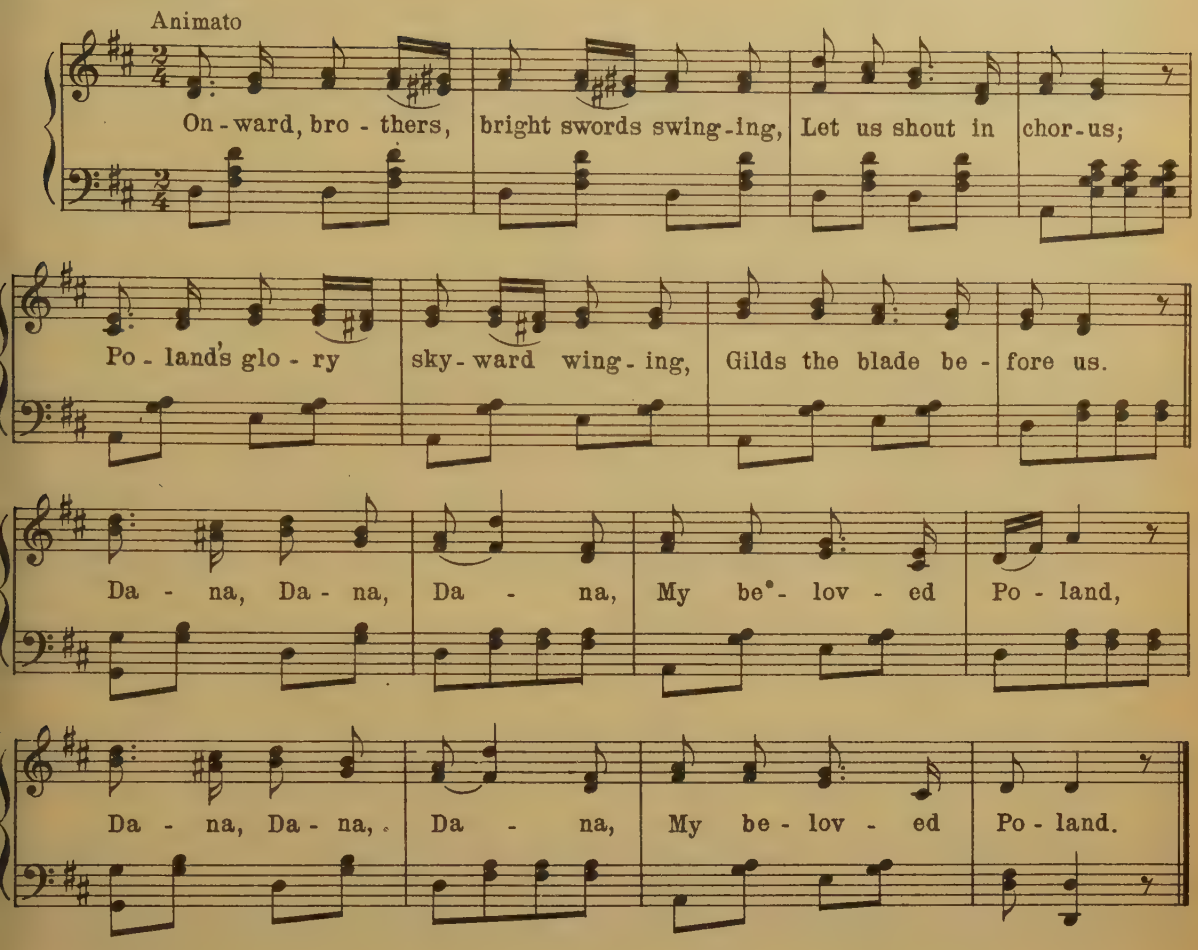
In my boat with sail of yellow
Side by side we'll cross the water."
Mother called "Be careful, daughter."

Thankful be, my good sense taught me
Not to covet being richer
But to run home with my pitcher.

English version by C.H.B.

ONWARD BROTHERS

Paraphrase by
Samuel Minturn Peck


Animato
On - ward, bro - thers, bright swords swing - ing, Let us shout in chor - us;
Po - land's glo - ry sky - ward wing - ing, Gilds the blade be - fore us.
Da - na, Da - na, Da - na, My be - lov - ed Po - land,
Da - na, Da - na, Da - na, My be - lov - ed Po - land.

Dalej bracia

Dalej bracia bierzwa kosy,
Wykrzyknijwa razem:
Polsko! świetne Twoje losy!
Tem wrócim żelazem!
Danać moja dana,
Ojczyzno kochana!

Albośwa to nie Krakusy?
Albośwa to jacy? –
Nie maćwa to polskiej dusy,
Dyćwa Krakowiacy?
Danać moja dana i t.d.

Krakusy się nie ulękną,
Choć armaty jękną,
Śmiało oni w boju staną
Za Polskę kochaną.
Danać moja dana i t.d.

Onward Brothers

Onward, brothers, bright swords swinging,
Let us shout in chorus;
Poland's glory skyward winging,
Gilds the blades before us.
Dana, Dana, Dana,
My beloved Poland.

Krakow's loyal men are we not?
None than hers are braver;
Fighting men of Poland flee not,
They would die to save her.
Dana, Dana, Dana,
My beloved Poland.

Krakow's men, when bullets rattle,
Bright-eyed stand they, peerless;
Like a stone wall in the battle;
Steady, strong, and fearless.
Dana, Dana, Dana,
My beloved Poland.

Paraphrase by
Samuel Minturn Peck

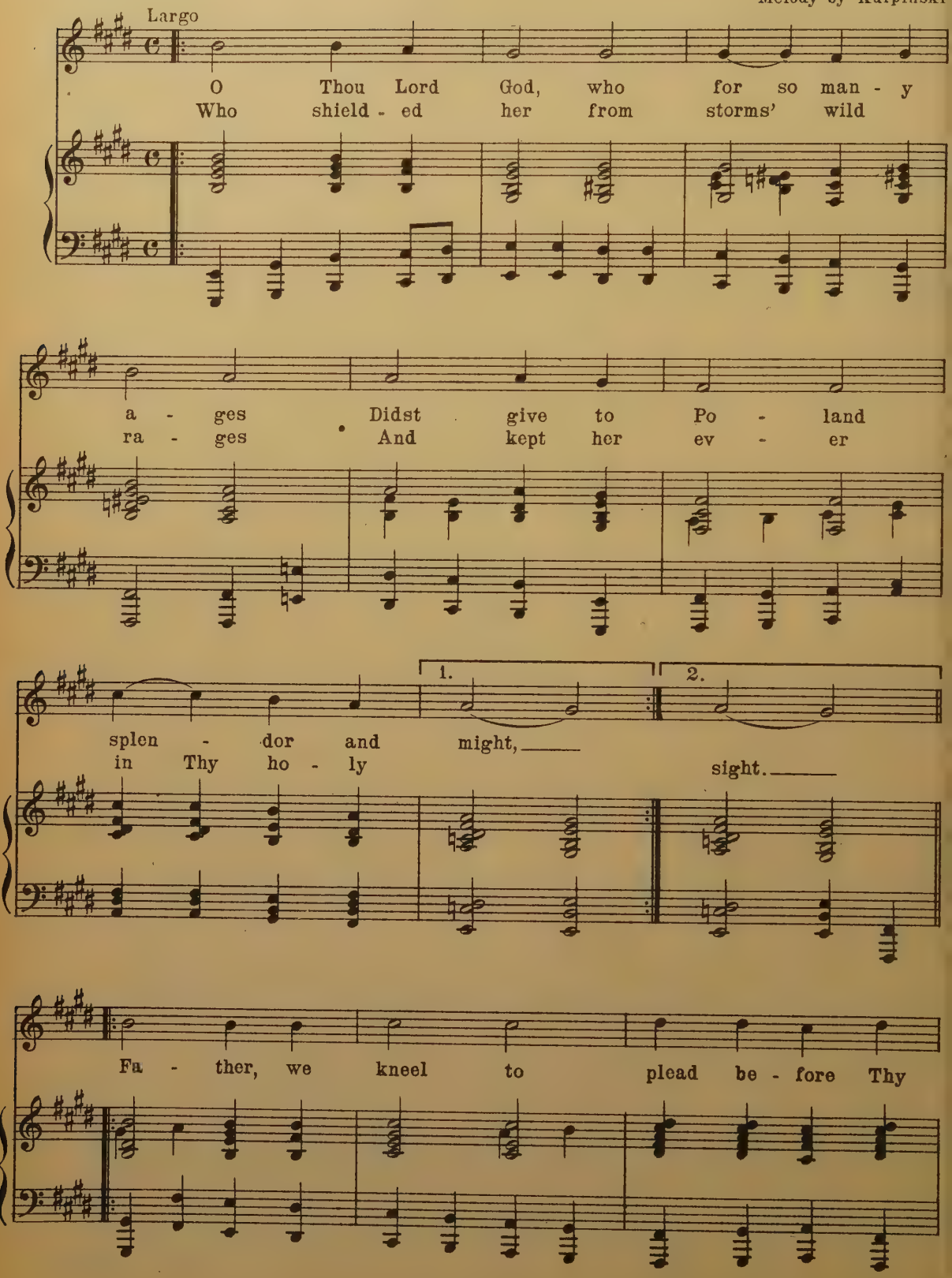
English version from the University Settlement Song Book collected by Mary Mc Dowell

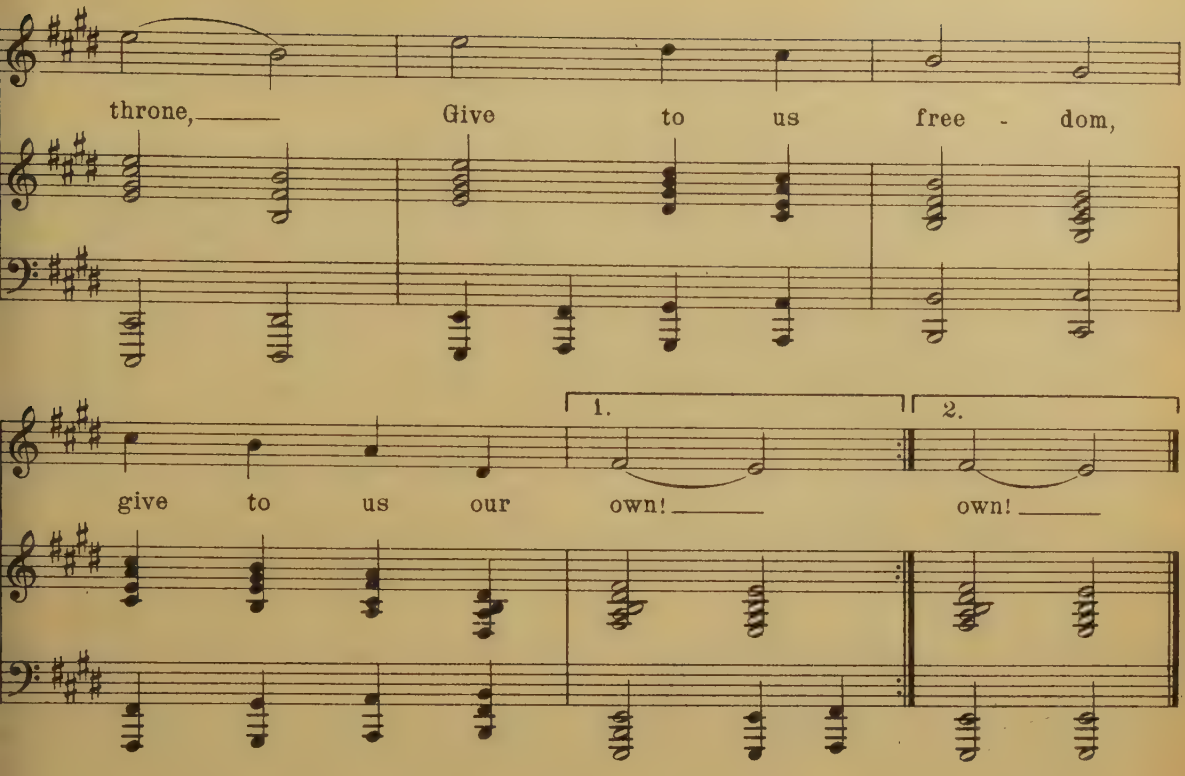
O, THOU LORD GOD

National Hymn

POLAND

Melody by Kurpinski


Largo
O Thou Lord God, who for so man - y
Who shield - ed her from storms' wild
a - ges Didst give to Po - land
ra - ges And kept her ev - er
1.
2.
splen - dor and might,
in Thy ho - ly sight.
Fa - ther, we kneel to plead be - fore Thy



Boże! coś Polskę

Boże! coś Polskę przez tak długie wieki
Otaczał blaskiem potęgi i chwały,
Coś ją ostaniał tarczą Twej opieki
Od nieszczęść, które przygnębić ją miały.
Przed Twe ottarze zanosim błaganie
Ojczyznę, wolność, racz nam wrócić Panie!

Wróć biednej Polsce świetność starożytną!
Użyzniaj pola, spustoszone łany,
Niech szczęście, wolność na wieki w niej kwitną,
Przestań nas karać, Boże zagniewany!
Przed Twe ottarze i t.d.

Boże, którego ramię sprawiedliwe
Żelazne berła władców świata kruszy,
Skrusz naszych wrogów zamiary szkodliwe,
Obudź nadzieję w biednej naszej duszy.
Przed Twe ottarze i t.d.

Gdy naród polski dzisiaj we łzach tonie,
Za naszych braci poległych błagamy,
By ich męczeństwem uwieńczone skronie,
Nam do wolności otworzyły bramy.
Przed Twe ottarze i t.d.

O, Thou Lord God

O, Thou Lord God, who for so many ages
Didst give to Poland splendor and might,
Who shielded her from storms' wild rages,
And kept her ever in Thy holy sight.

Refrain
Father, we kneel to plead before Thy throne,
Give to us freedom, give to us our own!

Forbear, O Lord, to spend on us Thy wrath!
Give back to us the joy of fertile field;
Lead us again in splendor's glorious path;
Let meadows green their peace and plenty yield!
Refrain

O, Thou great Lord, who rulest land and sea,
Thou hast the power to break the tyrant's chain!
Grant to thy sons the crown of victory,
Free from war's bondage let peace forever reign.
Refrain

O, Thou Lord God, O hear us while we pray:
Soon into dust our weary bodies turn.
Give us free soil upon that final day
And into freedom let our souls be born.
Refrain

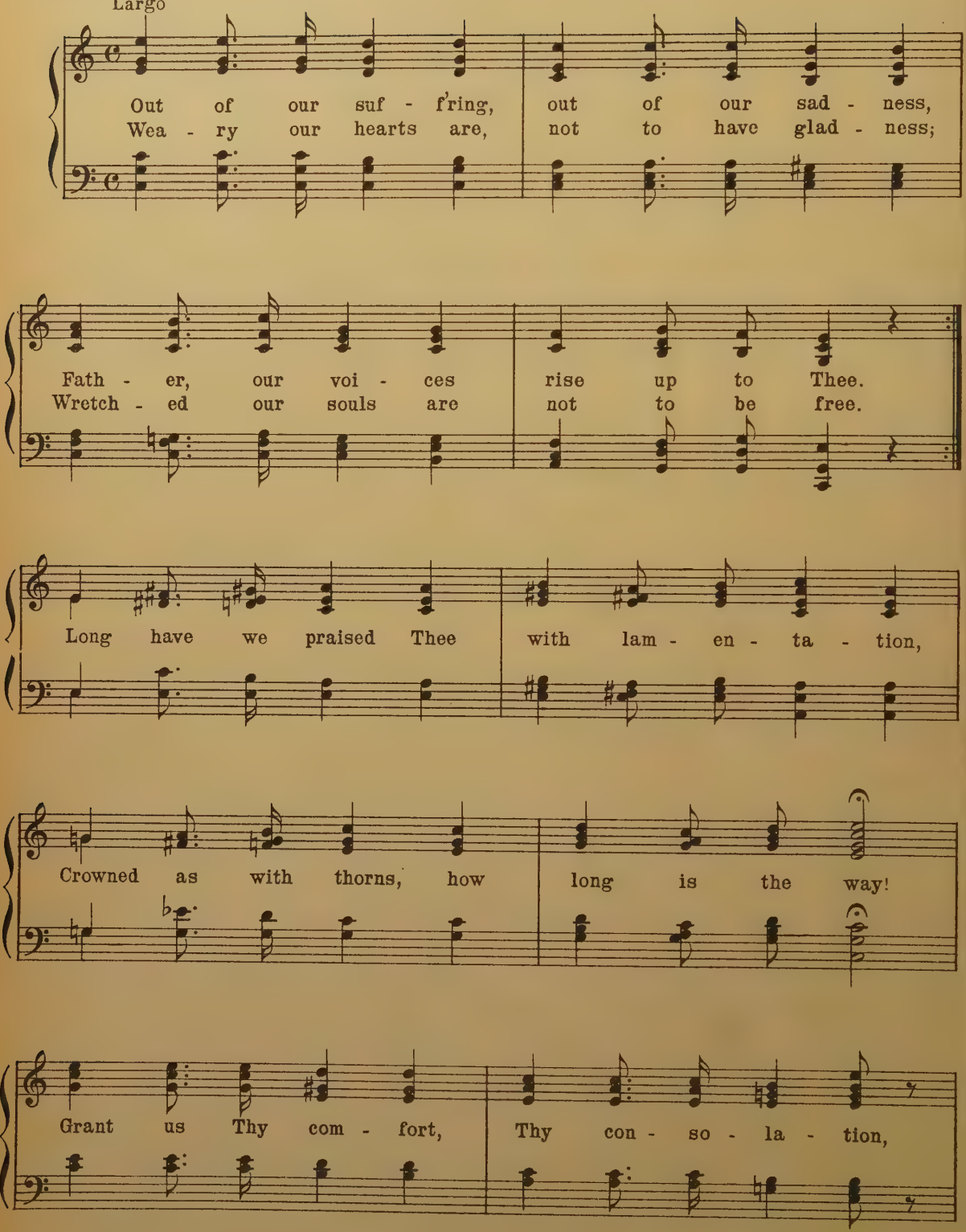
English version from the University Settlement Song Book collected by Mary Mc Dowell

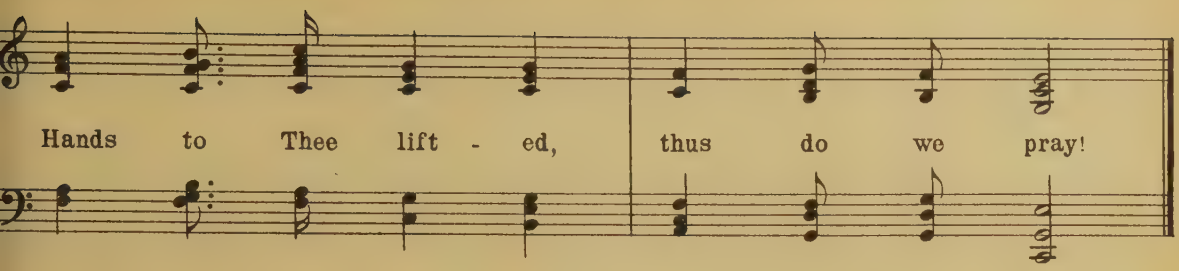
CHORAL

English version by
Clinton Scollard

National

Largo


Out of our suf - f'ring, out of our sad - ness,
Wea - ry our hearts are, not to have glad - ness;
Fath - er, our voi - ces rise up to Thee.
Wretch - ed our souls are not to be free.
Long have we praised Thee with lam - en - ta - tion,
Crowned as with thorns, how long is the way!
Grant us Thy com - fort, Thy con - so - la - tion,



Chorał

Z dymem pożarów, z kurzem krwi bratniej,
Do Ciebie, Panie, bije ten głos,
Skarga to straszna, jęk to ostatni,
Od takich modłów bieleje włos.

bis
My już bez skargi nie znamy śpiewu,
Wieniec cierniowy wrósł w naszą skroń,
Wiecznie jak pomnik Twojego gniewu,
Sterczy ku Tobie błagalna dłoń!

Ileż to razy Tyś nas nie smagał,
A my ze świeżych nie zmyci ran,
Znowu wołamy: „On się przebłagał,
Bo On nasz Ojciec, bo On nasz Pan!"

bis
I znów powstajem w ufności szczersi,
A za Twą wolą zgniata nas wróg
I śmiech nam rzuca jak głaz na piersi:
„A gdzież ten Ojciec, a gdzież ten Bóg?"

I patrzym w niebo, czy też ze szczytu
Sto słońc nie spadnie wrogom na znak?
Cicho i cicho pośród błękitu,
Jak dawniej buja swobodny ptak.

bis
Owoż w zwątpienia strasznej rozterce,
Nim naszą wiarę ocucim znów,
Bluźnią Ci usta, choć płacze serce;
Sądź nas po sercu, nie według słów!

O Panie, Panie! ze zgrozą świata
Okropne dzieje przyniósł nam czas,
Syn zabił matkę, brat zabił brata,
Mnóstwo Kainów jest pośród nas.

bis
Ależ o Panie, oni nie winni,
Choć naszą przyszłość cofnęli wstecz,
Inni szatani byli tam czynni,
O! rękę karaj, nie ślepy miecz.

I z archaniołem Twoim na czele,
Pójdziemy potem na wielki bój,
I na drgającem szatana ciele
Zatkniemy sztandar zwycięski Twój!

bis
Dla błędnych braci otworzym serca,
Winę ich zmyje wolności chrzest,
Wtenczas usłyszy podły bluźnierca
Naszą odpowiedź: „Bóg był i jest!"

Kornel Ujejski

Choral

Out of our suffering, out of our sadness,
Father, our voices rise up to Thee.
Weary our hearts are, not to have gladness;
Wretched our souls are, not to be free.
Long have we praised Thee with lamentation,
Crowned as with thorns, how long is the way!
Grant us Thy comfort, Thy consolation,
Hands to Thee lifted, thus do we pray!

When fell Thy peace on field and on city,
Not in vain did we feel we had prayed;
"God in his mercy, God in his pity,
He," we exulted, "hath come to our aid!"
But when the Demon faltered before us
Basely again on our liberties trod,
Can it be strange that we cried in chorus,
"Where is our Father, where is our God?"

Lest we seem faithless, base and inglorious,
Bearing a stigma, wearing a stain,
Send Thy Archangel, he the victorious,
Then we will gird on our armor again!
Come let us rouse those sluggishly sleeping,
Let them with sorrow and doubting be done!
We will away with our wailing and weeping,
Fight on and on till the victory is won!

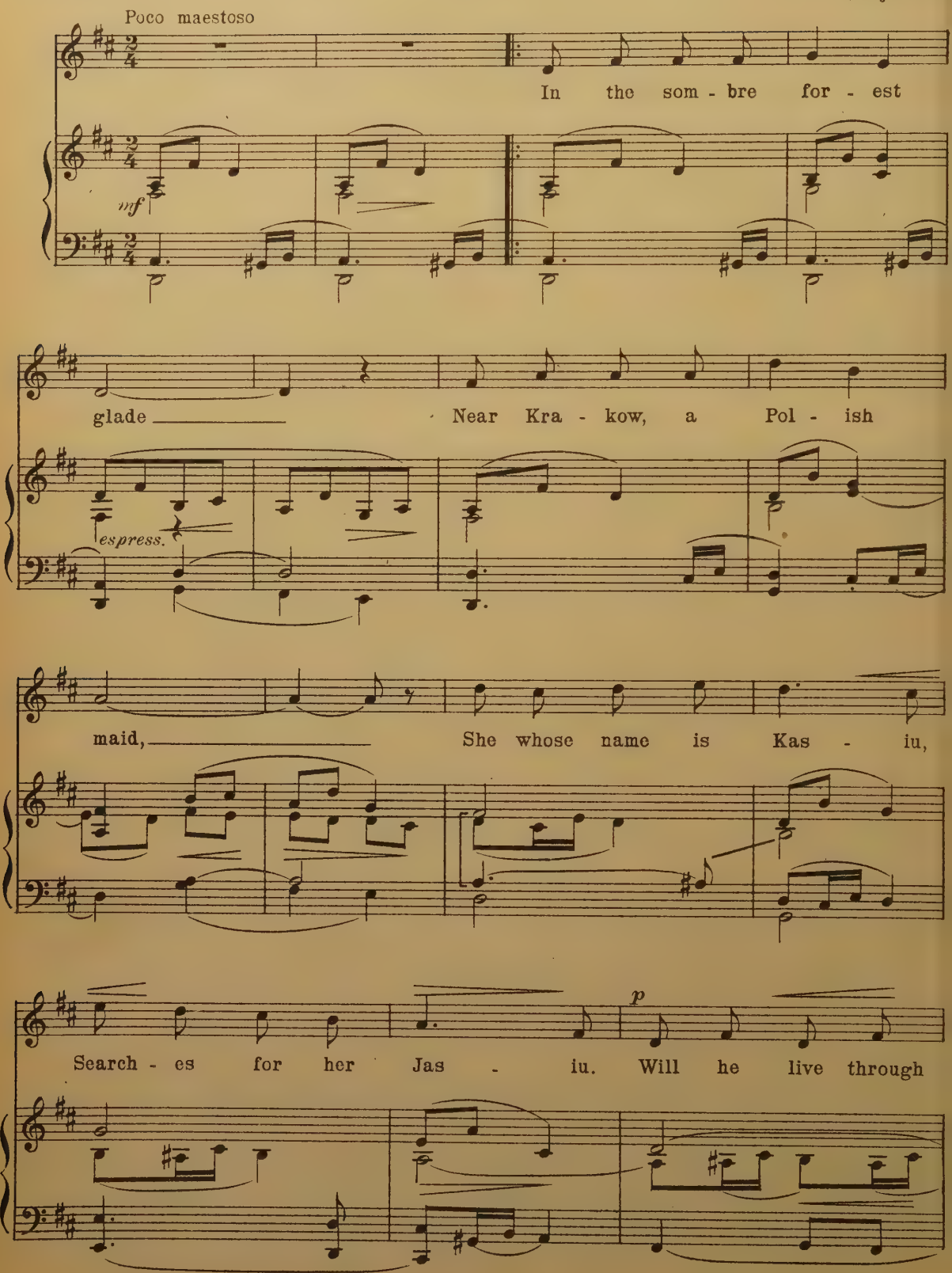
English version by
Clinton Scollard

NEAR KRAKOW

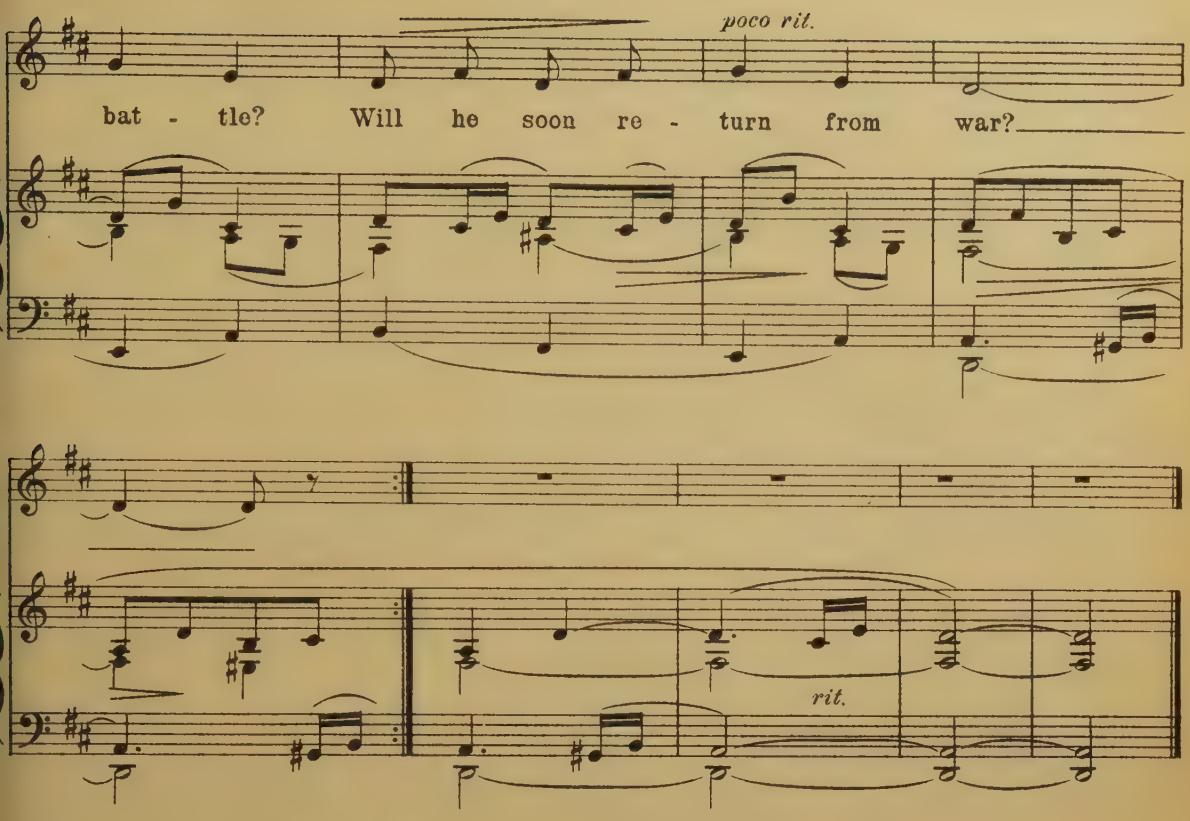
Folk Song

English version by
Walter Adolphe Roberts

Arranged by
S. Stojowski


Poco maestoso
In the som - bre for - est
mf
glade
Near Kra - kow, a Pol - ish
espress.
maid,
She whose name is Kas - iu,
p
Search - es for her Jas - iu. Will he live through

Copyright 1921, by Sigismond Stojowski Used by permission



Od Krakowa czarny las

Od Krakowa czarny las,
od Krakowa czarny las,
pytała się Kasia
o swojego Jasia
czy powróci z wojny
czy powróci z wojny wraz.

"Jedzie Jasio, oj jedzie
a ja go już poznała
wywija chustecką
wywija chustecką
oj co ja mu ją dała
oj co ja mu ją dała.

Wywija chustecką
oj od scyrego złota
co ja mu ją dała
co ja mu ją dała
oj uboga sirota
oj uboga sirota."

"Oj cobyśty tak była
oj uboga sirota,
nie dawałabyś ty
nie dawałabyś ty
oj chustecek od złota
oj chustecek od złota."

Near Krakow

In the sombre forest glade
Near Krakow, a Polish maid,
She whose name is Kasiu,
Searches for her Jasiu.
Will he live through battle?
Will he soon return from war?

Ah, but see, he rides again,
Jasiu rides across the plain!
Eager ere he meets me,
From afar he greets me,
He waves aloft his kerchief,
The very one he wore for me.

He, the faithful and the brave,
Waves the kerchief that I gave,
The gold-broidered token
Of our love unspoken,
The rich-broidered kerchief,
I, the orphan, gave to him.

I, poor orphan maid, was sad,
I'd no wealth to bring my lad.
But I gave him fully
The heart that loved him truly,
And my broidered kerchief.
So I gave him all I had.

English version by
Walter Adolphe Roberts

This folk song has always been dear to me both for the music with its typical Polish dance rhythm, and for its touching story of the little shepherd.

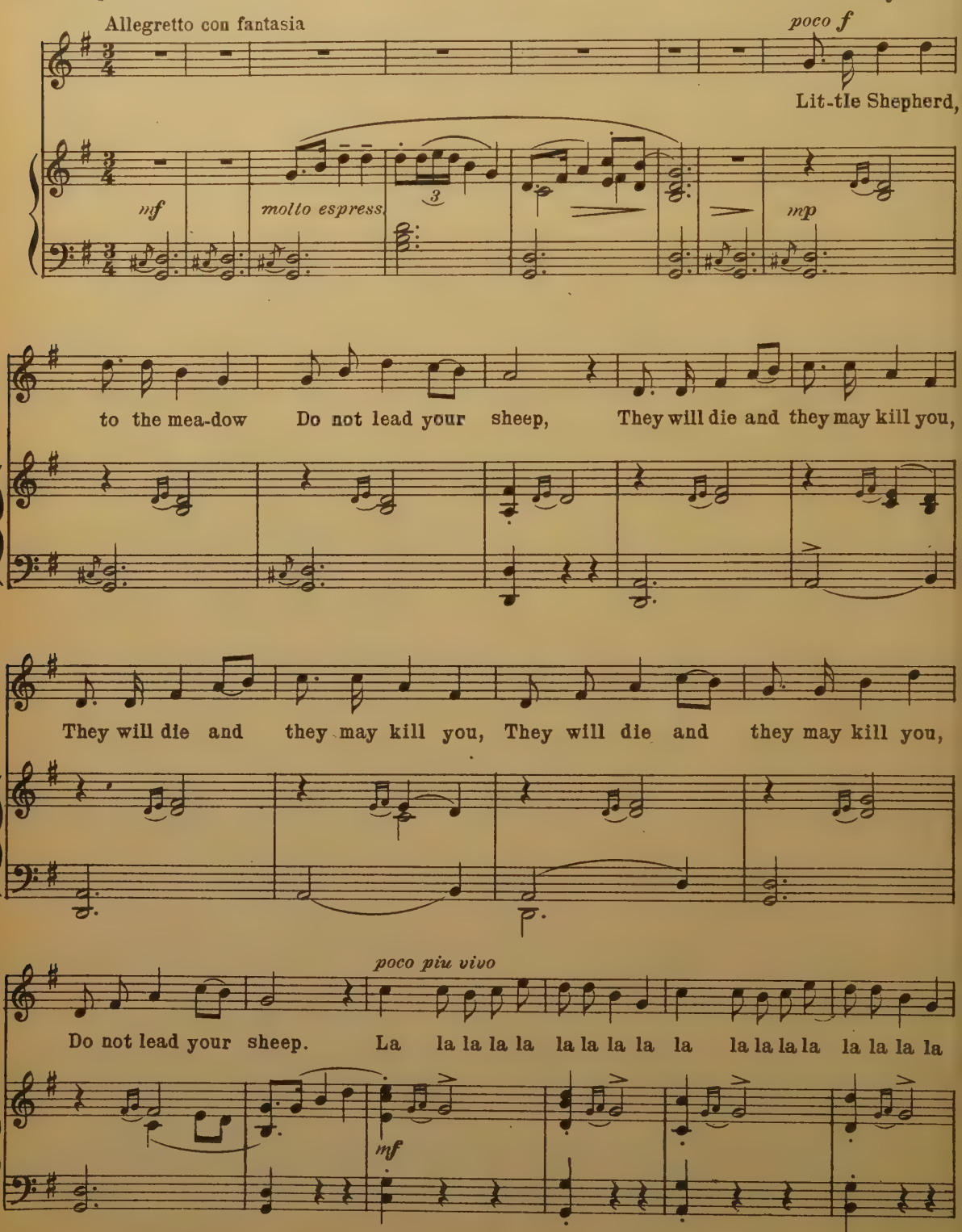
Marcella Sembrich

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD

Folk Song

English version by
Anna Hempstead Branch

Arranged by
S. Stojowski


Allegretto con fantasia
poco f
Lit-tle Shepherd,
mf
molto espress.
3
mp
to the mea-dow Do not lead your sheep, They will die and they may kill you,
They will die and they may kill you, They will die and they may kill you,
poco piu vivo
Do not lead your sheep. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
mf

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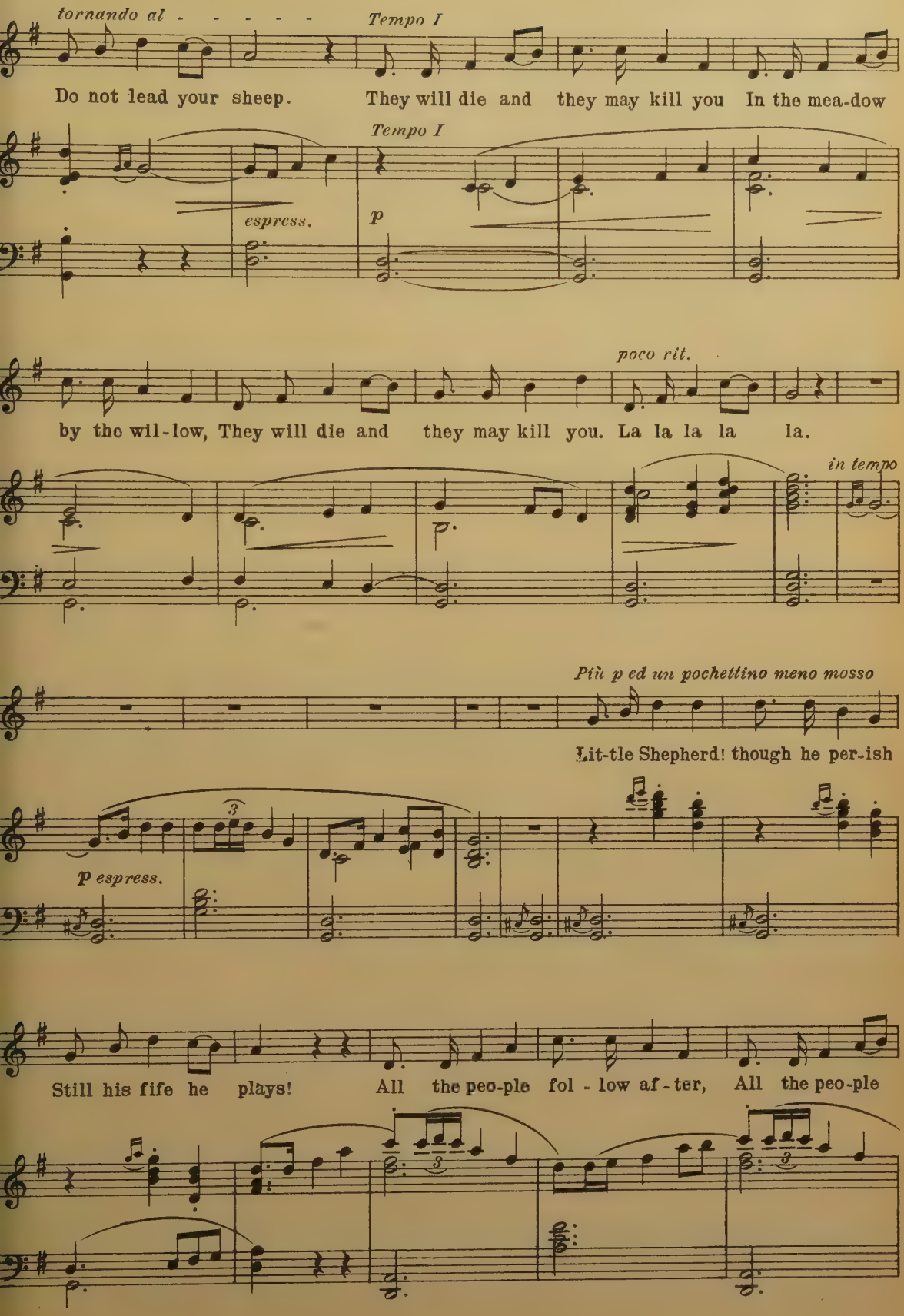
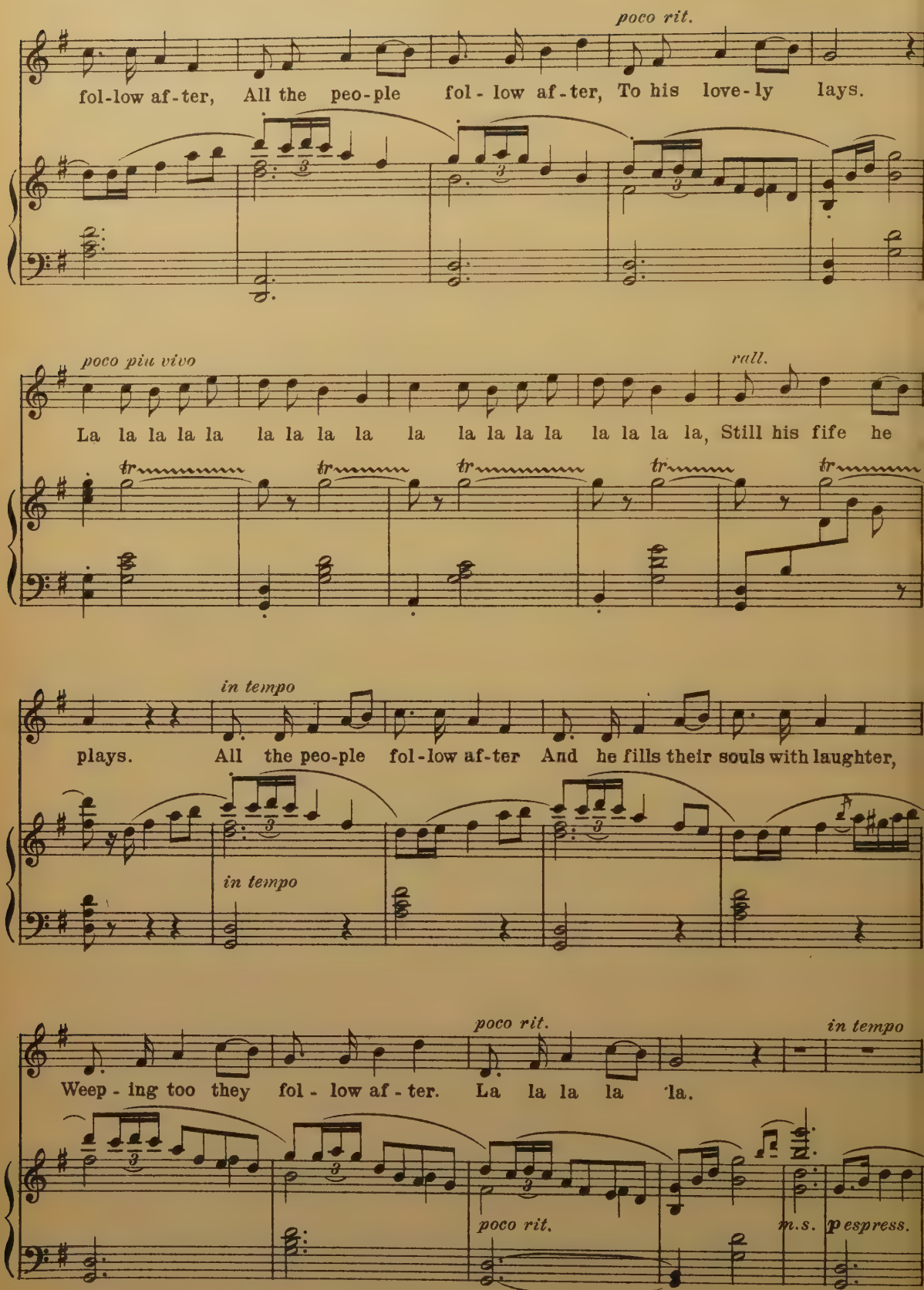
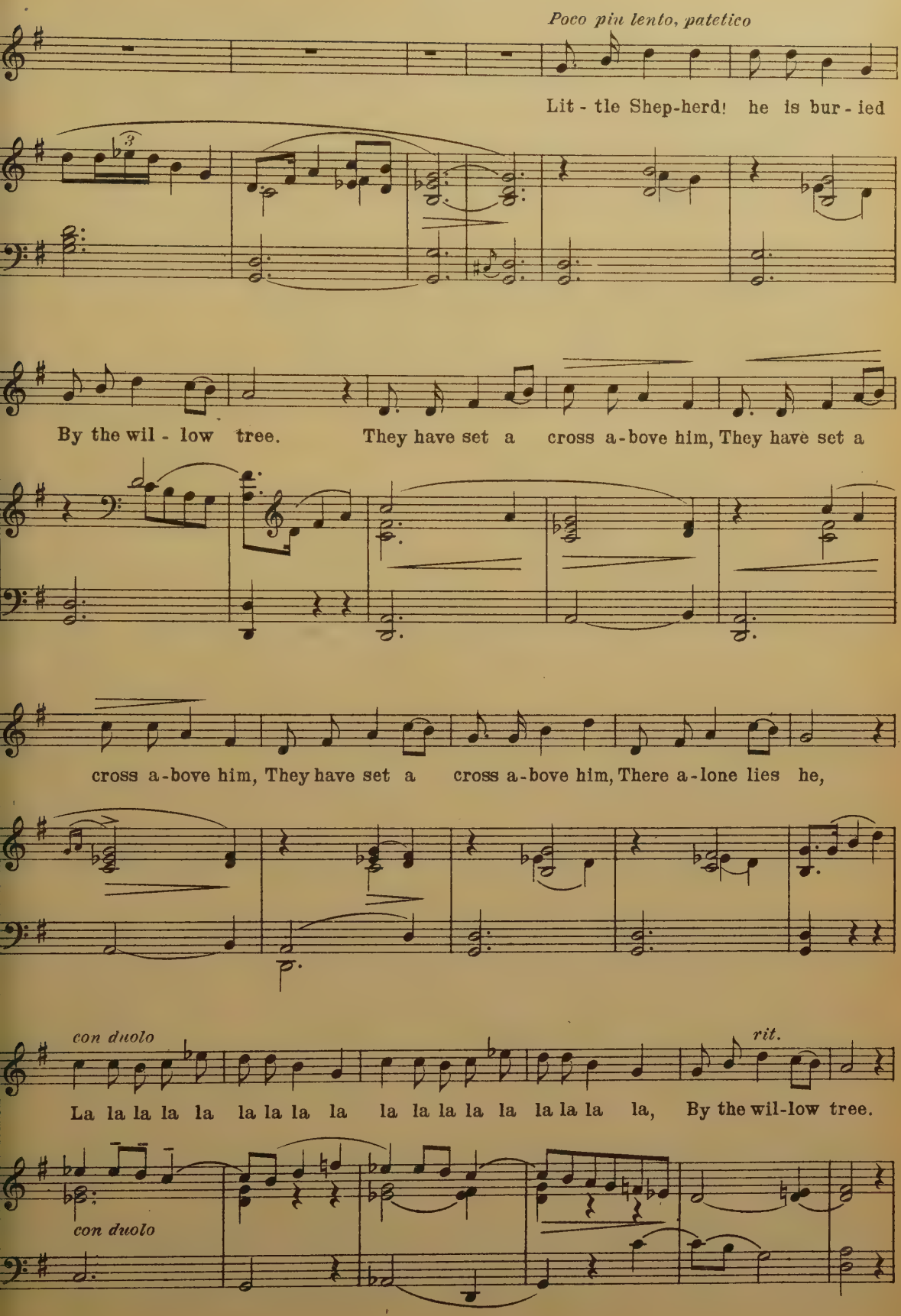
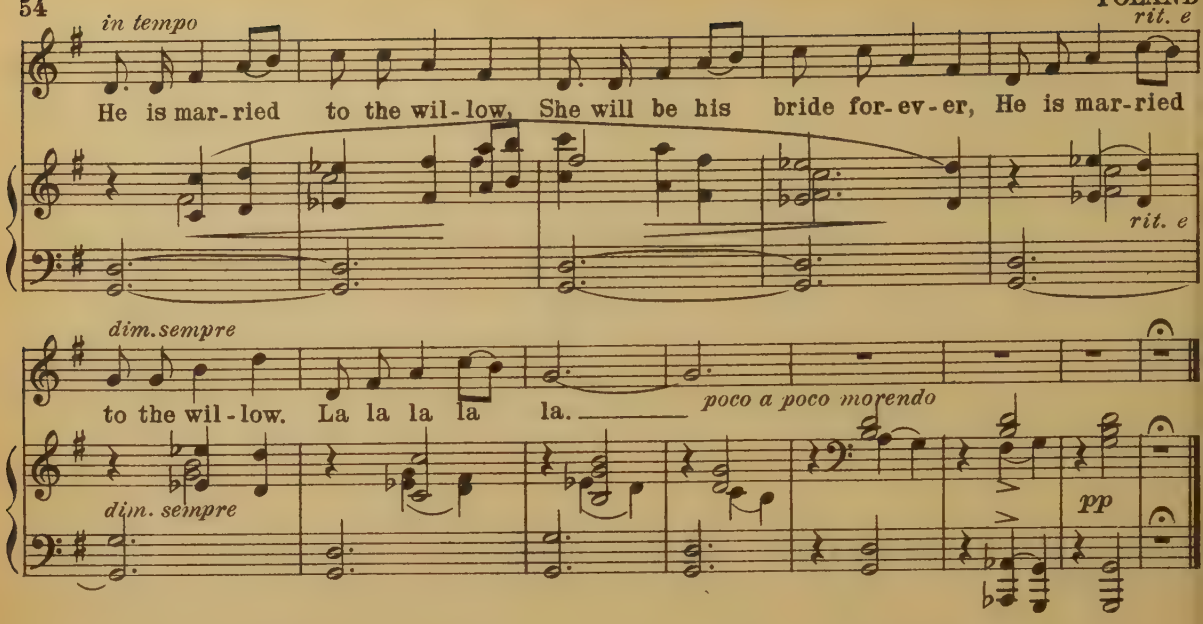

tornando al - - - - -
Tempo I
Do not lead your sheep. They will die and they may kill you In the mea-dow
Tempo I
espress.
p
poco rit.
by the wil-low, They will die and they may kill you. La la la la la.
in tempo
Più p ed un pochettino meno mosso
Lit-tle Shepherd! though he per-ish
p espress.
Still his fife he plays! All the peo-ple fol - low af - ter, All the peo-ple


poco rit.
fol-low af-ter, All the peo-ple fol-low af-ter, To his love-ly lays.
poco piu vivo
rall.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Still his fife he
tr
in tempo
plays. All the peo-ple fol-low af-ter And he fills their souls with laughter,
in tempo
poco rit.
in tempo
Weep-ing too they fol-low af-ter. La la la la la.
poco rit.
m.s.
p espress.


Poco piu lento, patetico
Lit - tle Shep-herd! he is bur - ied
By the wil - low tree. They have set a cross a-bove him, They have set a
cross a-bove him, They have set a cross a-bove him, There a-lone lies he,
con duolo
rit.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, By the wil-low tree.
con duolo


in tempo
rit. e
He is mar-ried to the wil-low, She will be his bride for-ev-er, He is mar-ried
rit. e
dim. sempre
to the wil-low. La la la la la.
poco a poco morendo
dim. sempre
pp

Owczarek

Nie wyganiaj owczareczku
Owiec na runią
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Ciebie zabiją owczarku,
Ciebie zabiją.
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Ciebie zabiją.
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Ciebie zabiją owczarku,
Ciebie zabiją.

Owczareczek zachorował
I już umrzeć ma.
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Jeszcze ludziom gra owczarek,
Jeszcze ludziom gra.
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Jeszcze ludziom gra.
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Jeszcze ludziom gra owczarek,
Jeszcze ludziom gra.

Owczareczka pochowali,
Ma pod wierzbą grób,
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny,
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny
Jego z wierzbą ślub, owczarek,
Jego z wierzbą ślub.
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Jego z wierzbą ślub.
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny
Z jego wierzbą ślub, owczarek,
Z jego wierzbą ślub.

The Little Shepherd

Little Shepherd, to the meadow
Do not lead your sheep,
They will die and they may kill you,
They will die and they may kill you,
They will die and they may kill you,
Do not lead your sheep.
La la la la la la, etc.
Do not lead your sheep.
They will die and they may kill you
In the meadow by the willow,
They will die and they may kill you.
La la la la la.

Little Shepherd! though he perish
Still his fife he plays!
All the people follow after,
All the people follow after,
All the people follow after,
To his lovely lays.
La la la la la la, etc.
Still his fife he plays.
All the people follow after
And he fills their souls with laughter,
Weeping too they follow after.
La la la la la.

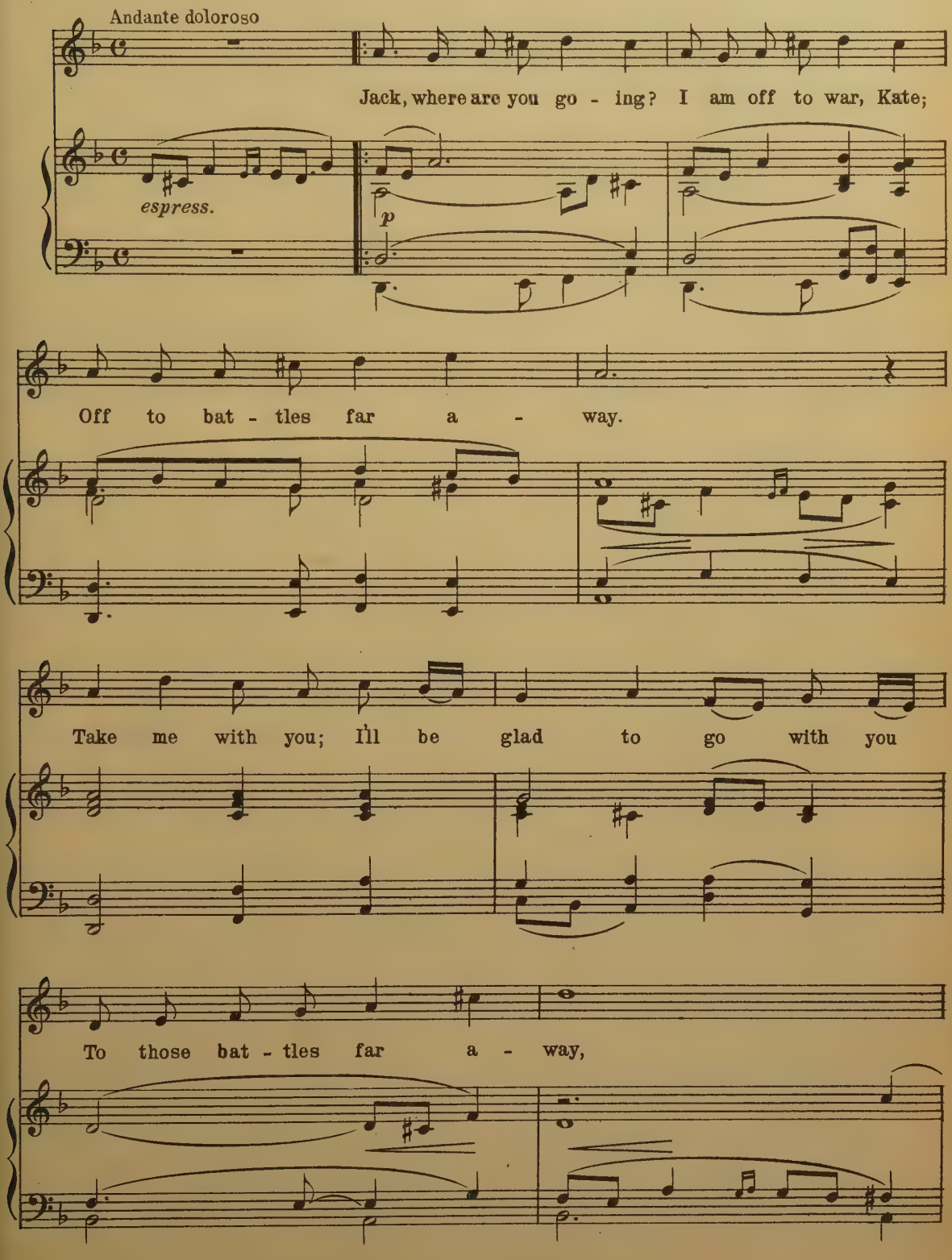
Little Shepherd! he is buried
By the willow tree.
They have set a cross above him,
They have set a cross above him,
They have set a cross above him,
There alone lies he,
La la la la la la, etc.
By the willow tree.
He is married to the willow,
She will be his bride forever,
He is married to the willow.
La la la la la.

English version by
Anna Hempstead Branch

JACK, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

English version by
Robert Haven Schauffler

Arranged by
S.Stojowski


Andante doloroso
Jack, where are you go - ing? I am off to war, Kate;
espress.
p
Off to bat - tles far a - way.
Take me with you; I'll be glad to go with you
To those bat - tles far a - way,

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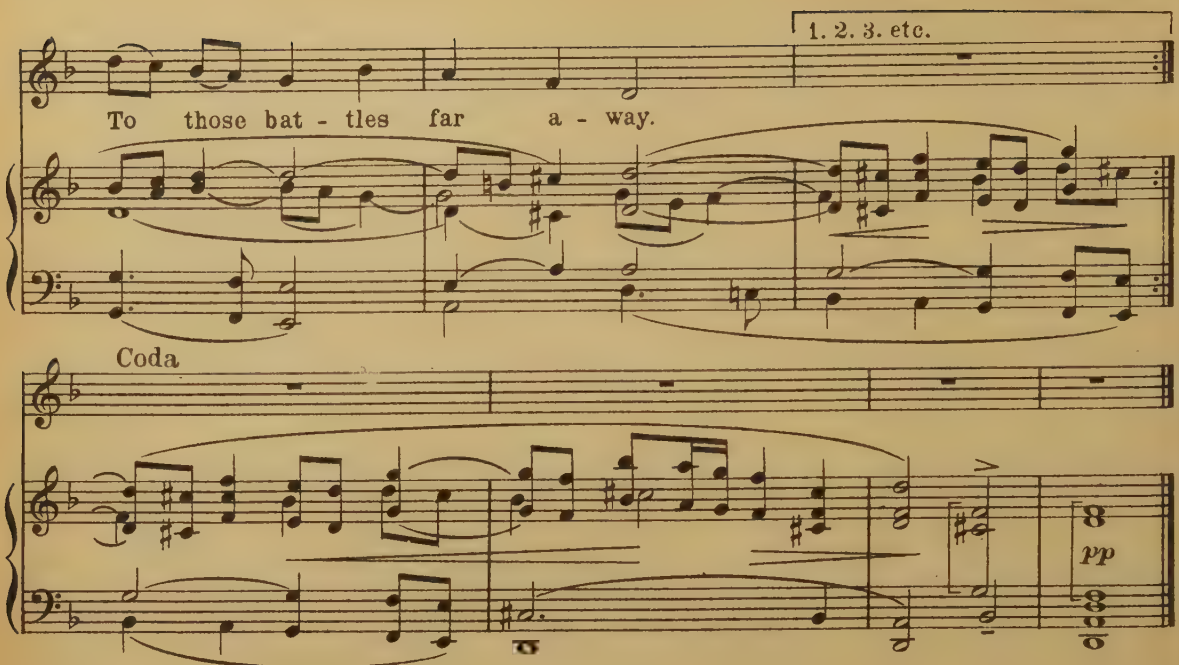


Gdzież to jedziesz Jasiu?

— Gdzież to jedziesz Jasiu?
Na wojenkę Kasiu,
Na wojenkę daleczką.
— Weźże i mnie z sobą,
Radam jechaó z tobą,
Na wojenkę daleczką. (2 razy)

— Co będziesz robiła,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
— Będę chusty prała,
Złotem wyszywała,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku.

— Gdzież je będziesz suszyó,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
— U króla na górze,
Na jedwabnym sznurze,
Tam je będę wieszała.

— Gdzież będziesz wałkowaó,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
— U króla w piwnicy,
W złotej wałkownicy,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku.

Jack, Where Are You Going?

Jack, where are you going?
I am off to war, Kate;
Off to battles far away.
Take me with you;
I'll be glad to go with you
To those battles far away,
To those battles far away.

But what will you do there,
Katie, little Katie,
In that war so far away?
I'll wash kerchiefs snow white,
And embroider them in gold,
Little Jack, my boy;
Broider them in gold, Jack my boy.

Where then, will you keep them,
Katie, little Katie,
When we reach that far-off war?
In the richly carven, golden chest
Near where the king is sitting,
Jack my boy;
Where the king is sitting, Jack, my boy.

But where will we rest,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
There's a stone hard by the road,
On that we'll rest us,
Jack, little Jack, my boy,
Jack, little Jack, my boy.

—Gdzież będziesz chowała,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Do tej złotej skrzyni,
Co król siada przy niej,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku.

What will be our bedding,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
In the road are pine-cones:
They will make our pillows,
Make our pillows, Jack my boy,
Make our pillows, Jack my boy.

—Gdzież będziem spoczywać,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest przy drodze kamień,
Odpoczniemy na nim,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

What will be our food there,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
Mushrooms from the forest,
Fish from out the blue lake,
Jack, little Jack, my boy,
Jack, little Jack, my boy.

—Cóż sobie pościelem,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Są na boru szyszki,
To nasze poduszki,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

But what will we drink there,
Katie, little Katie,
When we reach that distant war?
In the spring is water,
Water to refresh us,
Jack, little Jack, my boy
Water to refresh us, Jack, my boy

—Czem się przykryjemy,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest na morzu trzcina,
To nasza pierzyna,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

With what will we play there,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
We will catch a little fish,
We'll put it in a cradle,
Little Jack, my boy,
Put it in a cradle, Jack, my boy.

English version by
Robert Haven Schauffler

—Kto nas będzie budził,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest ptaszek na Rusi,
To nas budzić musi,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

—Cóż będziemy jedli,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Są na boru grzyby,
A w jeziorze ryby,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

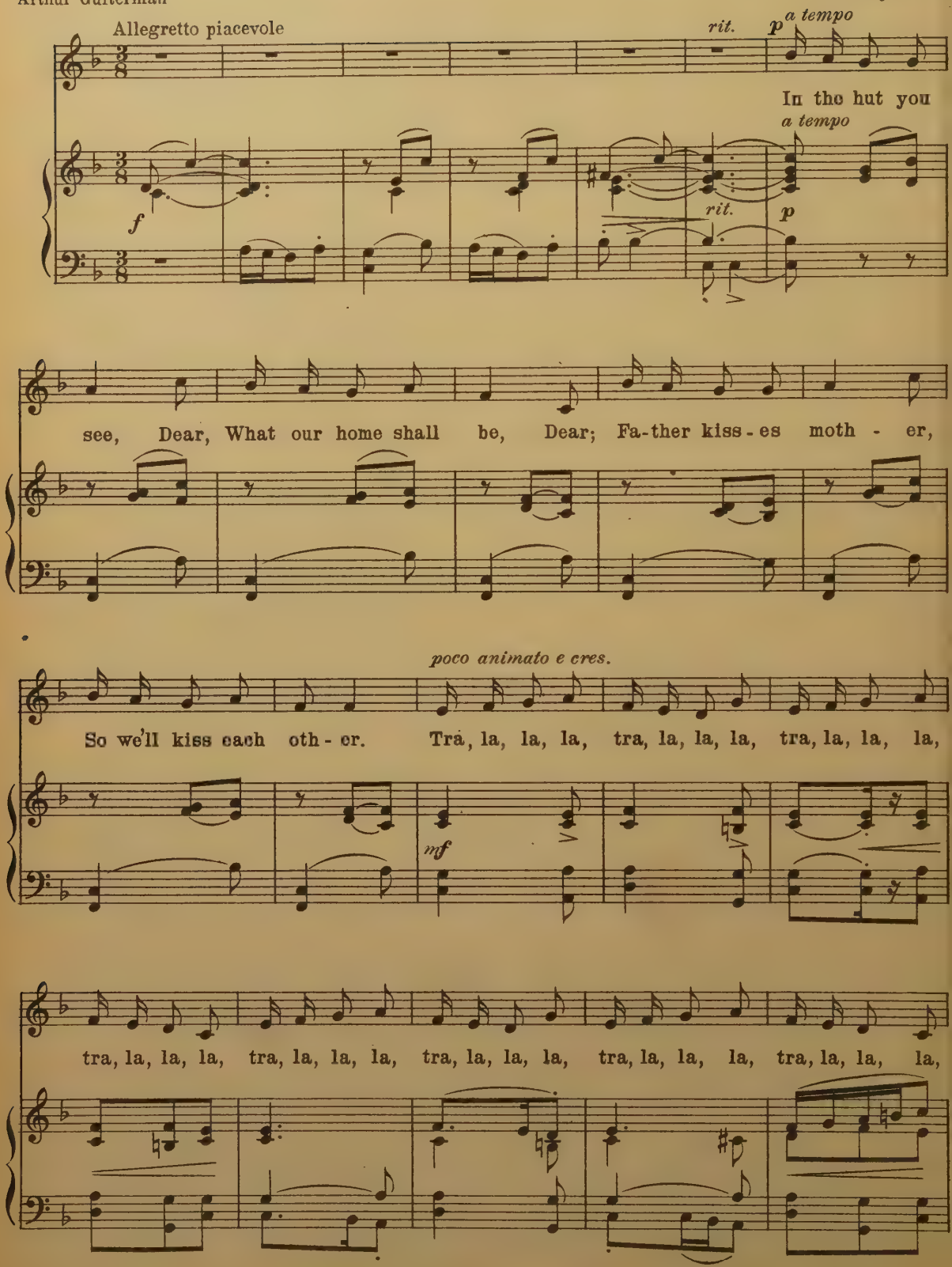
—A co będziem pili,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest tam w zdroju woda,
To nasza ochłoda,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

—Czem się będziem bawić,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Ułowimy rybkę,
Włożym ją w kolebkę,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

THE TINY HUT

English version by
Arthur Guiterman

Arranged by
S. Stojowski


Allegretto piacevole
rit.
p
a tempo
In the hut you
a tempo
f
rit.
p
see, Dear, What our home shall be, Dear; Fa-ther kiss-es moth - er,
poco animato e cres.
So we'll kiss each oth - er. Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la,
mf
tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la,

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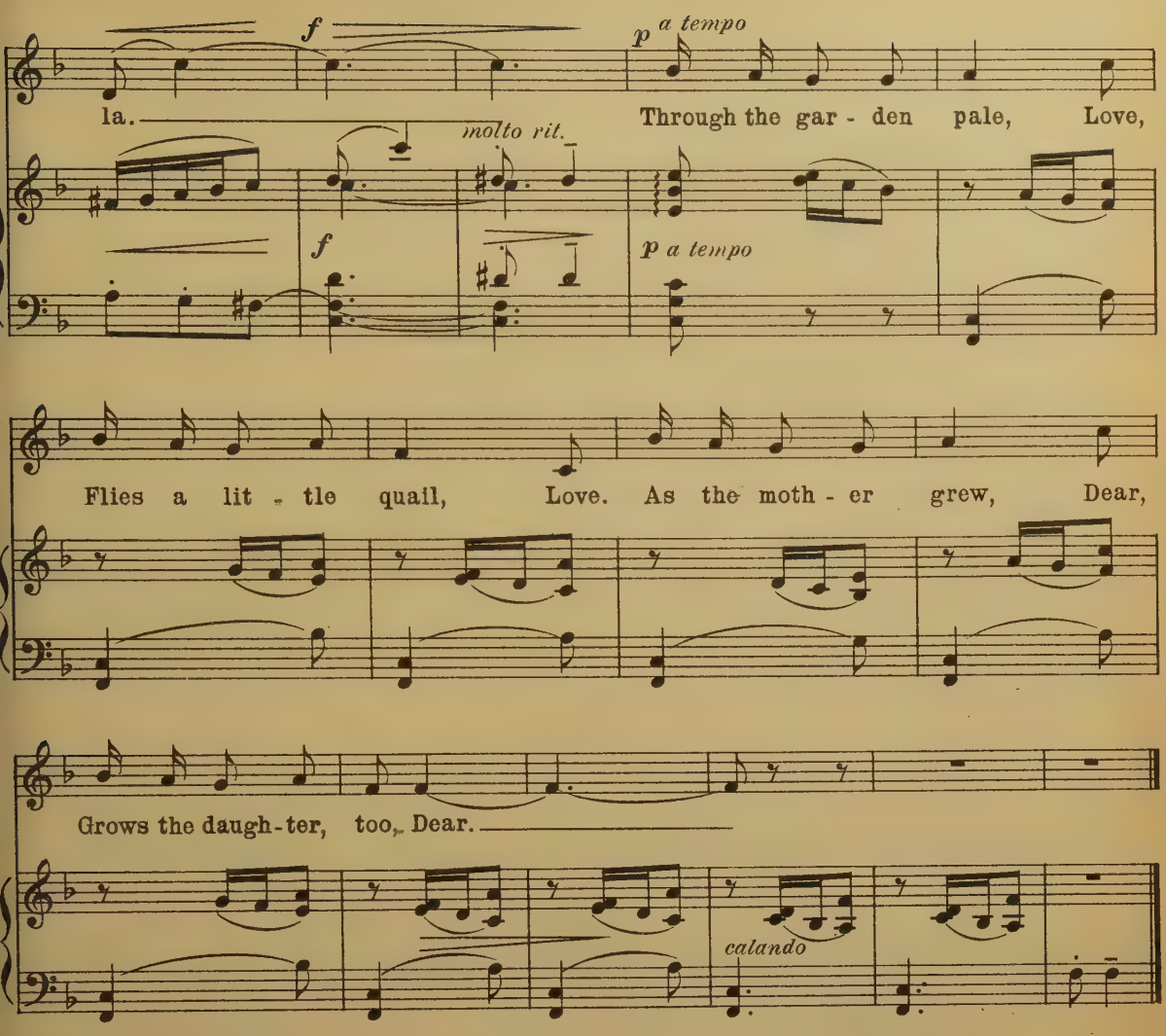


Chałupeczka

Chałupeczka niska,
Ojciec matkę ściska,
I my tak będziemy,
Gdy się pobierzemy.
Oj dana, oj dana,
Oj dana, oj dana.

Koło ogródeczka
Lata przepióreczka,
Jaka pani matka,
Taka i córeczka.
Oj dana.....

Żonka, żonka dobra,
Perła, perła droga,
Dana od samego,
Od samego Boga.
Oj dana.....

A kto nie zna żonki,
Nie zna żonki tkliwej,
Nie zna wcale róży,
Lecz tylko pokrzywy.
Oj dana.....

The Tiny Hut

In the hut you see, Dear,
What our home shall be, Dear;
Father kisses mother,
So we'll kiss each other.
Tra, la, la, ...
Through the garden pale, Love,
Flies a little quail, Love.
As the mother grew, Dear,
Grows the daughter, too, Dear.

When the little wife is
Good and sweet, her life is
Like a pearl of worth, Love,
God's own gift to earth, Love.
Tra, la, la, ...
Who no good wife knows, Dear,
Never knew a rose, Dear;
But the wretch forlorn, Love,
Knows too well the thorn, Love.

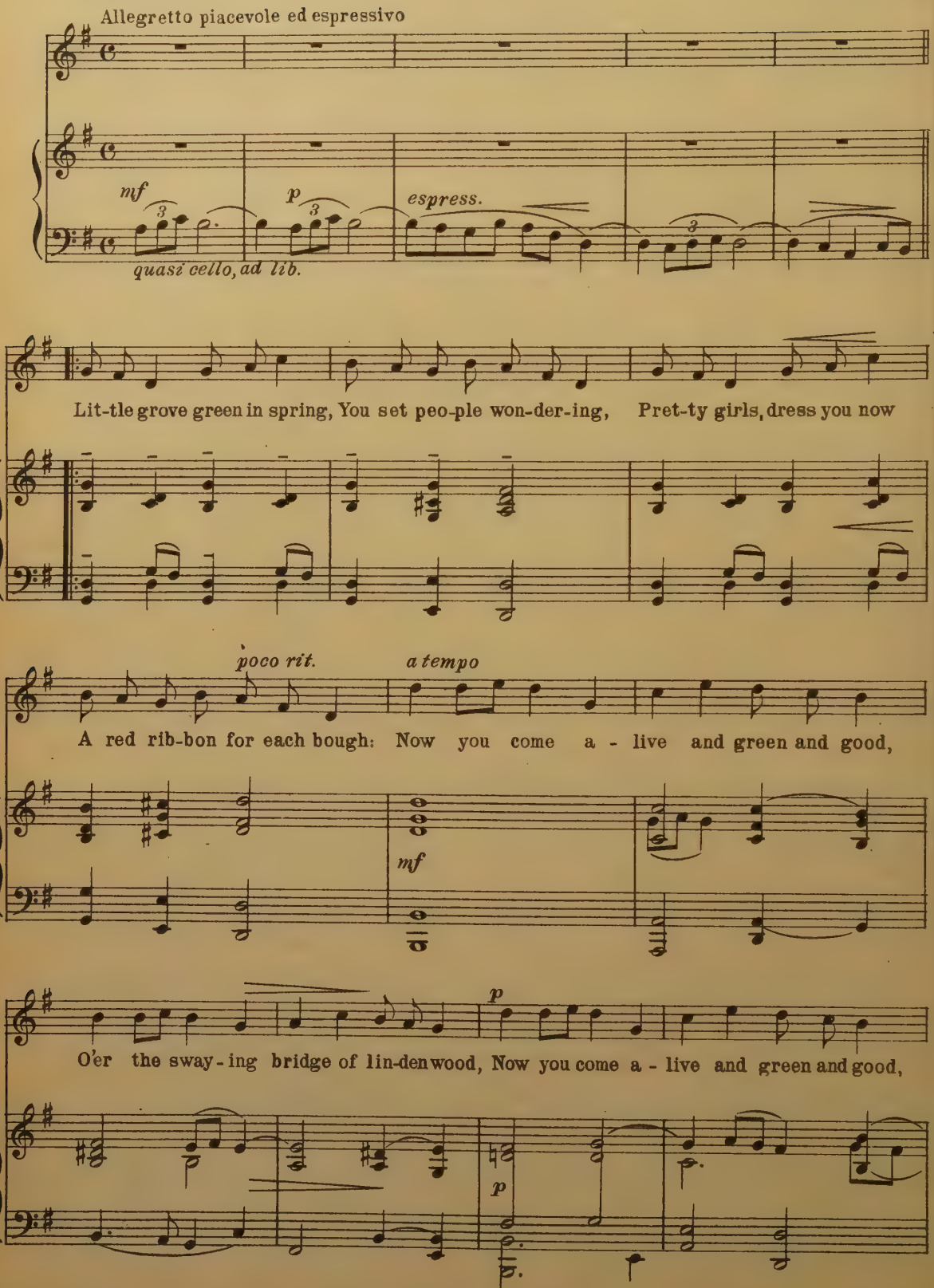
English version by
Arthur Guiterman

THE GREEN GROVE

Folk Song

Paraphrase by
Grace Hazard Conkling

Arranged by
S. Stojowski


Allegretto piacevole ed espressivo
mf
p
espress.
quasi cello, ad lib.
Lit-tle grove green in spring, You set peo-ple won-der-ing, Pret-ty girls, dress you now
poco rit.
a tempo
A red rib-bon for each bough: Now you come a - live and green and good,
mf
p
O'er the sway-ing bridge of lin-den wood, Now you come a - live and green and good,
p

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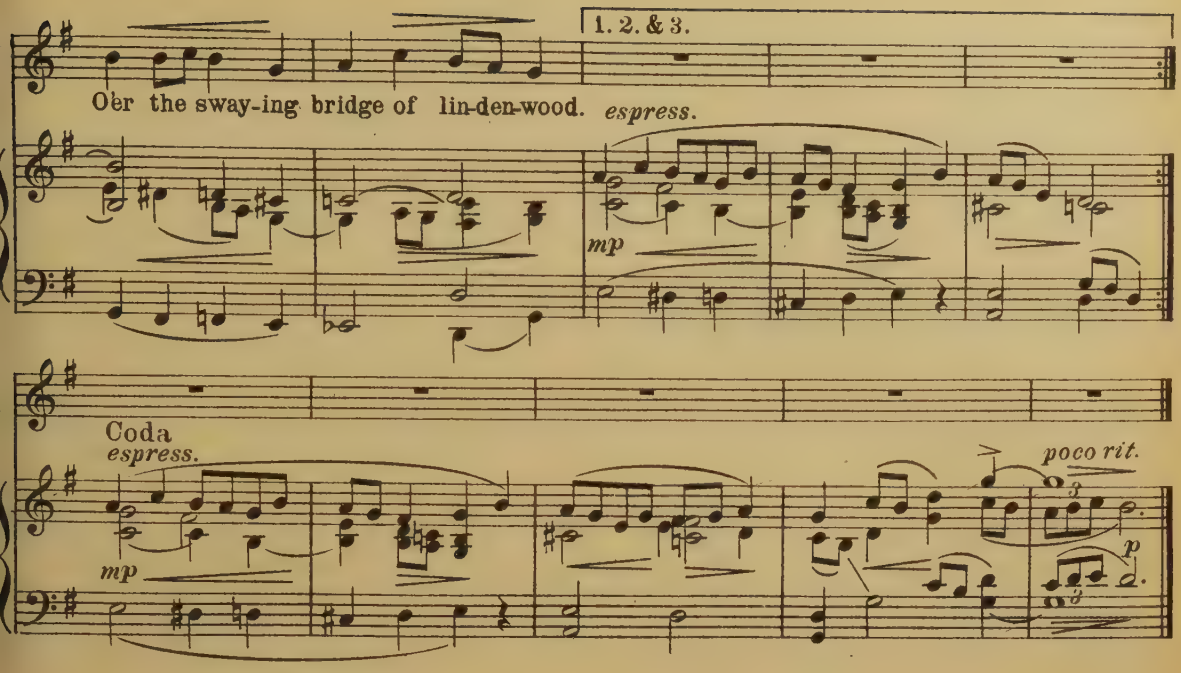


Gaiczek zielony

Gaiczek zielony
Pięknie przystrojony
W czerwone wstążeczki
Przez śliczne dzieweczki.

A ten gaik z lasu idzie
Dziwują się wszyscy ludzie
Idzie po lipowym moście
Przypatrują mu się goście.

A ta zima ciężka była,
Co nam ziółka wymroziła,
Ale my się tak starały,
Żeśmy ziółek nazbierały.

Na podwórzu gołębica,
Na polu śliczna pszenica,
Zieleni się, kwitnąć będzie,
Pan gospodarz chodzi wszędzie.

Niechże chodzi, niech obchodzi,
Patrzy jak pszeniczka wschodzi.
Niech weźmie za nią talary,
By aż po ziemi taczały.

Do tego domu wstępujemy,
Zdrowia, szczęścia winszujemy,
Zdrowia, szczęścia i wszystkiego,
Od Jezusa od samego.

Siedzi gospodarz w rogu stoła,
Żupan na nim w złote koła.
Gospodyni w oknie stoi,
W złoty czepiec główkę stroi,
Kluczykami pobrzękuje,
Dla nas podarek gotuje.

The Green Grove

Little grove, green in spring,
You set people wondering.
Pretty girls, dress you now,
A red ribbon for each bough:
Now you come alive and green and good,
O'er the swaying bridge of linden-wood.

Winter's frost tried in vain
To destroy our roots and grain;
Now they're green. Now there go
Pacing pigeons to and fro.
Master and Mistress proudly saunter out,
Watching their thalers grow and roll about.

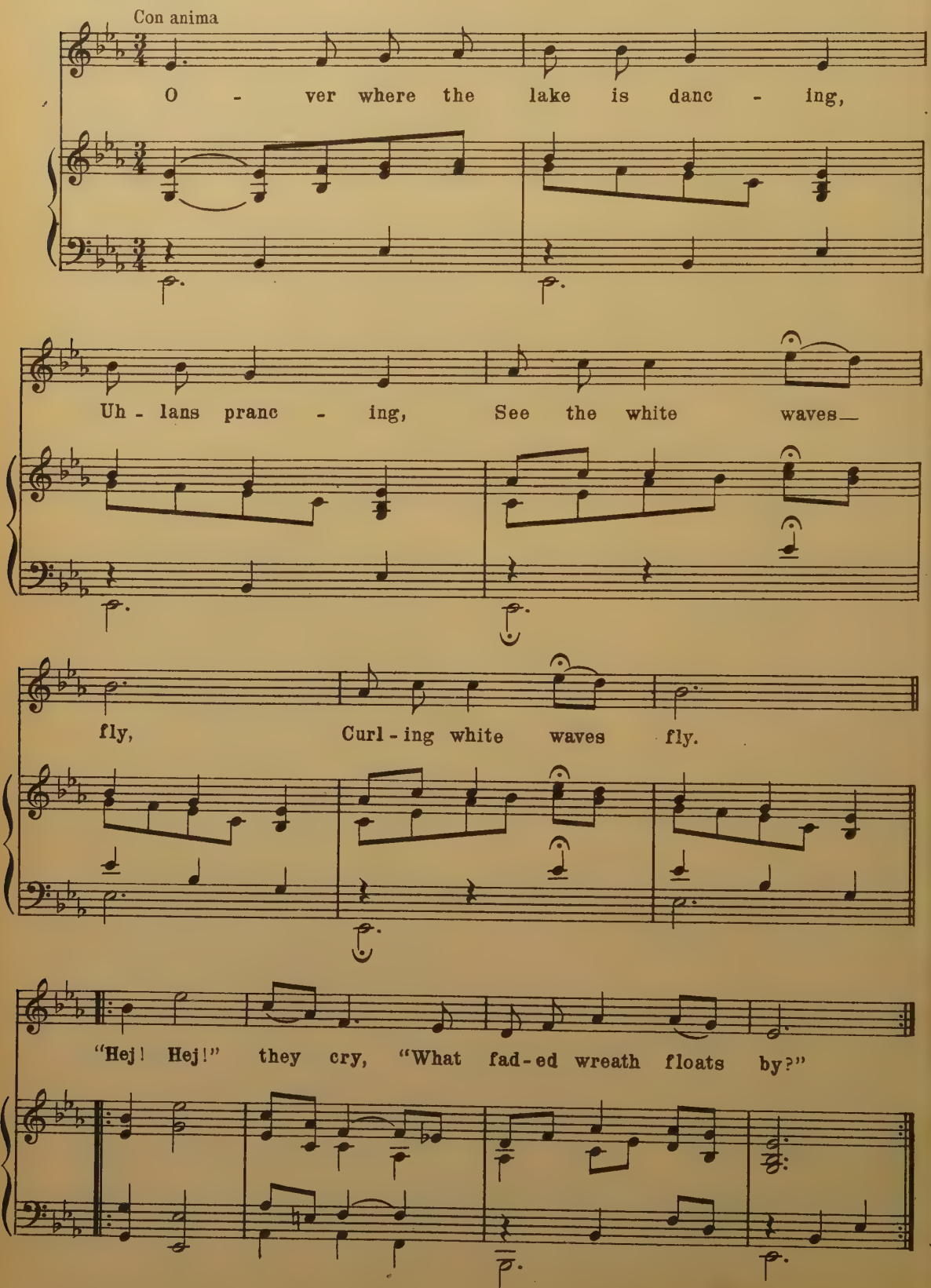
To their house if you came
They'd greet you in Jesus' name:
He in rich embroideries,
She with cap and jingling keys:
Both will surely have a gift for us;
They are rich and kind and generous.

Paraphrase by
Grace Hazard Conkling

BY THE LAKE

Free Translation by
John Chipman Farrar

Folk Song


Con anima
O - ver where the lake is danc - ing,
Uh - lans pranc - ing, See the white waves—
fly, Curl - ing white waves fly.
"Hej! Hej!" they cry, "What fad - ed wreath floats by?"

Z tamtej strony jezioreczka

Z tamtej strony jezioreczka, jezioreczka
Panowie jadą, panowie jadą.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, panowie jadą.
Jeden mówi do drugiego, do drugiego:
Wianeczek płynie,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, wianeczek płynie.

Drugi mówi do trzeciego, do trzeciego:
Dziewczyna tonie, dziewczyna tonie.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, dziewczyna tonie.
Trzeci skoczył, konia zmoczył, konia zmoczył
I sam utonął.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, i sam utonął.

Oj idźże ty wrony koniu, wrony koniu,
Z siodłem do domu, z siodłem do domu.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, z siodłem do domu.
Nie powiadaj ojcu, matce, ojcu, matce,
Żem ja utonął,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, żem ja utonął.

Jeno powiedz wrony koniu, wrony koniu,
Żem się ożenił, żem się ożenił.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, żem się ożenił.
Cóż było za ożenienie, ożenienie:
W wodzie tonienie,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie tonienie.

Cóż była za panna młoda, panna młoda,
Ta zimna woda, ta zimna woda.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, ta zimna woda.
Cóż tam byli za drużbowie, za drużbowie,
W wodzie rakowie,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie rakowie.

Cóż tam były za drucheńki, za drucheńki,
W wodzie rybeńki, w wodzie rybeńki.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie rybeńki.
Cóż były za dziewosłęby, dziewosłęby,
Nad wodą dęby,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, nad wodą dęby.

Cóż tam była za drużyna, za drużyna,
Nad wodą trzcina, nad wodą trzcina.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, nad wodą trzcina.
Cóż tam było za łożeńko, za łożeńko,
W wodzie dziarenko,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie dziarenko.

By the Lake

Over where the lake is dancing, Uhlans prancing,
See the white waves fly,
Curling white waves fly.
"Hej! Hej!" they cry, "What faded wreath floats by?"

Lo, it is a drowning maiden, sorrow laden.
Bravely black steeds go,
Swift the black steeds go,
Alas! they go—but one sinks far below.

Haste, O you of evil tiding, madly riding,
He who rode lies dead,
Deep and still lies dead!
"Hej! Hej! Not dead—nay, he who rode is wed!"

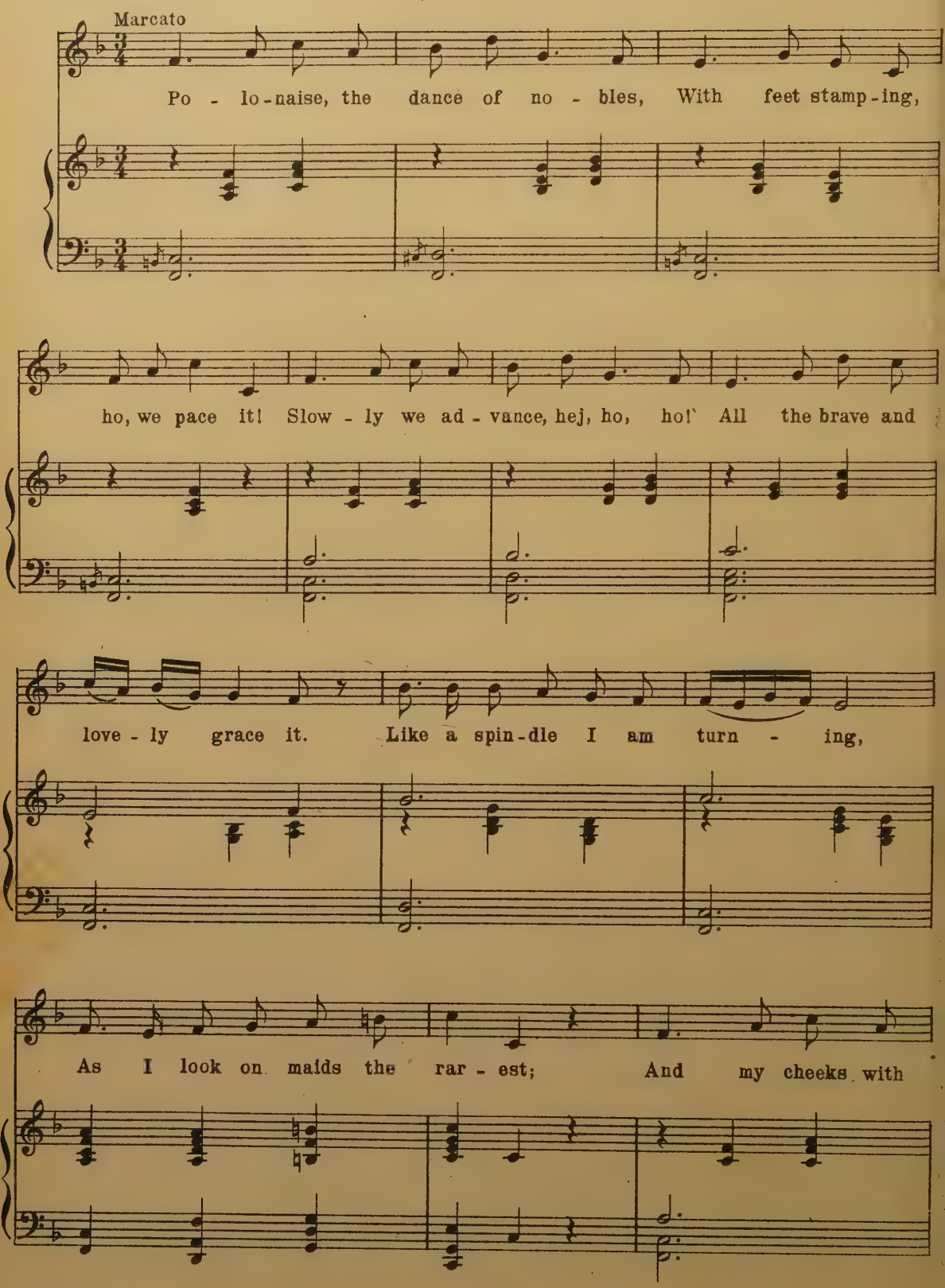
He has wed the Cloud King's daughter, cruel Water,
Lilies on her breasts,
White and cold her breasts,
"Hej! Hej! How gay! With water nymphs for guests!"

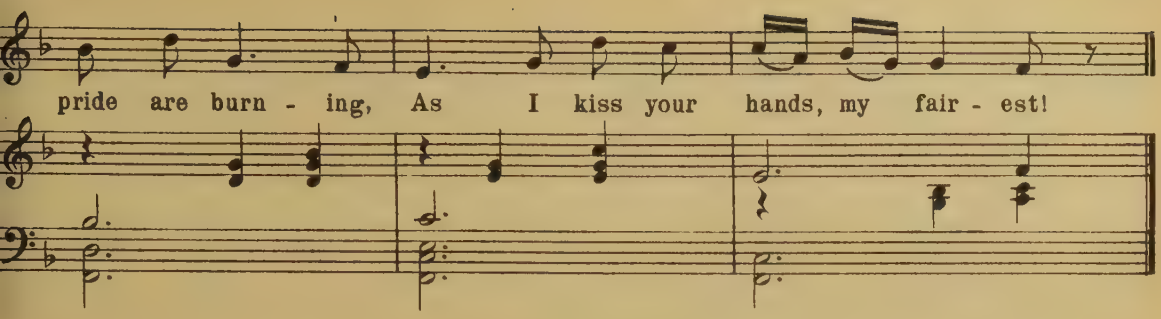
Underneath the silver willow, lay their pillow,
When the guests have fled,
Nymphs and crabs have fled!
"Hej! Hej! They lie—the cold sands for their bed!"

Free translation by
John Chipman Farrar

Free translation by
Padraic Colum

Dance


Marcato
Po - lo-naise, the dance of no - bles, With feet stamp-ing,
ho, we pace it! Slow - ly we ad - vance, hej, ho, ho!' All the brave and
love - ly grace it. Like a spin-dle I am turn - ing,
As I look on maids the rar - est; And my cheeks with



Polonez

Gdy człek w taniec polski stanie,
Wąs podkręci, tupnie nogą,
Pierś mu rośnie, hej mospanie,
Już jest zdrowszy, już mu błogo,
Śmiałym krokiem wolno płynie,
Jak wrzeciono się mi kręci,
Cmoknie w rączkę swą boginię,
I oświadczy serca chęci.

Męstwo w sercu, śmiałość w oku
Laur na skroni, broń przy boku,
W tej postawie szli ojcowie
Tak i taniec wart widoku.
Hej, mospanie, gdy w dłoń klasnę,
W koło damy się wywinę,
Wtedy czując godność własną,
Mam potem krok i minę.

Polonaise

Polonaise, the dance of nobles,
With feet stamping, ho, we pace it!
Slowly we advance, hej, ho, ho!
All the brave and lovely grace it.
Like a spindle I am turning,
As I look on maids the rarest;
And my cheeks with pride are burning,
As I kiss your hands, my fairest!

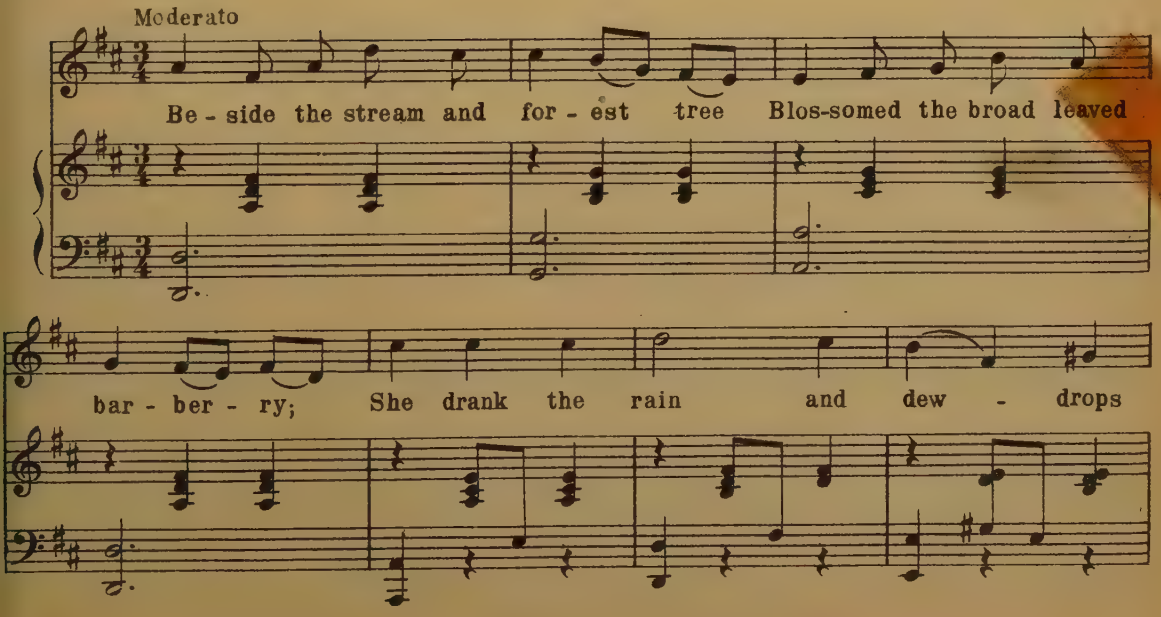
Polonaise, the dance of heroes!
Laurels on their brows were twining,
Bright swords by their sides were shining,
Hej, ho, ho, ho! as they danced it.
Now your slender waist I measure,
And I know old loves have found us,
And the Polonaise has bound us:
Lift to mine your lips, my treasure!

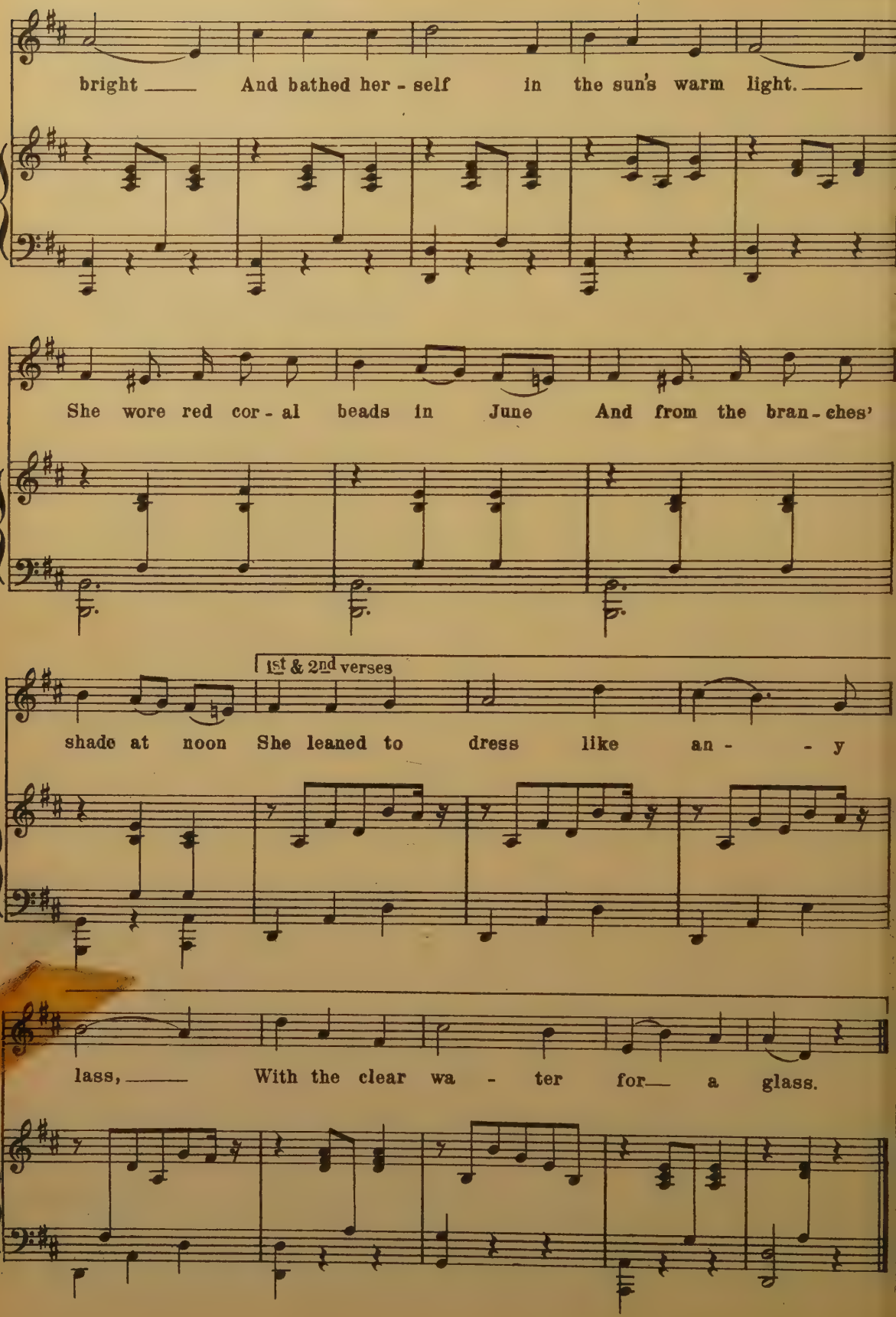
Free translation by
Padraic Colum

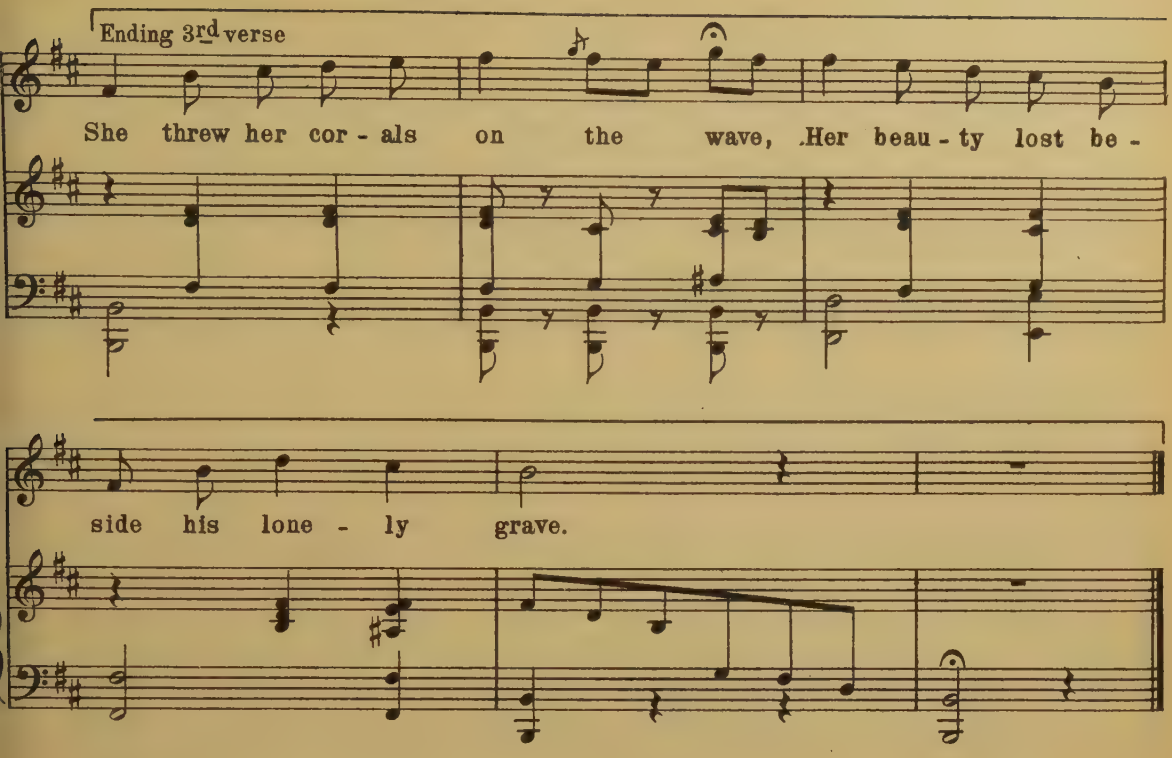
THE BARBERRY

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

J. Komorowski




bright And bathed her - self in the sun's warm light.
She wore red cor - al beads in June And from the bran - ches'
1st & 2nd verses
shade at noon She leaned to dress like an - - y
lass, With the clear wa - ter for a glass.



Kalina

Rosła kalina z liściem szerokiem
Nad modrym w gaju rosła potokiem,
Drobny deszcz piła, rosę zbierała
W majowem słońcu liście kąpała.
W lipcu korale miała czerwone
W cienkie z gałązek włosy wplecione,
Tak się stroiła, jak dziewczę młode
I jak w lusterko patrzyła w wodę.

Wiatr co dnia czesał jej długie włosy,
A oczy myła kroplami rosy.
U tej krynicy, u tej kaliny
Jasio fujarkę kręcił z wierzbiny
I grywał sobie długo żałośnie,
Gdzie nad krynicą kalina rośnie,
I śpiewał sobie dana oj! dana,
A głos po rosie leciał co rana.

Kalina liście zielone miała
I jak dziewczyna w gaju czekała,
A gdy jesienią w skrzynkę zieloną
Pod czarny krzyżyk Jasia złożono,
Biedna Kalina snać go kochała,
Bo wszystkie swoje liście rozwiała,
Żywe korale wrzuciła w wodę,
Z żalu straciła swoją urodę.

The Barberry

Beside the stream and forest tree
Blossomed the broad leaved barberry;
She drank the rain and dewdrops bright
And bathed herself in the sun's warm light.
She wore red coral beads in June
And from the branches' shade at noon
She leaned to dress like any lass,
With the clear water for a glass.

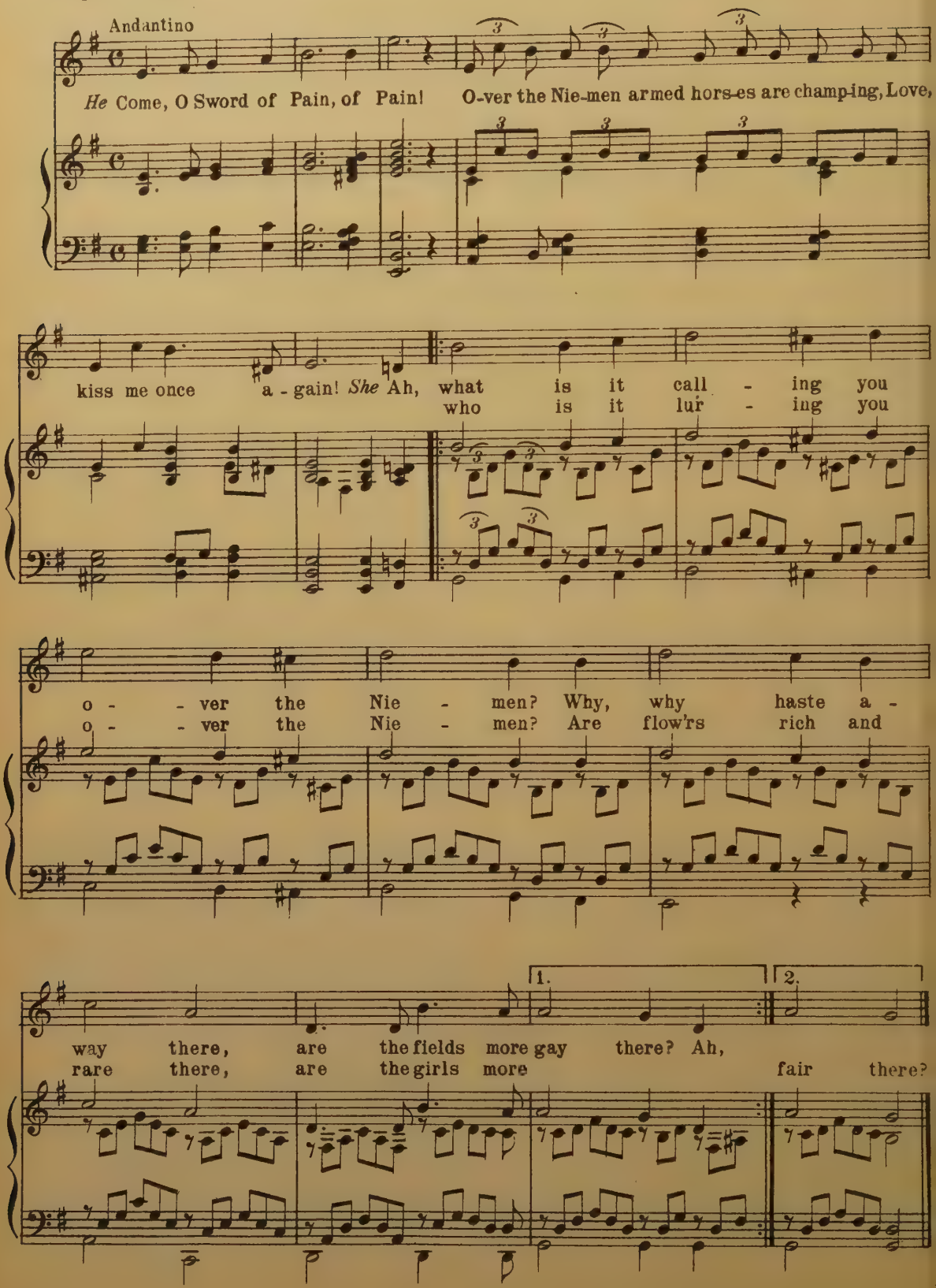
The wind combed out her flowing hair,
The dewdrops made her eyes more fair,
And where she knelt beside the stream,
Young Janek came to play and dream.
He played his sad flute all day through
Beside the water where she grew,
He sadly sang the morning long
And on the dewdrops flowed his song.

The barberry like a girl was fair,
Beneath the green leaves waiting there,
But when the autumn came they laid
Janek beneath a black cross's shade.
The barberry for her love in grief
Threw on his grave each falling leaf,
She cast her corals on the wave,
Her beauty lost beside his lonely grave.

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

ACROSS THE NIEMEN

Paraphrase by
John Chipman Farrar


Andantino
He Come, O Sword of Pain, of Pain! O-ver the Nie-men armed hors-es are champing, Love,
kiss me once a-gain! She Ah, what is it call-ing you
who is it lur-ing you
o-ver the Nie-men? Why, why haste a-
o-ver the Nie-men? Are flow'rs rich and
1.
2.
way there, are the fields more gay there? Ah,
rare there, are the girls more fair there?

Za Niemen

Za Niemen tam precz,
Już gotów koń, zbroja,
Dziewczyno ty moja,
Uściśnij, daj miecz.
Za Niemen, za Niemen,
I pocóż za Niemen,
Nie przylgniesz tam sercem,
Cóż wabi za Niemen?
Czy kraj tam piękniejszy,
Kwiecistsza tam błoń,
Czy milsze dziewoje,
Że spieszysz tam doń.

Nie spieszę do dziew,
Ja spieszę na gody,
Czerwone pió miody,
Moskiewską lać krew.
Chcesz godów, zaczekaj,
Kochanie ty moje,
Ja gody wyprawię,
Nasycę, napoję.
Patrz, pierś ma otwarta
Więc serce me weź,
Krwi mojej się napij,
Napij moich łez.

Dziewczyno stój, stój!
Twe słowa jak brzytwy,
Ja z pola, ja z bitwy
Powrócę, jam twój!
Nie wrócisz, mój luby,
Nie wrócisz ty do mnie,
Twe serce odwyknie
I pamięć zapomni.
Patrz, koń już opuszcza
Pastwisko i żłób,
A w polu czerwonem
Niechybny twój grób.

Jak wielki jest Bóg,
Ja w oręż mój wierzę,
Gdzie tylko nim zmierzę,
Tam padnie zły wróg.
Jeśli już twa wola
Iść walczyć na wroga,
Ach biednaż, ja biedna,
Jakaż we mnie trwoga.
Niechże cię Bóg mocny
Przed wrogiem ukrywa,
Ach, smutna ma dola,
Ach, ja nieszczęśliwa!

Across the Niemen

He
Come, O Sword of Pain, of Pain!
Over the Niemen armed horses are champing,
Love, kiss me once again!
She
Ah, what is it calling you over the Niemen?
Why, why haste away there; are the fields more gay there?
Ah, who is it luring you over the Niemen?
Are flowers rich and rare there, are the girls more fair there?

He
Red the honey's glow! red glow!
Guests at the wedding will shout as I offer
The blood-wine of my foe!
She
Ah, if my beloved, you long for a wedding,
I pray thee abide here; take, oh take your bride here –
For see how my soul is alive for our wedding.
I'll give through the years, dear; heart and soul and tears, dear.

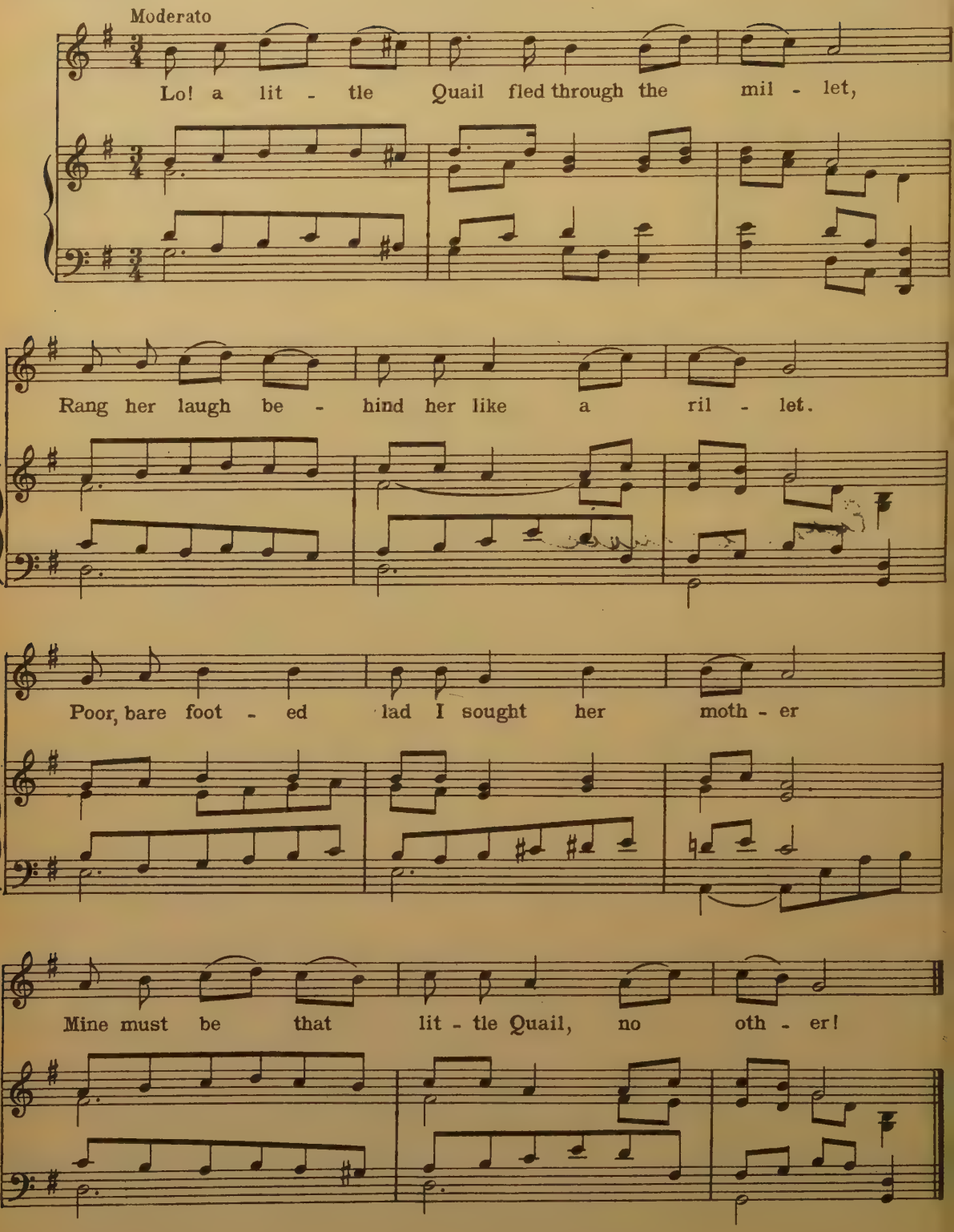
He
How your swift words burn! swift, burn!
I shall come riding again from the battle –
To you I shall return!
She
Ah, never again will you come, my beloved,
Your old love will flee, there; you'll not think of me, there.
Red horses of battle are coming, beloved!
Go forth to be brave, there! Go find your grave there!

Paraphrase by
John Chipman Farrar

THE LITTLE QUAIL

English version by
Samuel Minturn Peck

Folk Song


Moderato
Lo! a lit - tle Quail fled through the mil - let,
Rang her laugh be - hind her like a ril - let.
Poor, bare foot - ed lad I sought her moth - er
Mine must be that lit - tle Quail, no oth - er!

Przepióreczka

Uciekła mi przepióreczka w proso
A ja za nią nieboraczek boso
Muszę ja się pani matki spytać
Czy pozwoli przepióreczkę schwytać.

A chwytajże, mój synaczku, chwytaj
Jeno jej się pióreczek nie tykaj
Nie chwytaj jej za te złote piórka
Bo to moja ukochana córka.

A jakże ją pani matko chwytać
Żeby sie jej pióreczek nie tykać
Trza zastawić mój syneczku sieci
To ci sama przepióreczka wleci.

The Little Quail

Lo! a little Quail fled through the millet,
Rang her laugh behind her like a rillet.
Poor, barefooted lad I sought her mother:
Mine must be that little Quail, no other!

"Listen, little Son, since you so love her,
You may catch her; but, oh, do not touch her.
Dear to me is every golden feather,
Shining fair her wings as summer weather."

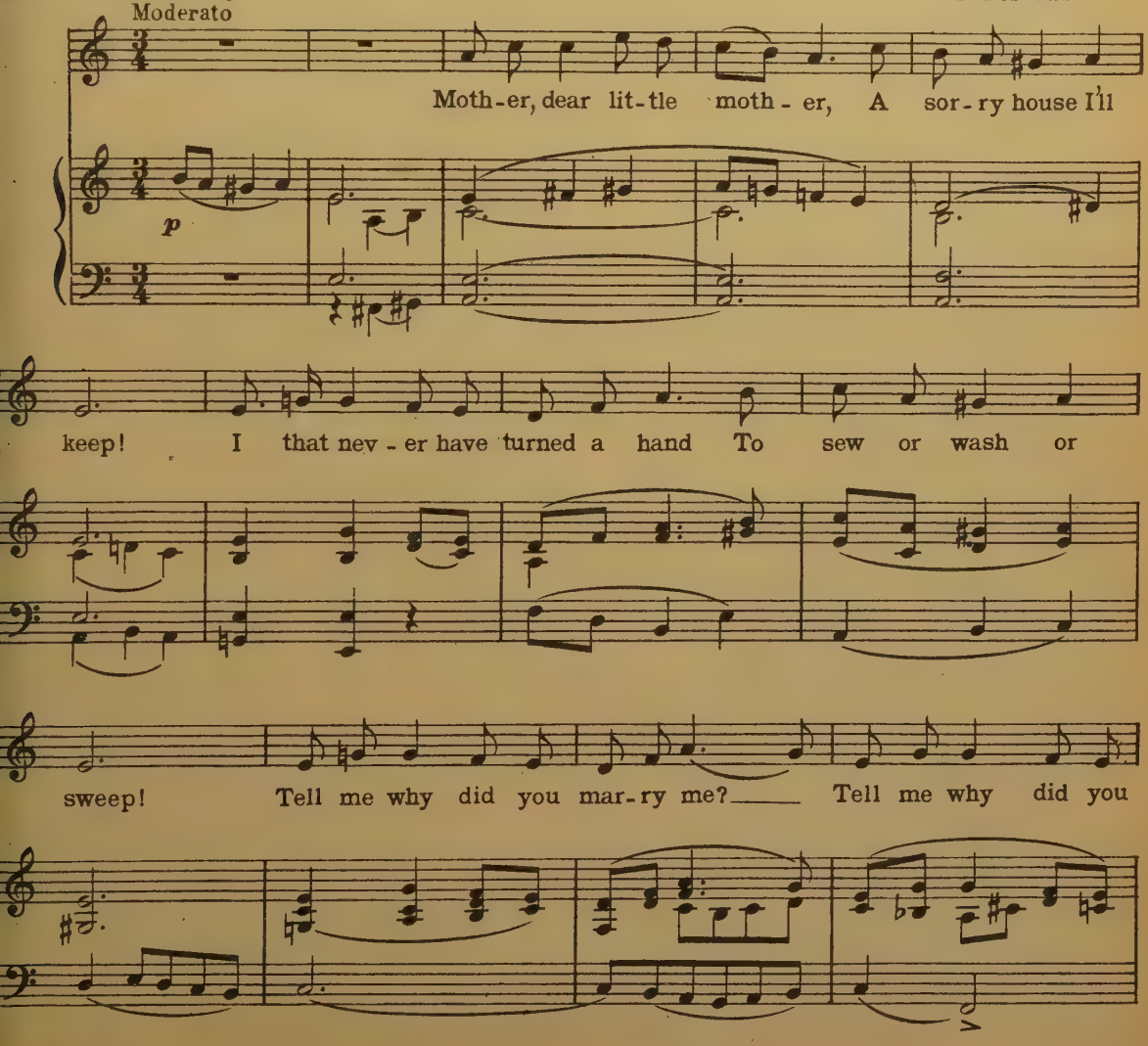
"Touch her not! O Mother, sooth you mock me;
Do not by such nonsense, prithee, block me!"
"Make a net, O Son, of love thread spin it,
And the Quail, herself, will fly within it."

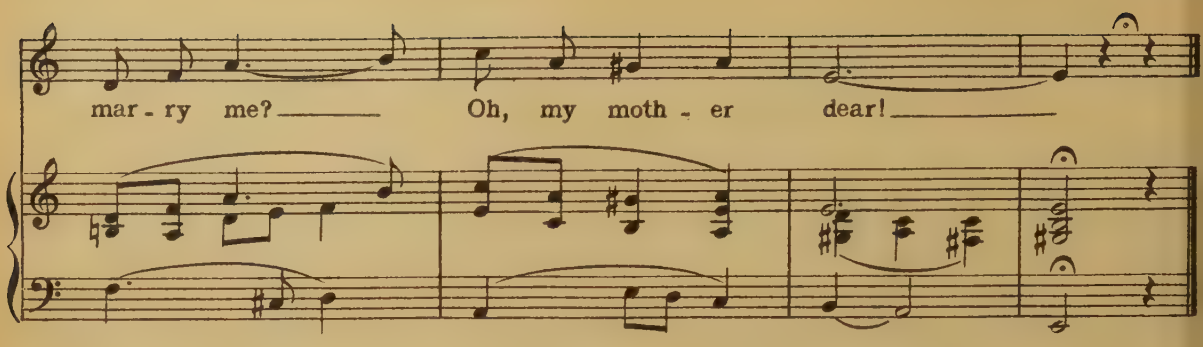
Paraphrase by
Samuel Minturn Peck

WHY, OH MOTHER?

Paraphrase by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

From the collection of
Z. Noskowski


Moderato
Moth-er, dear lit-tle moth-er, A sor-ry house I'll
p
keep! I that nev-er have turned a hand To sew or wash or
sweep! Tell me why did you mar-ry me? Tell me why did you



Na cóżeś mnie pani matko

Na cóżeś mnie pani matko
Za mąż wydała?
Kiedym ja się w gospodarstwie
Nie rozumiała,
Teraz ci się muszą uczyć,
Umieść, ugnieść, uprać, uszyć,
Matulu moja!

Lepiej było u matuli
Słuchać muzyki,
Kiedy grali i śpiewali
Jako słowiki.
Teraz ci ja muszą robić
I do taneczka nie chodzić,
Matulu moja!

Kiedym u swej matuleńki
W domu bawiła,
W każde święto i niedzielę
W kościelem była,
A teraz mi nic nie miło,
Nie dawać mnie zamąż było,
Matulu moja!

Wszakżeście wy, matuleńku,
Męża świadoma,
Nie użyje nic dobrego
Za mężem żona,
Jeno smutku i niedoli,
Od kłopotu głowa boli,
Matulu moja!

Już wyjeżdżam, matuleńku,
Z domu twojego,
Nóżki ściskam i łzy leję
Z serca prawego,
Dajże mi błogosławieństwo
I nad pokusą zwycięztwo,
Matulu moja!

Dziękuję ci, matuleńku,
Za wychowanie,
I tobie też, panie ojcze,
Za wykaranie,
Nie karałeś bez przyczyny;
Już mnie bierze Jasio miły,
Przyjaciel wieczny!

Jasieńkowi przed ołtarzem
Rączkę oddałam,
Szanować go i miłować
Przyobiecałam,
Być mu wierną, aż do śmierci,
Dopomóżcie wszyscy święci
I ty sam Boże!

Why, Oh Mother?

Mother, dear little mother,
A sorry house I'll keep!
I that never have turned a hand
To sew or wash or sweep!
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Sick am I for the happy tunes,
The dance that shook the floor!
Few enough are the songs I'll sing
About my husband's door!
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Fare you well, little mother,
I kiss your feet and cry;
Let your blessing watch over me
When far from home am I.
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Well I know, little father,
My wilful ways and blind;
Take my love for your patient heart,
So stern and yet so kind.
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

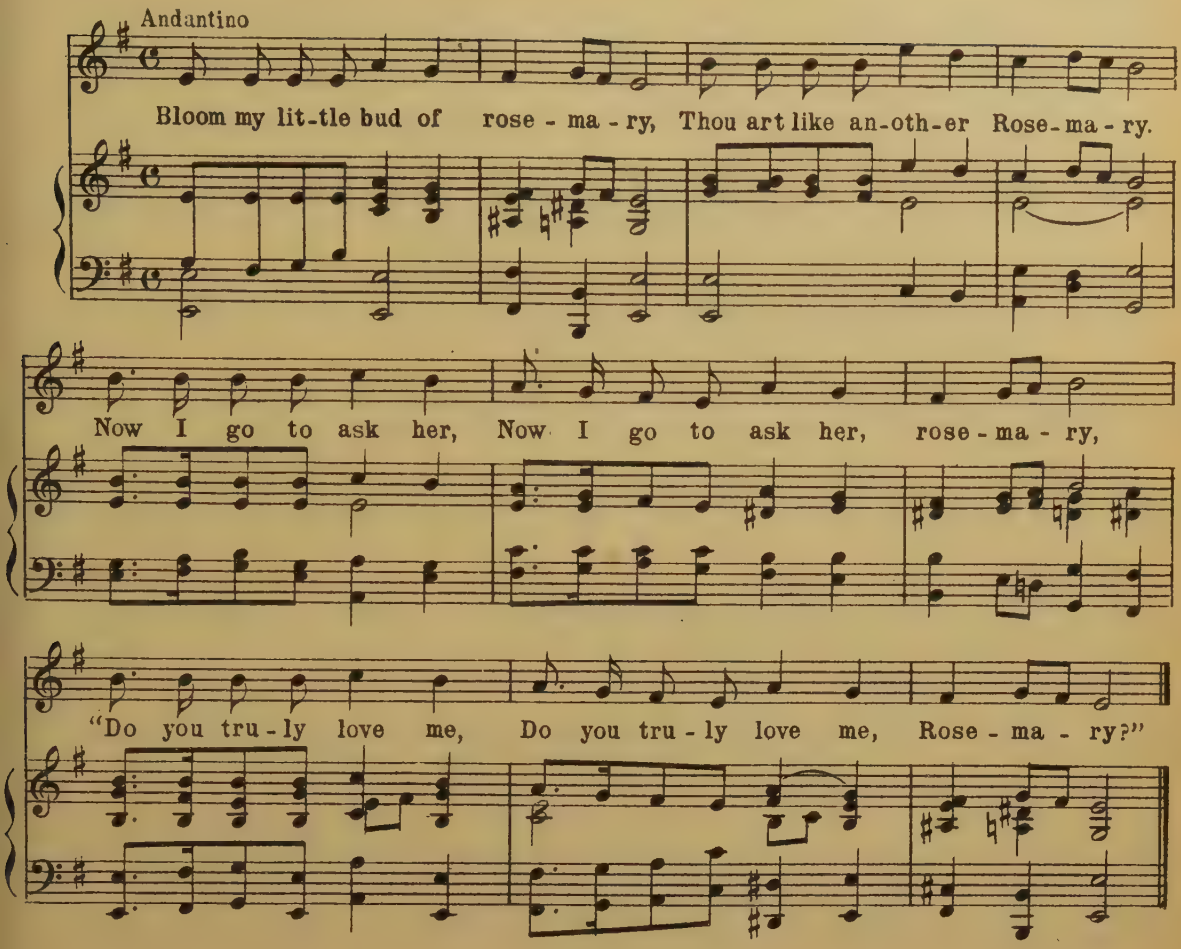
I must go to my husband's house,
And love him till I die;
Help and guide me, ye blessed saints
And angels in the sky!
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Paraphrase by
Edna St Vincent Millay

ROSEMARY

English version by
F. C.

Folk Song


Andantino
Bloom my lit-tle bud of rose - ma - ry, Thou art like an-oth-er Rose-ma - ry.
Now I go to ask her, Now I go to ask her, rose - ma - ry,
"Do you tru - ly love me, Do you tru - ly love me, Rose - ma - ry?"

O mój rozmarynie

O mój rozmarynie rozwijaj się,] bis
Pójdę do dziewczyny,
Pójdę do jedynej,] bis
Zapytam się.

A jak mi odpowie: nie kocham cię] bis
Ułani werbują,
Strzelcy maszerują,] bis
Zaciągnę się.

Dadzą mi konika cisawego,] bis
I ostrą szabelkę
I ostrą szabelkę,] bis
Do boku mego.

Powiodą z okopów na bagnety,] bis
Bagnet mnię ukłuje,
Śmierć mnię ucałuje] bis
Ale nie ty.

Rosemary

Bloom my little bud of rosemary,
Thou art like another Rosemary.
Now I go to ask her,
Now I go to ask her, rosemary,
"Do you truly love me,
Do you truly love me, Rosemary?"

Droop my little bud of rosemary,
She may answer no, my rosemary.
"No, I do not love you;"
Then I'm off to battle; rosemary,
Riding with the gunners,
With the Uhlan gunners, rosemary.

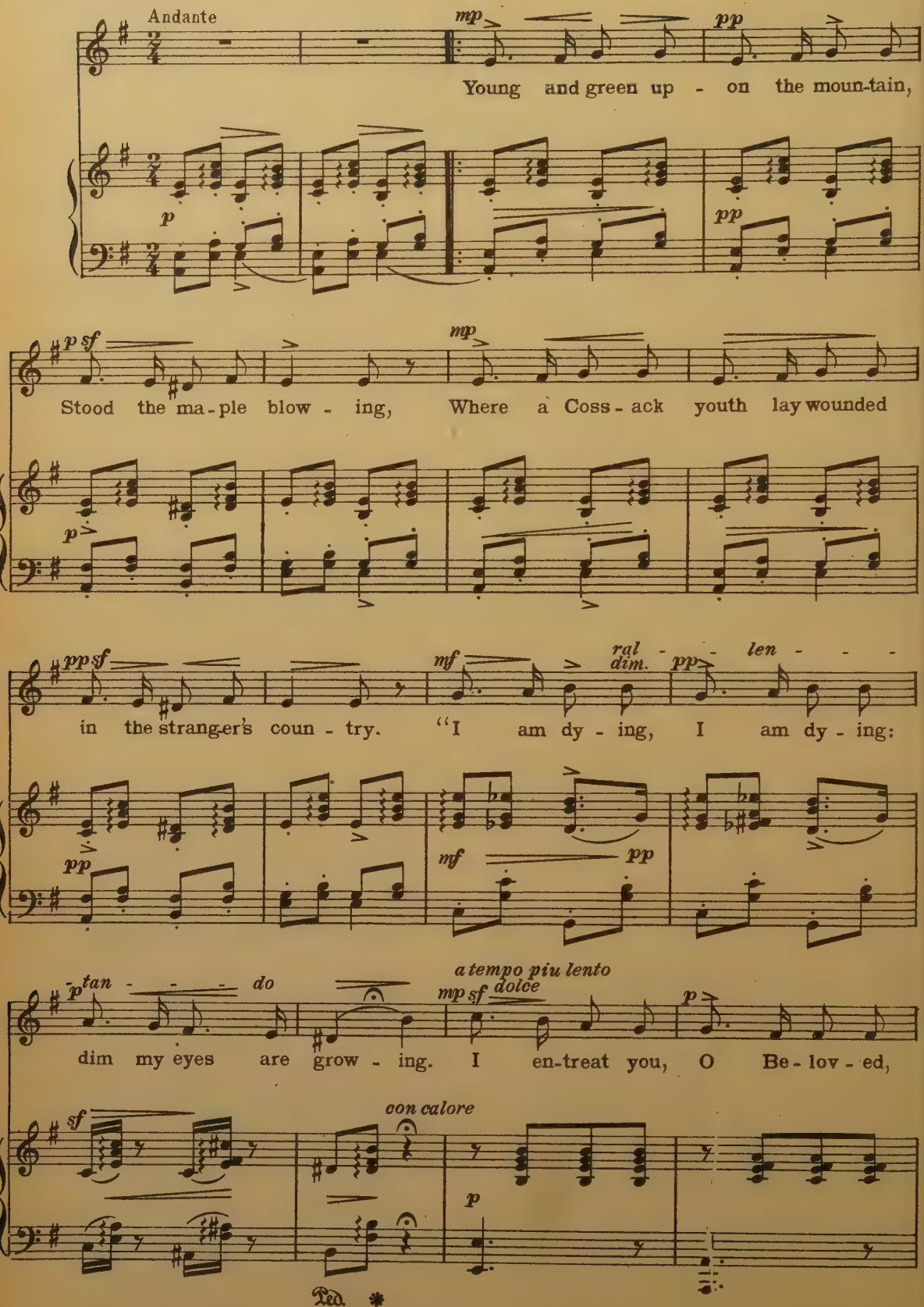
Fade my little bud of rosemary,
Fade my little bud of rosemary.
A fleet horse they'll give me
With bright sword beside me, rosemary,
Riding 'gainst the foeman
Death shall kiss me—but not thou.

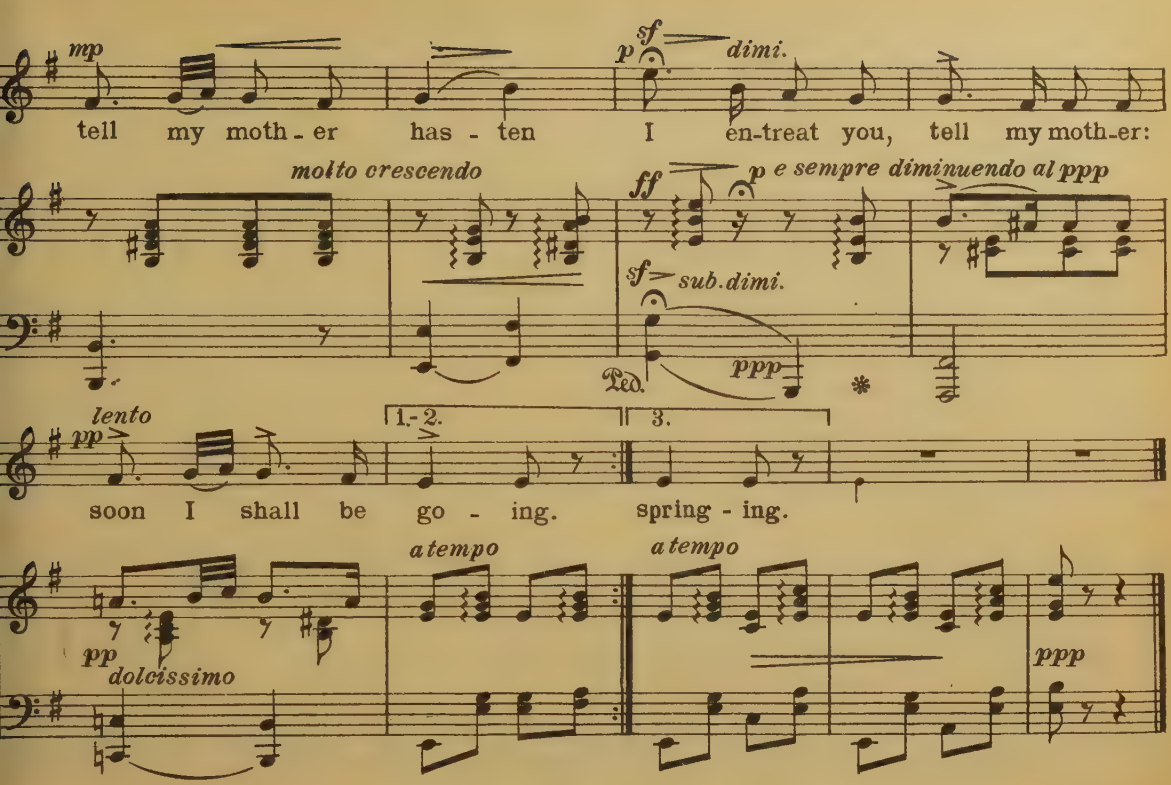
English version by
F. C.

THE COSSACK

English version by
Edwin Markham

St. Moniuszko





Kozak

Tam na górze jawor stoi, jawor zieloneńki,
Ginie kozak w cudzej stronie, kozak młodziusieńki.
„Ginę, ginę w cudzej stronie, śmierć mi oczy tuli,
proszę ciebie, moja miła, donieś to matuli,
proszę ciebie, moja miła, donieś to matuli!"

Przyszła matka, przyszła matka, przyszła matuleńka,
Obróciła blade lica przeciw synaleńka:
„Otóż widzisz mój syneczku, moje drogie dziecię!
nie słuchałeś ojca, matki, takież twoje życie,
nie słuchałeś ojca, matki, takież twoje życie!"

„Proszę matko, proszę matko, pięknie pochowajcie,
Niech we wszystkie biją dzwony, w organ mi zagrajcie.
Niechaj tylko nie chowają cmentarniane diaki,
jeno same Ukraińskie grzebią mnie Kozaki,
jeno same Ukraińskie grzebią mnie Kozaki!"

The Cossack

Young and green upon the mountain stood the maple blowing,
Where a Cossack youth lay wounded in the stranger's country.
"I am dying, I am dying: dim my eyes are growing,
I entreat you, O Beloved, tell my mother hasten.
I entreat you tell my mother: soon I shall be going."

Swift she came, that loving mother, to that son long straying,
Bent above the hard bed lonely where the youth lay dying.
Low she bent and softly kist him, knelt with grief and praying.
"Son, dear son, you did not heed your parent's tears and warning:
Far you wandered; now a sorrow comes to make repaying."

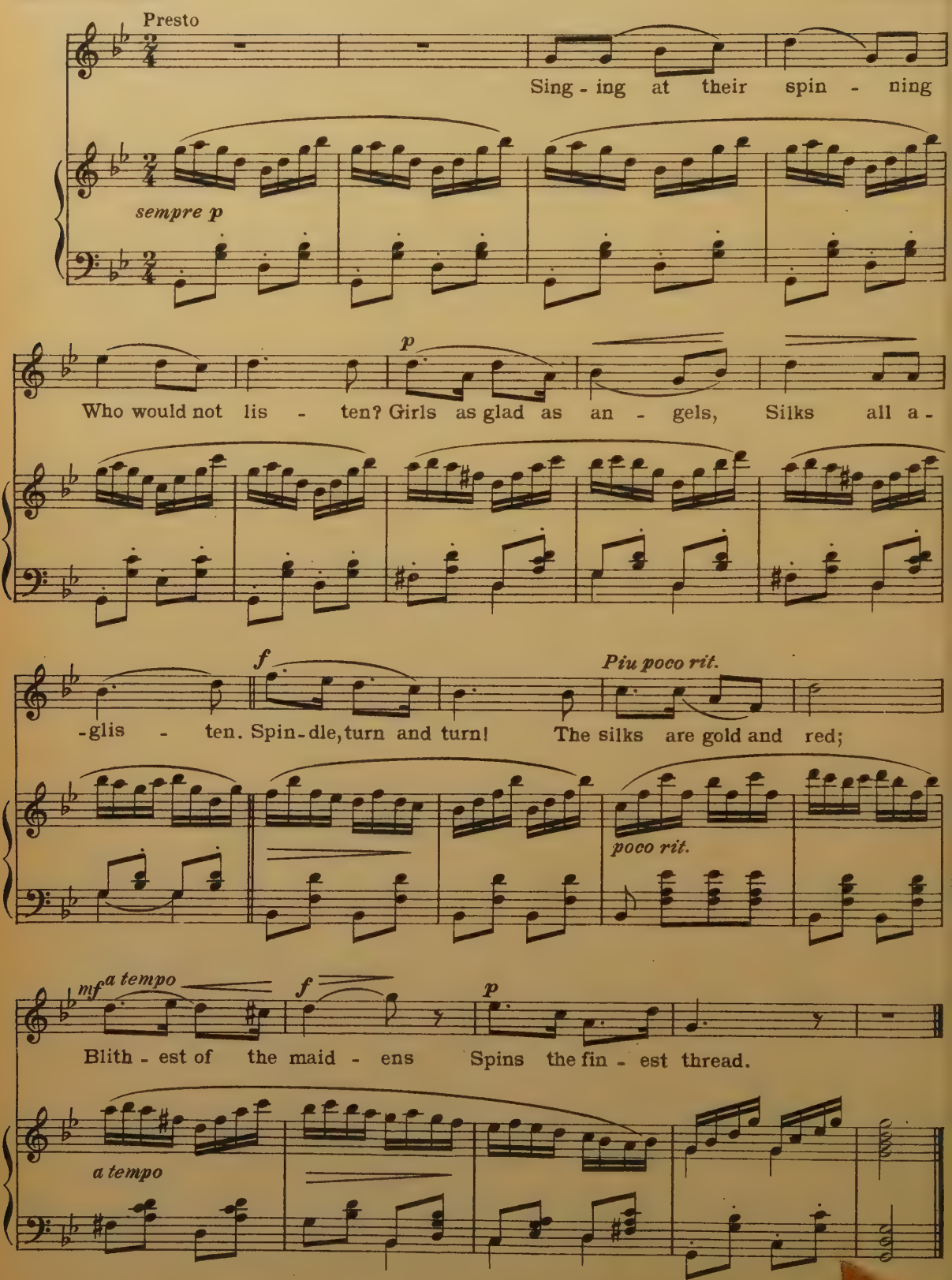
"O forgive me, mother, mother, for the grief I'm bringing,
Bury me with beauty, mother; set our bells a-tolling.
Have no priests with dirges mournful: bid my friends come singing.
My own Cossacks, let them dig my grave and leave me sleeping:
Let them only lay me where the Ukraine grass is springing."

English version by
Edwin Markham

AT THE SPINNING WHEEL

English version by
Katherine Lee Bates

St. Moniuszko


Presto
Sing - ing at their spin - ning
sempre p
p
Who would not lis - ten? Girls as glad as an - gels, Silks all a -
f
Piu poco rit.
-glis - ten. Spin - dle, turn and turn! The silks are gold and red;
poco rit.
mf a tempo
f
p
Blith - est of the maid - ens Spins the fin - est thread.
a tempo

Prząśniczka

U prząśniczki siedzą
Jak anioł dzieweczki
Przędzą sobie, przędzą
Jedwabne niteczki.

Kręć się, kręć wrzeciono!
Prysła wątła nić
Wstydem dziewczę płonie,
Wstydź się dziewczę, wstydź.

Poszedł do Królewca
Młodzieniec z wiciną,
Łzami się zalewał,
Żegnając z dziewczyną.

Gładko idzie przędza,
Wesoło dziewczynie,
Pamiętała trzy dni
O wiernym chłopczynie.

Inny się młodzieniec
Podsuwa z ubocza
I innemu rada
Dziewczyna ochocza.

At the Spinning Wheel

Singing at their spinning
Who would not listen?
Girls as glad as angels,
Silks all a-glisten.

Refrain
Spindle, turn and turn!
The silks are gold and red;
Blithest of the maidens
Spins the finest thread.

Far away her lover
Sailed down the river.
Tearfully he kissed her,
Lips all a-quiver.
Refrain

Singing at her spinning,
Thread, be not broken!
Three whole days she missed him,
Cherished his token.
Refrain

Came another lover;
Absence is danger.
Merrily her welcome
Went to the stranger.
Refrain

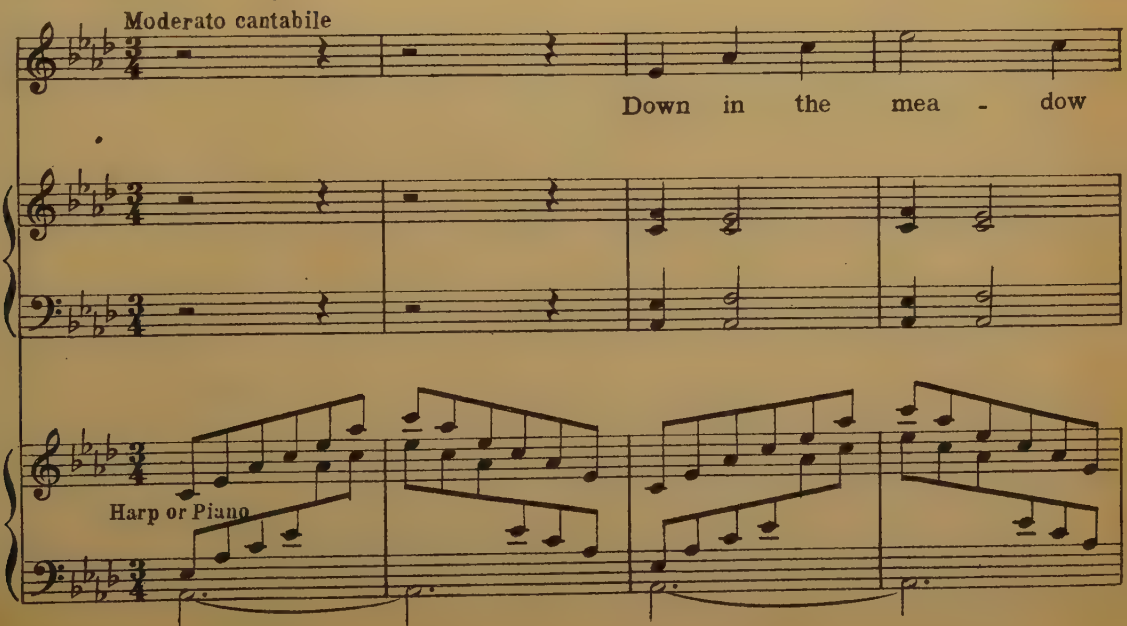
Spindle, turning, turning!
Frail thread that parted.
Now the maid remembers
One loyal-hearted.
Refrain

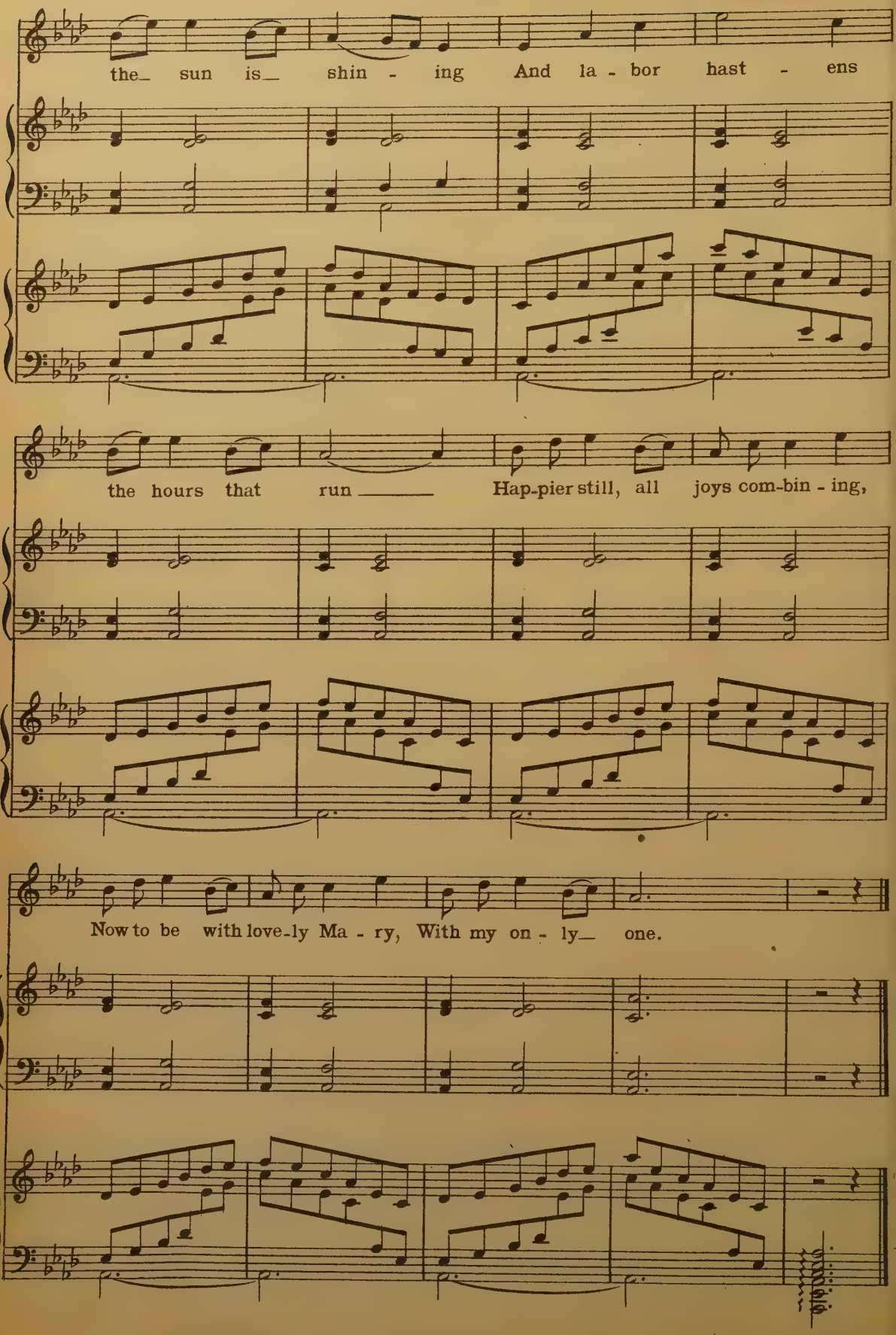
English version by
Katherine Lee Bates

WHEN THE SUN SHINES

English version by
Christopher Morley

Folk Song




the sun is shin - ing And la - bor hast - ens
the hours that run Hap-pier still, all joys com-bin - ing,
Now to be with love-ly Ma - ry, With my on - ly one.

„Gdy w czystem polu słoneczko świeci“

– Gdy w czystem polu słoneczko świeci,
Dzionek przy pracy prędzej uleci,
I mnie chwile milej płyną
Z moją Marysią jedyną,
Z moją jedyną.

– Krówka powraca do swej zagrody,
Szukając cienia i czystej wody,
A mnie tęskno bez mojego,
Jasineczka najmilszego,
Kochanka mego.

– Pójdę ja wiązać pszeniczkę w snopki,
Albo układać w polu półkopki,
A jak mi się kwiat nawinie,
To go zaniosę w danine
Mojej dziewczynie.

– Wdzięcznie pod wieczór, w wiosennej chwili,
W zielonym gaju słowiczek kwili,
Ale dla serca mojego
Milszy głos ulubionego,
Jasieńka mego.

When the Sun Shines

Down in the meadow the sun is shining
And labor hastens the hours that run–
Happier still, all joys combining,
Now to be with lovely Mary,
With my only one.

My little heifer comes back from grazing
To look for water and shady tree–
Lonelier I, to wait here gazing
For my Jack, my handsome lover,
He's the man for me!

I will go gather the wheat and barley
And pile their sheaves in the golden sun;
Finding a blossom, or late or early,
I will bring it as a present
To my only one.

Delicate music and lovely singing
Of nightingales in the greenwood grove
Merrier still is the echo, bringing
Words of Jack, my handsome sweetheart,
He's the one I love!

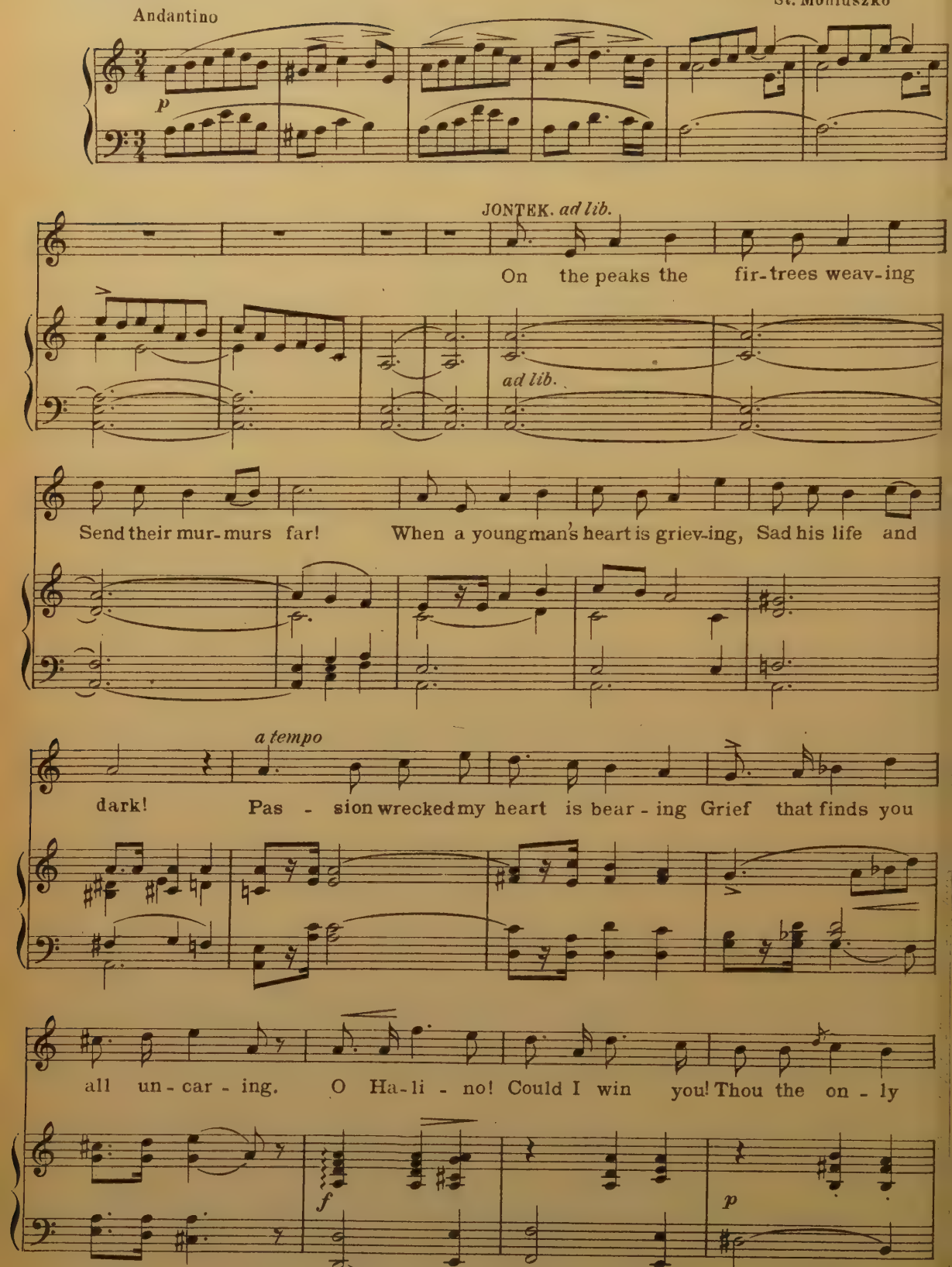
English version by
Christopher Morley

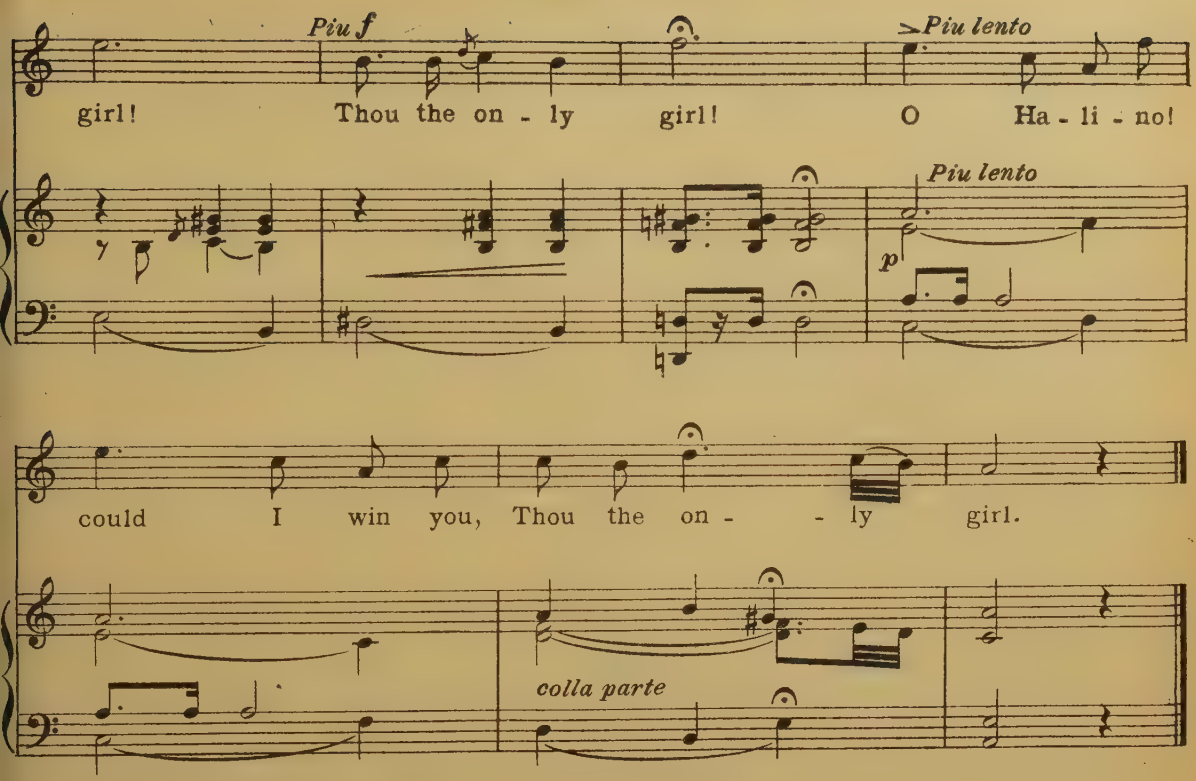
HALKA

English version by
Olive Dargan

From the Opera Halka, Act 4
St. Moniuszko

Andantino


p
JONTEK. ad lib.
On the peaks the fir-trees weav-ing
ad lib.
Send their mur-murs far! When a young man's heart is griev-ing, Sad his life and
a tempo
dark! Pas - sion wrecked my heart is bear - ing Grief that finds you
all un - car - ing. O Ha-li - no! Could I win you! Thou the on - ly
f
p



Halka

Szumią jodły na gór szczycie,
Szumią sobie w dal!
I młodemu smutne życie,
Gdy ma w sercu żal.
Z innych ludzi do nikogo
Tylko do ciebie niebogo!
Oj Halino, oj jedyno,
Dziewczyno moja, dziewczyno moja!

Lata jakby wichry biegą,
Jak potoki mkną!
Przybył panicz i dla niego
Pogardziłaś mną.
Nie mam żalu do nikogo,
Jeno do ciebie niebogo,
Oj Halino, oj jedyno,
Dziewczyno moja, dziewczyno moja!

Halka

On the peaks the fir-trees weaving
Send their murmurs far!
When a young man's heart is grieving,
Sad his life and dark!
Passion wrecked– my heart is bearing
Grief that finds you all uncaring.

O Halino! Could I win you!
Thou the only girl! Thou the only girl!
O Halino, Could I win you!
Thou the only girl!

Like a storm the years are passing,
Like a brook they move;
Now the nobleman embracing,
You have spurned my love.
Passion wrecked– my heart is bearing
Grief that finds you all uncaring!

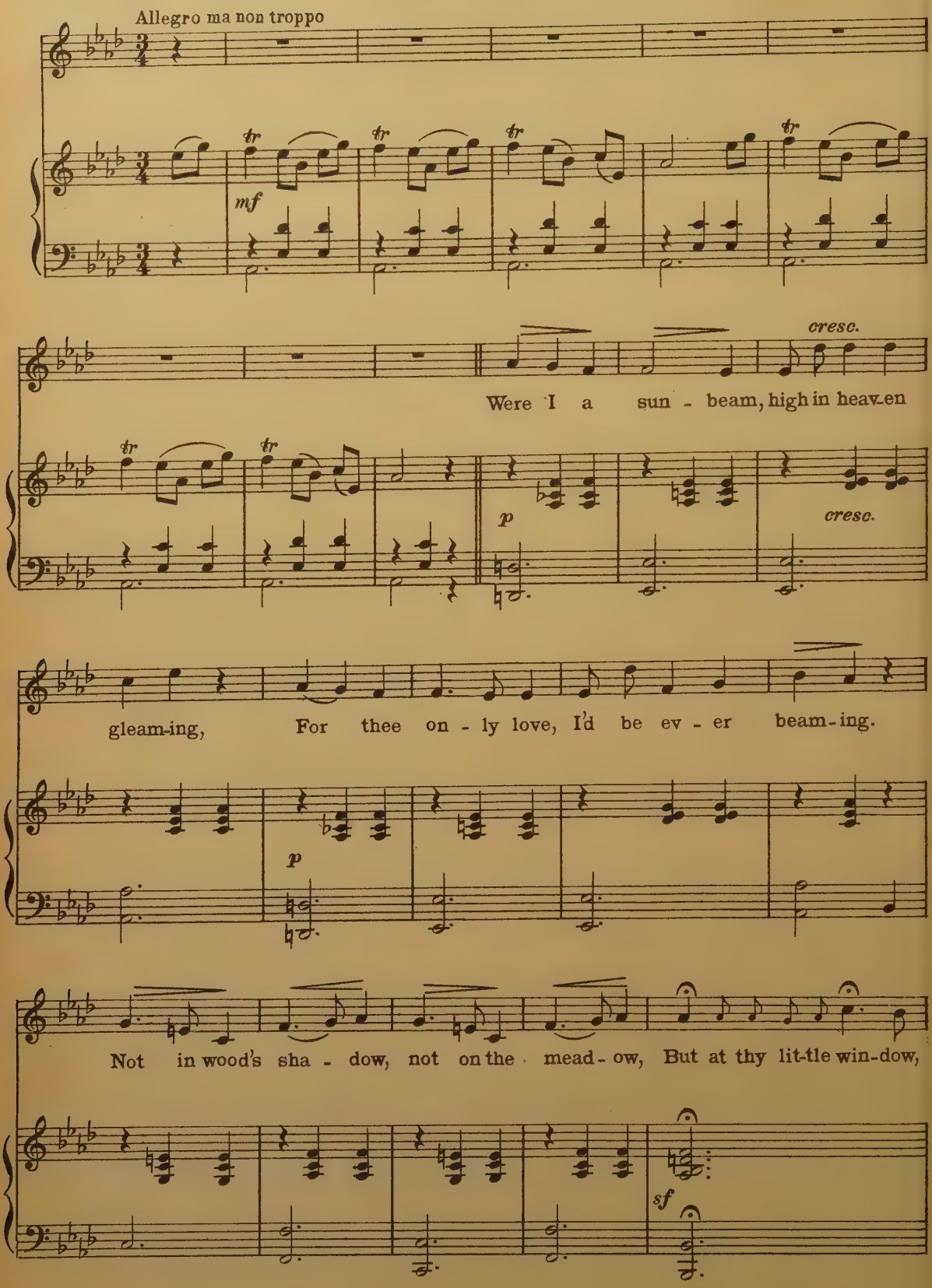
O Halino! Could I win, you!
Thou the only girl! Thou the only girl!
O Halino, Could I win you!
Thou the only girl!

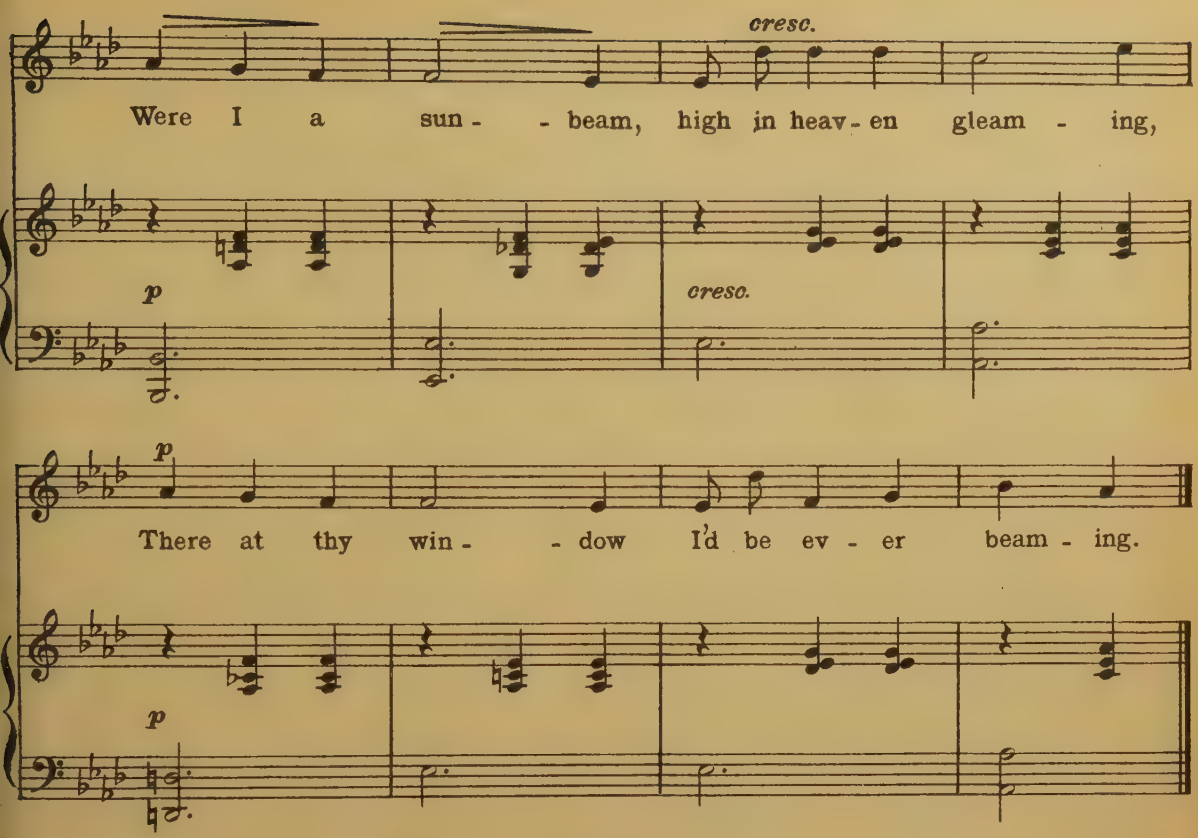
Paraphrase by
Olive Dargan

SPRING SONG

English words by
Louis C. Elson

F. Chopin


Allegro ma non troppo
mf
cresc.
Were I a sun - beam, high in heav-en
p
cresc.
gleam-ing, For thee on - ly love, I'd be ev - er beam-ing.
p
Not in wood's sha - dow, not on the mead - ow, But at thy lit-tle win-dow,
sf



Zyczenie

Gdybym ja była słoneczkiem na niebie,
Nie świeciłabym jak tylko dla ciebie.
Ani na wody ani na lasy,
Ale po wszystkie czasy
Pod twem okienkiem i tylko dla ciebie
Gdybym w słoneczko mogła zmienić siebie!

Gdybym ja była ptaszkiem z tego gaju,
Nie śpiewałabym w żadnym obcym kraju.
Ani na wody ani na lasy,
Ale po wszystkie czasy
Pod twem okienkiem i tylko dla ciebie
Czemuż nie mogę w ptaszka zmienić siebie!

Spring Song

Were I a sun-beam, high in heaven gleaming,
For thee only, love, I'd be ever beaming.
Not in wood's shadow, not on the meadow,
But at thy little window,
Were I a sunbeam, high in heaven gleaming,
There at thy window I'd be ever beaming.

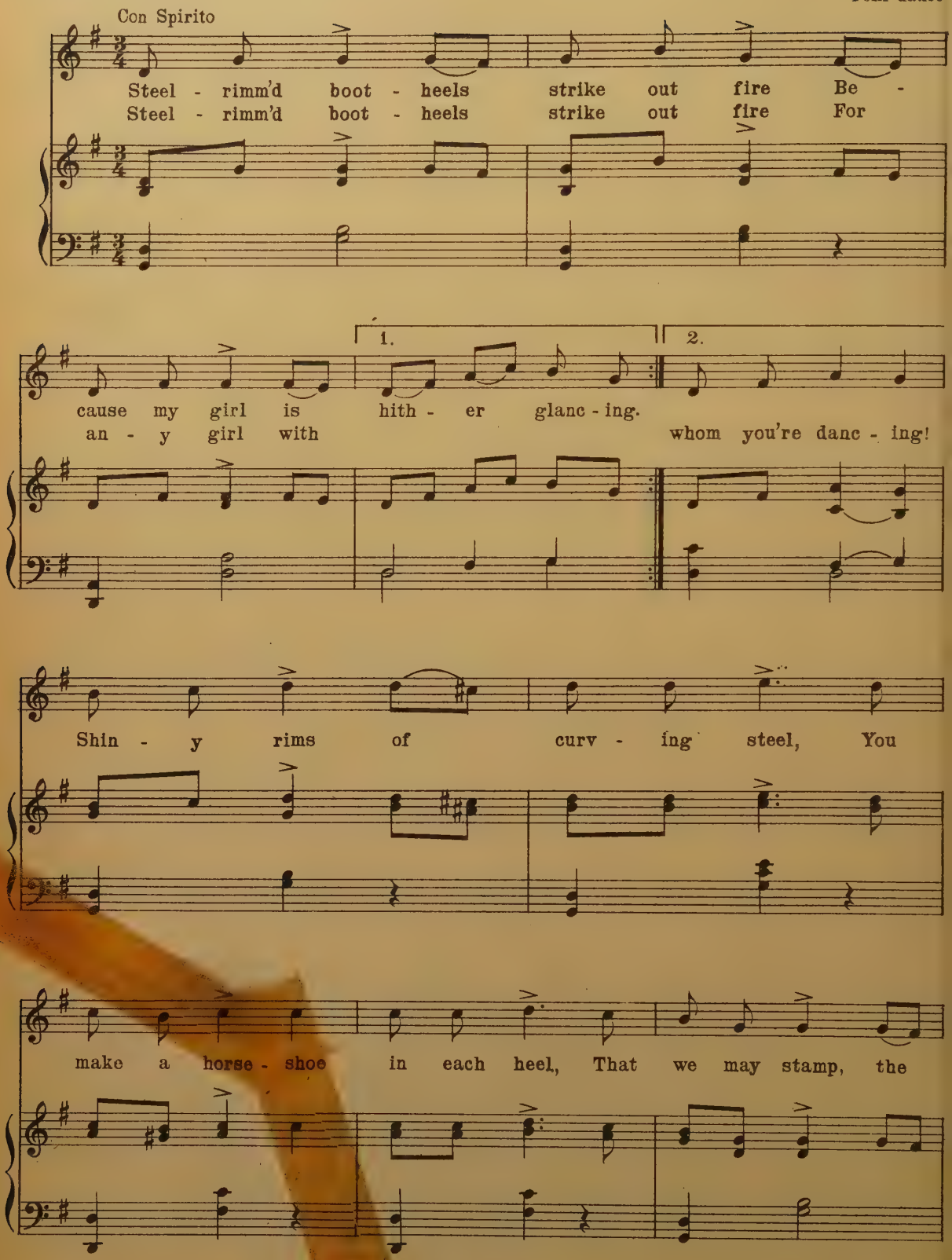
Were I a birdling, on the tree-top trilling,
All of my songs with love, should thy heart be filling.
Not in wood's shadow, not on the meadow,
But at thy little window,
Were I a birdling, there would I be trilling,
And with my songs thy heart with love be filling.

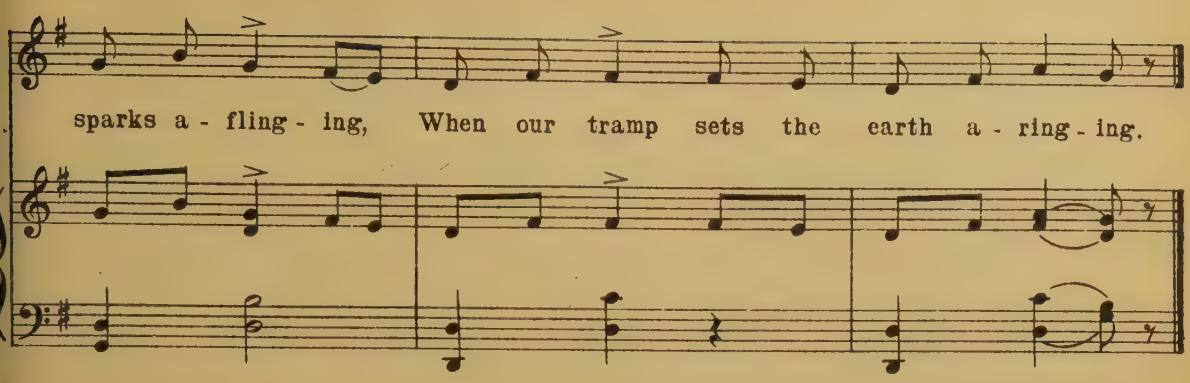
English words by Louis C. Elson. Used by permission of The John Church Company Owner of the copyright.

OBEREK

English version by
Arthur Guiterman

Folk dance


Con Spirito
Steel - rimm'd boot - heels strike out fire Be -
Steel - rimm'd boot - heels strike out fire For
1.
2.
cause my girl is hith - er glanc - ing.
an - y girl with whom you're danc - ing!
Shin - y rims of curv - ing steel, You
make a horse - shoe in each heel, That we may stamp, the



Podkóweczki dajcie ognia

Podkóweczki dajcie ognia,
Bo dziewczyna tego godna,
A czy godna, czy nie godna,
Podkóweczki dajcie ognia!

Nuże żywo, nuże dalej,
Bo podkówki są ze stali,
Byśmy ognia wykrzesali,
Nuże żywo, nuże dalej!

Hejże dalej do mazura,
Podajżeż mi rękę która,
Podajżeż mi obie ręce,
Niech się wkoło raz wykręcę.

Hoc, hoc, hoc, hoc naokoło,
I obróćwa się wesoło,
Kiedyśwa się rozhukali,
Hopa, hopa, dalej, dalej.

Kiej chłopek tupnie nóżkami,
I zakrzesze podkówkami,
Kiej ma dziewczę jak anioła
Otóż mu chwila wesoła.

Kiedy obiema rękami,
Trzymam takie dwie figury,
To mi taniec nad tańcami,
To mi mazur nad mazury.

Podajcież mi obie ręce,
Niech się jeszcze raz wykręcę.
Wiwat mazur, krakowiaki,
Wiwat panny i chłopaki.

Oberek

Steel-rimmed boot-heels strike out fire
Because my girl is hither glancing.
Steel-rimmed boot-heels strike out fire
For any girl with whom you're dancing!
Shiny rims of curving steel,
You make a horse-shoe in each heel,
That we may stamp, the sparks a-flinging,
When our tramp sets the earth a-ringing.

Come, my partner, lend a hand,
Or lend me two hands, lightly clinging.
Come, my partner, lend a hand;
Around the ring we'll go a-swinging!
Hey, hey, hey! and 'round we go,
With stamping heel and springy toe!
For when a lad is lively jumping,
His feet give the ground a thumping.

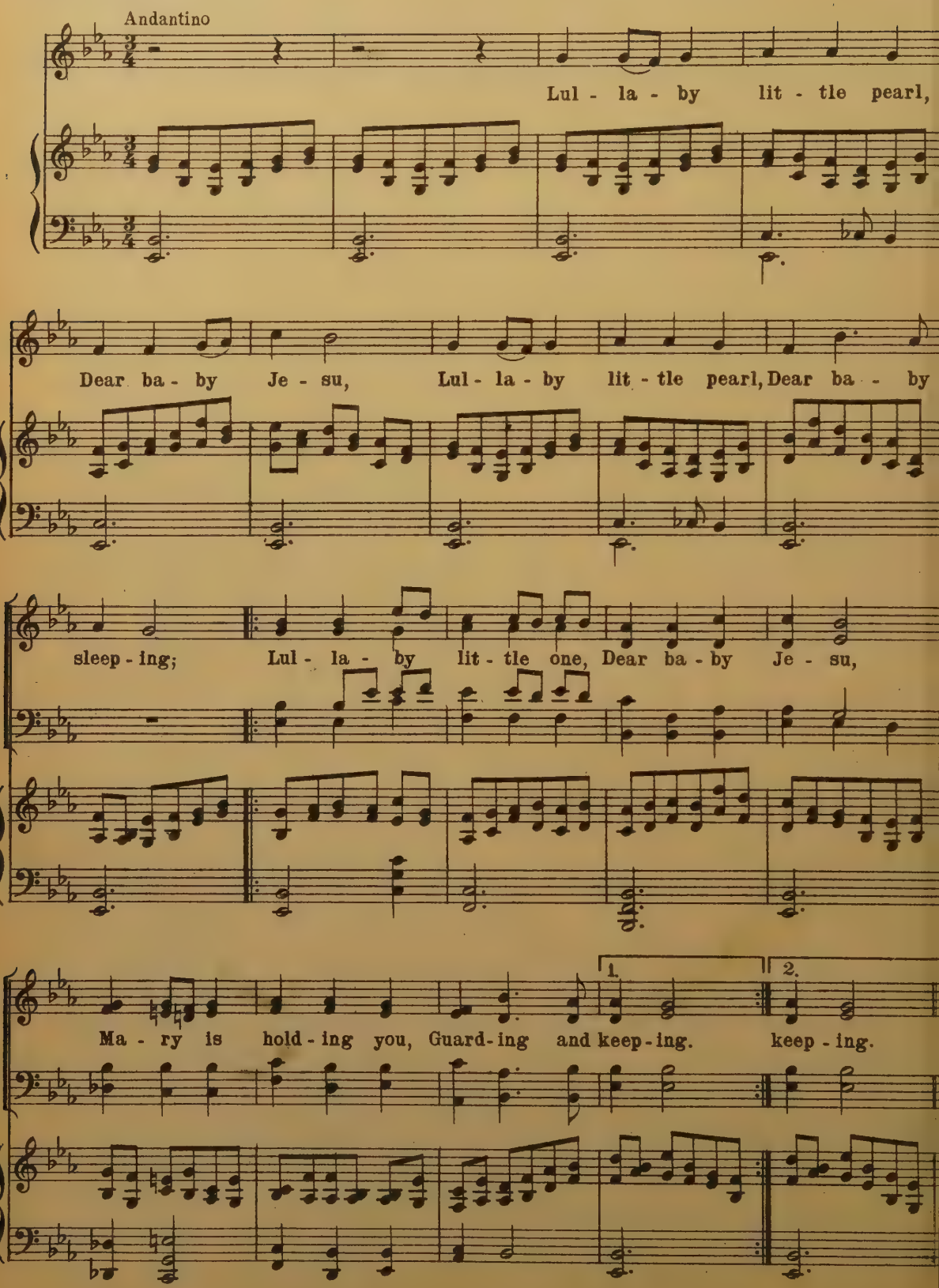
While you stamp flame from the stone
And when your girl is fair and clever,
When her smiles seem for you alone,
Oh, you'll be happy then or never!
Take her pretty hands in yours
For this mazur of all mazurs.
And there is time for smiles and glances
In this dance of all dances.

Give me both hands white and pure!
And may they live till this world passes,–
All who dance Krakow's mazur,
The merry lads and lovely lasses!
Since the horse-shoes are of steel
We make a flame flash from every heel;
And 'round and 'round we go a-swinging
While we set the ground a-ringing!

English version by
Arthur Guiterman

LULLABY CAROL

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson


Andantino
Lul - la - by lit - tle pearl,
Dear ba - by Je - su, Lul - la - by lit - tle pearl, Dear ba - by
sleep - ing; Lul - la - by lit - tle one, Dear ba - by Je - su,
Ma - ry is hold - ing you, Guard - ing and keep - ing.
1.
2.
keep - ing.

Lulajże Jezuniu

Lulajże Jezuniu moja peretko,
Lulaj ulubione me pieścidetko.
Lulajże Jezuniu łulajże lulaj,
A ty go matulu w płaczu utulaj.

Zamknijże zmrużone płaczem powieczki,
Utulże zemdlone tkaniem warżeczki.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, lulajże, lulaj, i t.d.

Dam ja Jezusowi słodkich jagódek,
Pójdę z nim w Matuli serca ogródek.
Lulajże itd.

Dam ja Jezusowi z chlebem masełka,
Włożę ja kukiełkę w jego jasełka.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Lulajże pięknіuchny mój Anioteczku,
Lulajże wdzięczniuchny świata kwiateczku.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Lulajże Różyczko najozdobniejsza,
Lulajże, Lilijko najprzyjemniejsza.
Lulajże itd.

Dam ja Ci słodkiego, Jezu, cukierku,
Rodzenków, migdałów co mam w pudełku.
Lulajże itd.

Lulajże przyjemna oczom Gwiazdeczko,
Lulaj najśliczniejsze świata słoneczko.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Dam ja maleńkiemu piękne jabłuszko,
Mateńki kochanej dam Mu serduszko.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Cyt, cyt, cyt, niech zaśnie małe Dzieciątko,
Patrz, jak ono śpi to niemowlątko,
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Cyt, cyt, cyt, wszyscy się spać zabierajcie,
Mojego dzieciątka nie przebudzajcie.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Lullaby Carol

Lullaby, little pearl,
Dear baby Jesu,
Lullaby, little pearl,
Dear baby sleeping;
Lullaby, little one,
Dear baby Jesu,
Mary is holding you,
Guarding and keeping.

Close your eyes, little one,
Your tears to cover;
Close your eyes, little one,
Heavy with crying;
Calm your lips, little one,
Where joy should hover;
Resting in Mary's arms,
Hush all your sighing.

Bring for the little man
Good things and pleasant;
Bring for the little man
Every sweet berry;
Into the garden go
Where all is pleasant;
Mary will comfort Him
Keeping Him merry.

Bread for His little mouth
With golden butter –
Bread for His little mouth,
A loaf to feed Him –
Put in His cradle now
Good bread and butter.
If he should wake from rest
Mary will heed Him.

Lullaby, lovely flower,
Beautiful angel;
Lullaby, lovely flower,
Lily, the fairest!
Lullaby, little one,
Beautiful angel,
Mary is holding you,
Rosebud, the rarest!

Give to the little man,
Raisins delicious;
Give to the little man
Almonds to please Him;
Sweets from the little box,
Raisins delicious,
When Mary hears Him wake,
She will appease Him.

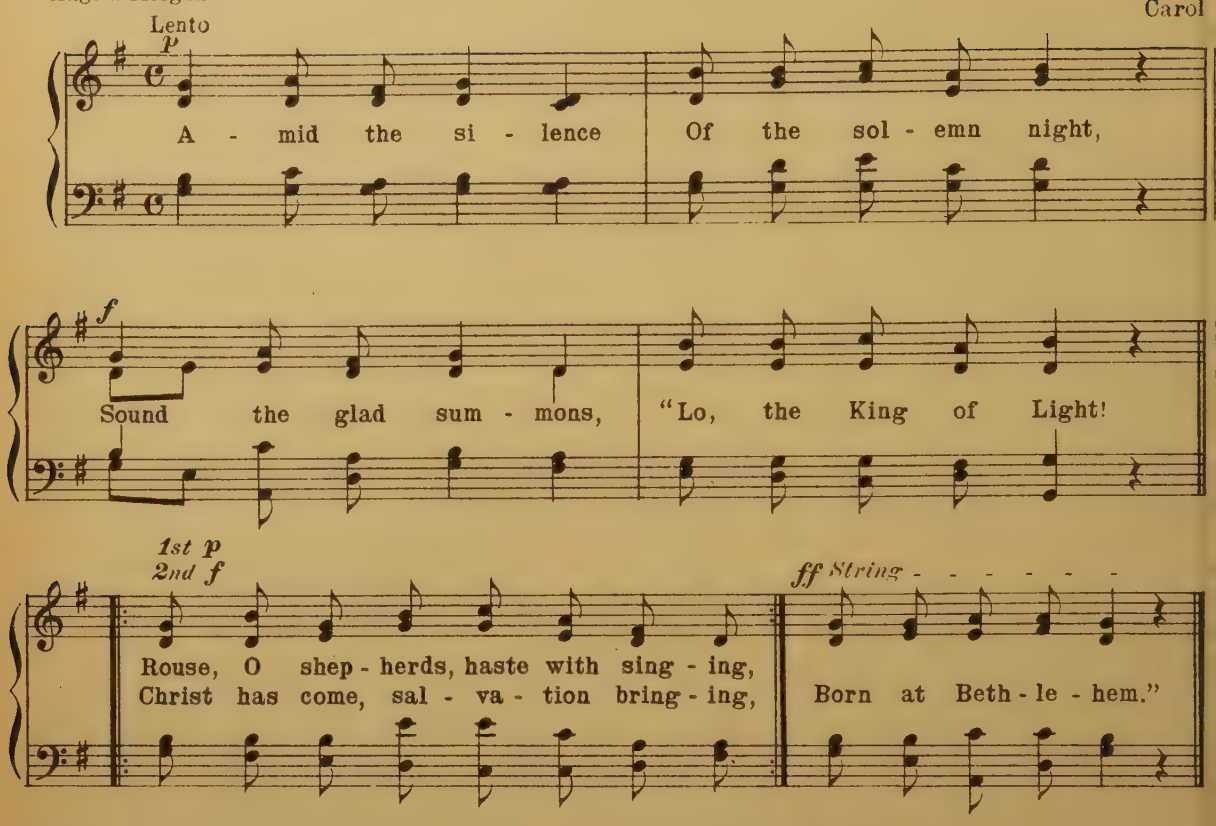
Lullaby, little love,
Star kindly twinkling;
Lullaby, little love,
Sun shining brightly;
Lullaby, little one,
Star kindly twinkling,
Mary is watching you,
O, Sweet and Sprightly!

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

AMID THE SILENCE

English version by
Angela Morgan

Carol


Lento
p
A - mid the si - lence Of the sol - emn night,
f
Sound the glad sum - mons, "Lo, the King of Light!
1st p
2nd f
ff String
Rouse, O shep - herds, haste with sing - ing,
Christ has come, sal - va - tion bring - ing,
Born at Beth - le - hem."

Wśród nocnej ciszy

Wśród nocnej ciszy głos się rozchodzi,
Wstańcie pasterze Bóg się nam rodzi,
Czem prędzej się wybierajcie,
Do Betlejem pośpieszajcie, Przywitać Pana.

Poszli, znaleźli Dzieciątko w żłobie
Z wszystkiemi znaki danemi sobie;
Jako Bogu cześć mu dali,
A witając, zawołali... Z wielkiéj radości:

Ach witaj, Zbawco zdawna żądany!
Cztery tysiące lat wyglądany:
Na Ciebie króle, prorocy
Czekali, a Tyś tej nocy... Nam się objawił.

I My czekamy na Ciebie, Pana;
A skoro przyjdziesz na głos kapłana,
Padniemy na twarz przed Tobą,
Wierząc, żeś jest pod osobą...Chleba i wina.

Amid the Silence

Amid the silence
Of the solemn night,
Sound the glad summons,
"Lo, the King of Light!
Rouse, O shepherds, haste with singing,
Christ has come, salvation bringing,
Born at Bethlehem."

Gladly the herdsmen
Sought the Holy Son,
Found in a manger
Christ, the sinless one,
Worshipped Him with exultation,
"God has brought us full salvation!
Him we shall adore!"

Lord, we have hailed Thee,
Many thousand years.
Now through our darkness
Lo, Thy star appears.
Kings and prophets long have named Thee,
Priests and martyrs all proclaimed Thee,
Savior of mankind.

English version by
Angela Morgan

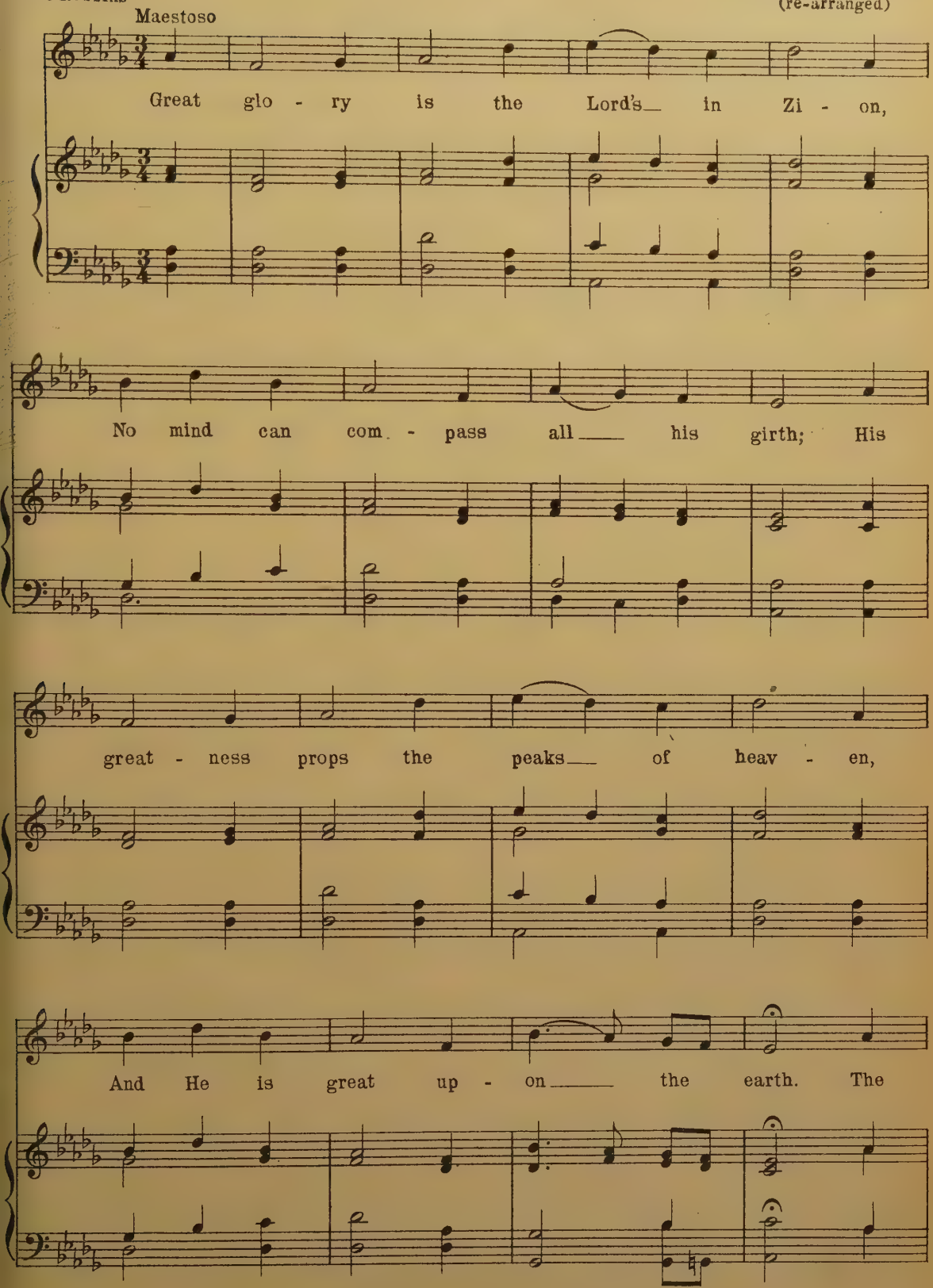
GLORY TO THE LORD IN ZION

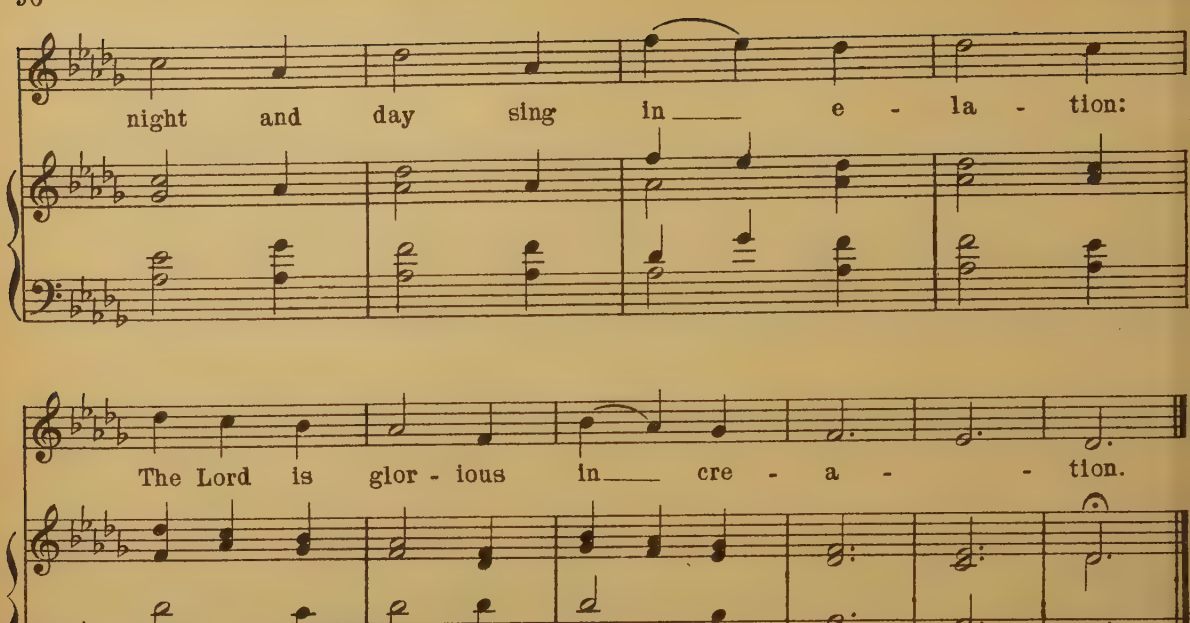
Kol Slaven

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Dmitri S. Bortniansky
(re-arranged)

Maestoso


Great glo - ry is the Lord's in Zi - on,
No mind can com - pass all his girth; His
great - ness props the peaks of heav - en,
And He is great up - on the earth. The



КОЛЬ СЛАВЕНЪ.

Коль славенъ нашъ Господь въ Сіонѣ
Не можетъ изъяснить языкъ:
Великъ Онъ въ небесахъ на тронѣ,
Въ былинкахъ на земли великъ.
Вездѣ Господь великъ и славенъ
Въ ночи, во дни сіяніемъ равенъ.

Тебя Твой агнецъ златорунный
Всегда изображаетъ намъ;
Мы на псалтири сладкострунной
Тебѣ приносимъ фиміамъ.
Прими отъ насъ благодаренье
Какъ благовонное куренье.

Ты солнцемъ смертныхъ освѣщаешь,
Ты любишь, Боже, насъ какъ чадъ.
Ты насъ трапезой насыщаешь
И воздвигаешь вышній градъ,
Ты смертныхъ, Боже, посѣщаешь
И благодатію питаешь.

Господь, да во Твои селенія,
Воспрянутъ наши голоса,
И наше предъ Тобою пѣнье,
Да будетъ чистымъ какъ роса!
Тебѣ въ сердцахъ алтарь поставимъ,
Тебя, Господь, поемъ и славимъ!

Glory to the Lord in Zion

Great glory is the Lord's in Zion,
No mind can compass all His girth;
His greatness props the peaks of heaven,
And He is great upon the earth.
The night and day sing in elation:
The Lord is glorious in creation.

His golden Lamb to us forever
His unimagined image brings,
And on the soft, sweet stringed psalter
The incense of His glory sings.
Accept our praise, while in our singing
Thy music and Thy words are ringing.

Thy sun brings light to humble mortals;
We are the children of Thy love,
We dread Thy holy visitations
When in the sky Thy lightnings move.
Thou feedest us on Thy sweet pity,
And buildest Thine immortal city.

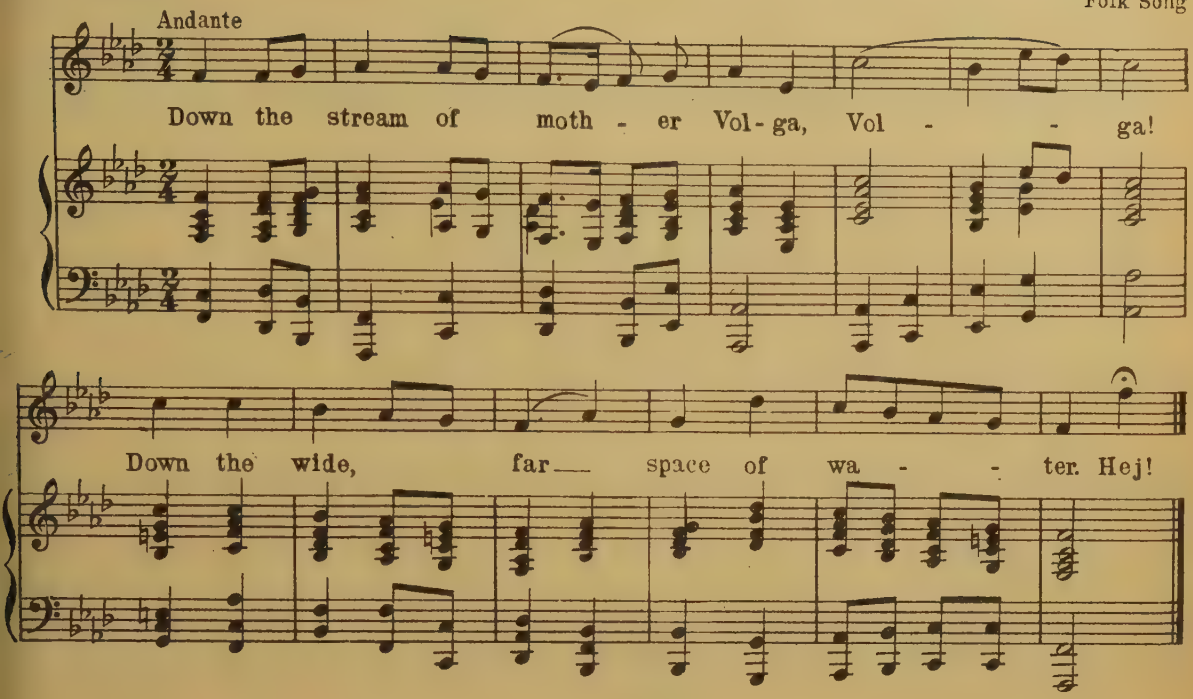
Within our hearts we build an altar
To Thee who reignest in the blue;
And may our voices, upward rising,
Be in Thine ears like honey dew.
Thy children sing in their elation:
The Lord is glorious in creation.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

DOWN THE VOLGA!

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk Song



ВНИЗЪ ПО МАТУШКѢ ПО ВОЛГѢ.

Внизъ по матушкѣ по Волгѣ,
По широкому раздолью,
Разыгралася погода,
Погодушка верьховая,
Верьховая волновая.
Ничего въ волнахъ не видно,
Одна лодочка чернѣетъ;
Никого въ лодкѣ не видно,
Только парусы бѣлѣютъ,
На гребцахъ шляпы чернѣютъ,
Кушаки на нихъ алѣютъ.
На кормѣ сидитъ хозяинъ;
Самъ хозяинъ во нарядѣ,
Въ коричневомъ кафтанѣ,
Въ пирюсеневомъ камзолѣ,
Въ аломъ шелковомъ платочкѣ.
Въ черномъ бархатномъ картузѣ;
На картузѣ козыречикъ,
Самъ отецкой онъ сыночикъ.
Ужъ какъ взговоритъ хозяинъ:
„И мы грянемте ребята,
Внизъ по матушкѣ по Волгѣ,
Ко Еленину подворью,
Ко Ивановнѣ здоровью,
Аленушка выходила,
Свою дочку выводила,
Таки рѣчи говорила:
„Не прогнѣвайся, пожалуй,
Въ чемъ ходила, въ томъ и вышла,
Въ одной тоненькой рубашкѣ,
И въ кумачной душегрѣйкѣ".

Down the Volga!

Down the stream of mother Volga, Volga!
Down the wide, far space of waters. Hej!

Ran a mighty wind to southward, Volga!
Black with storm the waves were threatening. Hej!

On the tide so wild and darkening, Volga!
Only one small sail is whitening. Hej!

Black hats crown the lusty rowers, Volga!
With their belts of russet leather. Hej!

At the rudder stands the captain, Volga!
Dressed in rich brocaded velvet. Hej!

In a coat of rich brown velvet, Volga!
In a black hat made of velvet. Hej!

Cries the captain to the rowers, Volga!
"Row ye with a will, my children. Hej!

Down the stream of mother Volga, Volga!
To my long beloved Helen. Hej!

To old Ivan's lovely daughter, Volga!"
Helen came a way to meet him. Hej.

Came to meet him with her mother, Volga!
Came to tell him words of welcome. Hej!

"Be not angry that we greet you, Volga!
Wearing simple homely dresses. Hej!

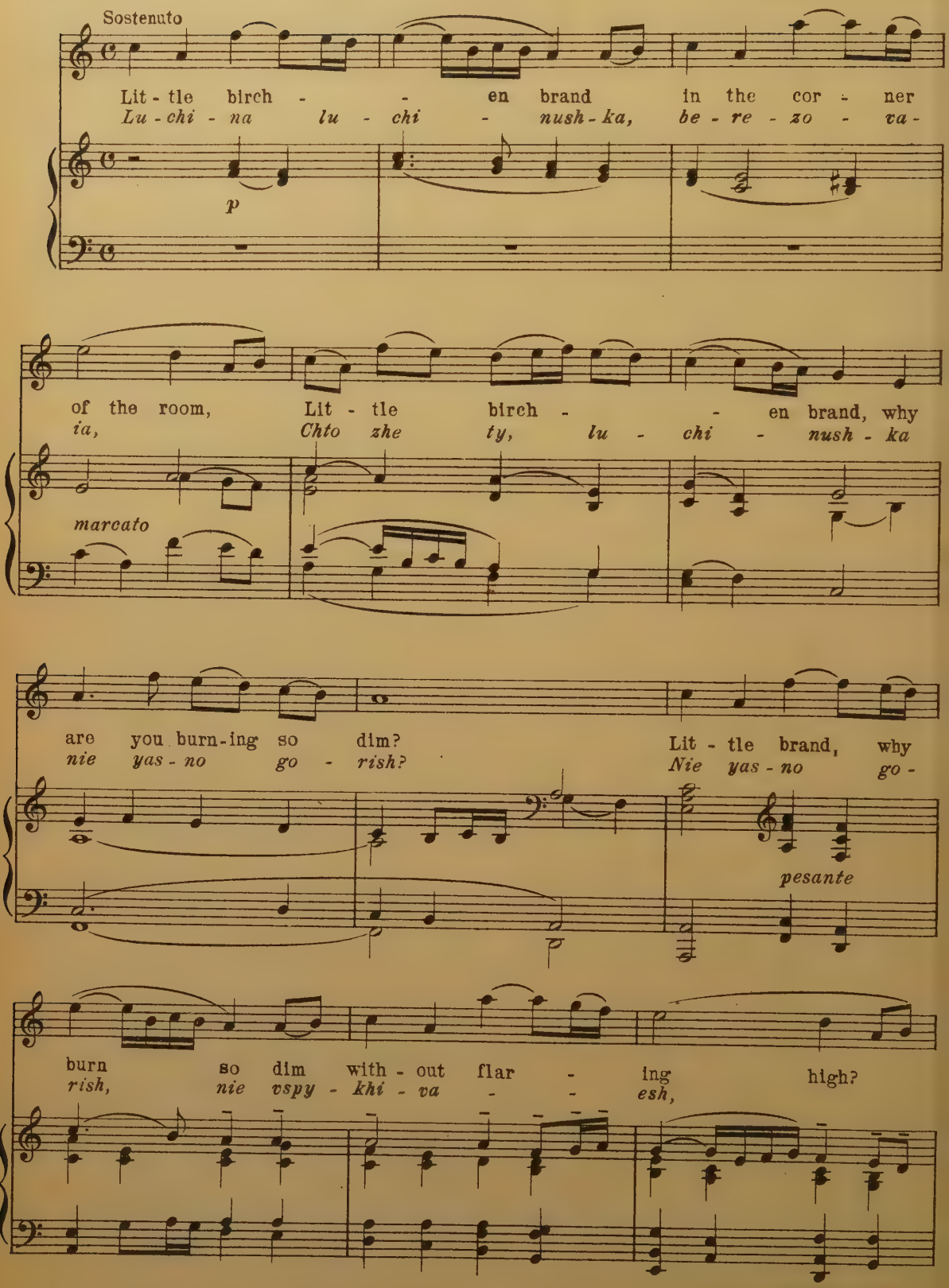
For we feared that mother Volga, Volga,
To herself had torn you from us!" Hej!

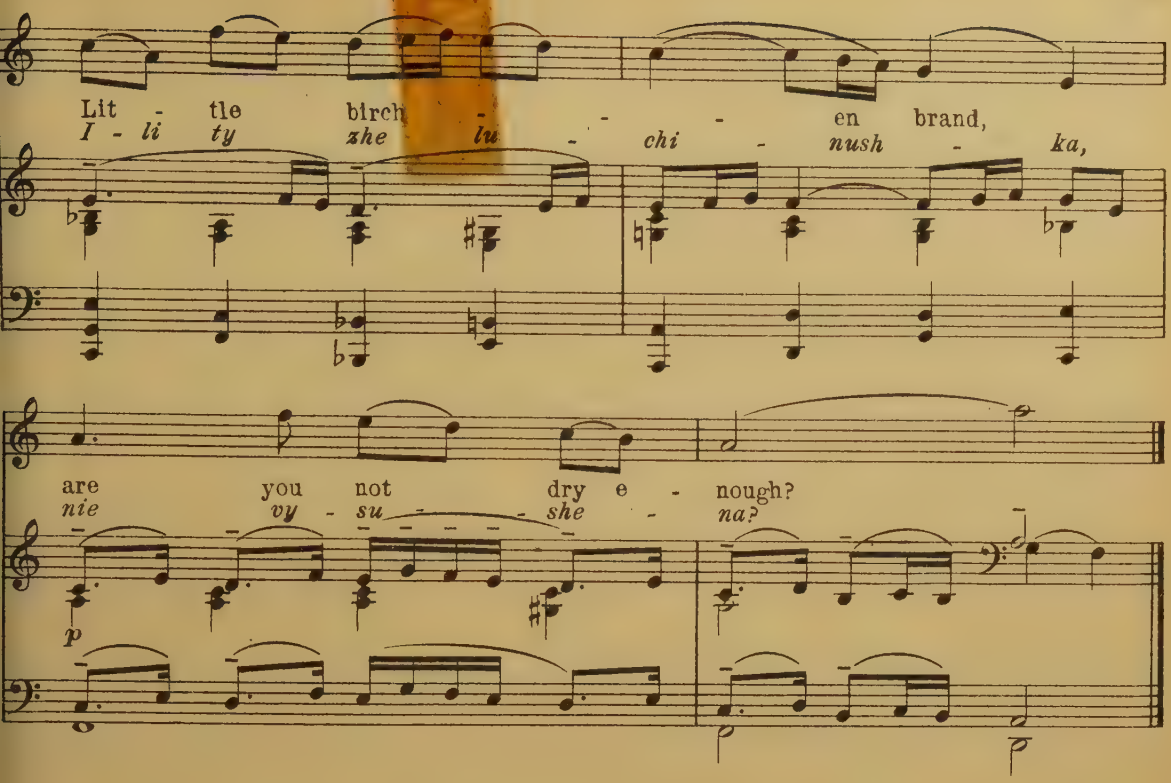
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

THE BIRCHEN BRAND

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Arranged by
Sergei Rachmaninoff


Sostenuto
Lit - tle birch - - en brand in the cor - ner
Lu - chi - na lu - chi - nush - ka, be - re - zo - va -
p
of the room, Lit - tle birch - - en brand, why
ia, Chto zhe ty, lu - chi - nush - ka
marcato
are you burn-ing so dim? Lit - tle brand, why
nie yas - no go - rish? Nie yas - no go -
pesante
burn so dim with - out flar - ing high?
rish, nie vspy - khi - va - - esh,



ЛУЧИНУШКА.

Лучина, лучинушка березевая,
Что же ты, лучинушка, не ясно горишь?
Не ясно горишь, не вспыхиваешь?
Или ты лучинушка, не высушена?
Или свекровь лютая водой подлила?
„Подружки, голубушки, ложитеся спать,
Ложитесь, подруженьки, вамъ некого ждать,
А мнѣ, младешенькѣ, всю ночку не спать,
Всю ночку не спать, мила друга мнѣ ждать.
Первый сонъ заснула я: мила друга нѣтъ,
Другой сонъ заснула я: желаннаго нѣтъ
Третій сонъ заснула я: заря, бѣлый свѣтъ,
По бѣлой, по зорюшкѣ, мой милый идетъ...

The Birchen Brand

Little birchen brand in the corner of the room,
Little birchen brand, why are you burning so dim?
Little brand, why burn so dim, without flaring high?
Little birchen brand, are you not dry enough?

Little birchen brand in the corner of the room,
Little birchen brand, why are you burning so dim?
Or has my mother-in-law poured cold water on you?
Little birchen brand, are you not dry enough?

O my little friends, my doves, why don't you go to sleep?
Why don't you go to sleep, you have no one to await.
But for me, my little doves, there can be no sleep.
Little birchen brand, are you not dry enough?

All the night I will not sleep, I will await my love.
In the first sleep of night, my true love did not come.
In the second sleep of night, my heart's desire came not.
In the third sleep of night, came dawn white and fair.

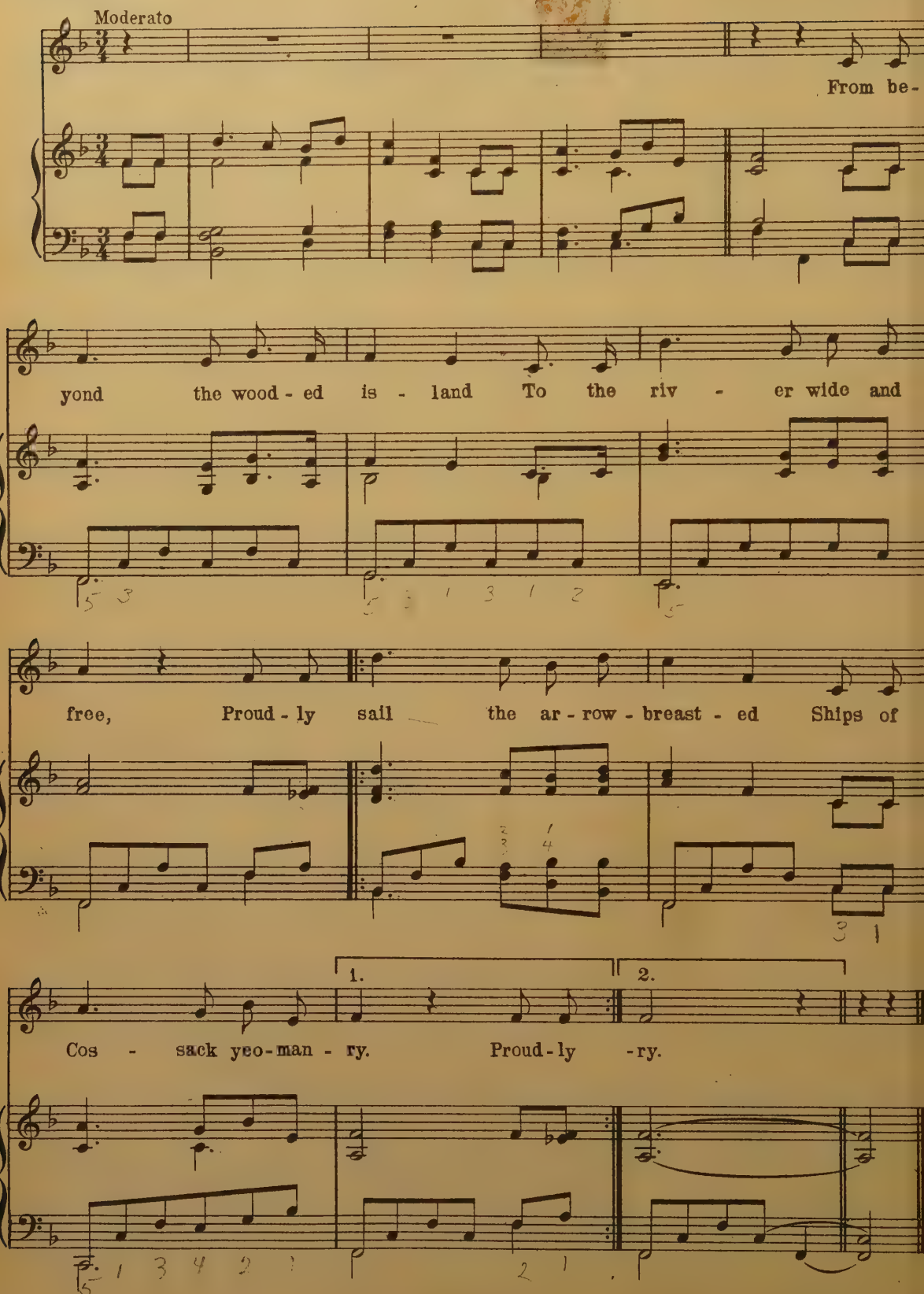
And my true love came to me in the white light of dawn,
And my true love came to me in the white light of dawn.
Little birchen brand in the corner of the room,
Little birchen brand, why are you burning so dim?

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

STENKA RAZIN

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk Song


Moderato
From be-
yond the wood - ed is - land To the riv - er wide and
free, Proud - ly sail the ar - row - breast - ed Ships of
1.
2.
Cos - sack yeo-man - ry. Proud - ly -ry.

СТЕНЬКА РАЗИНЪ.

Изъ за острова, на стряжень,
На просторъ рѣчной волны,
Выплывали росписные
Острогрудые челны.
На переднемъ Стенька Равинъ,
Обнявшись сидитъ съ княжной,
Свадьбу новую справляетъ
Онъ веселый и хмѣльной.

Позади нихъ слышенъ ропотъ:
„Насъ на бабу промѣнялъ,
Только ночь съ ней провожался
Самъ на утро бабой сталъ".
Этотъ ропотъ и насмѣшки
Слышитъ грозный атаманъ.
И онъ мощною рукой
Обнялъ персіянки станъ.

Брови черныя сошлися
Надвигается гроза;
Буйной кровью налилися
Атамановы глаза.
„Все отдамъ, не пожалѣю,
Буйну голову отдамъ"
Громкій голосъ раздается
По окрестнымъ берегамъ.

А она потупивъ очи,
Не жива и не мертва,
Молча слушаетъ хмѣльныя
Атамановы слова.
„Волга, Волга, мать родная,
Волга русская рѣка,
Не видала ты подарка
Отъ донского казака.

И чтобъ не было раздора,
Между вольными людьми,
Волга, Волга, мать родная,
На, красавицу прими".
Мощнымъ взмахомъ подымаетъ
Онъ красавицу княжну,
И за бортъ ее бросаетъ
Въ набѣжавшую волну.

Что вы, черти, пріуныли,
Эй ты Филька, шутъ пляши,
Грянемъ братцы удалую
За поминъ ея души.
Изъ за острова, на стряжень,
На просторъ рѣчной волны,
Выплываютъ росписные
Стеньки Разина челны.

Stenka Razin

From beyond the wooded island
To the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yeomanry.

In the first one Stenka Razin
With a princess at his side,
Drunken, holds a marriage revel
With his beautiful young bride.

But behind them rose a whisper,
"He has left his sword to woo,
One short night, and Stenka Razin
Has become a woman too."

Stenka Razin hears the jeering
Of his discontented band,
And the lovely Persian princess
He has circled with his hand.

His black brows have come together
As the waves of anger rise,
And the blood has mounted swiftly
To his piercing, jet-black eyes.

"I will give you all you wanted,
Life and heart, and head and hand,"
Echo rolls the pealing thunder
Of his voice across the land.

"Volga, Volga, mother Volga
Deep and wide beneath the sun,
You have never seen a present
From the Cossack of the Don.

And that peace might rule as always
All my free-born men and brave,
Volga, Volga, mother Volga,
Volga, make this girl a grave."

With a sudden, mighty movement,
Razin lifts the beauty high,
And he casts her where the waters
Of the Volga move and sigh.

"Dance, you fool, and men, make merry,
What has got into your eyes?
Let us thunder out a chanty
Of a place where beauty lies."

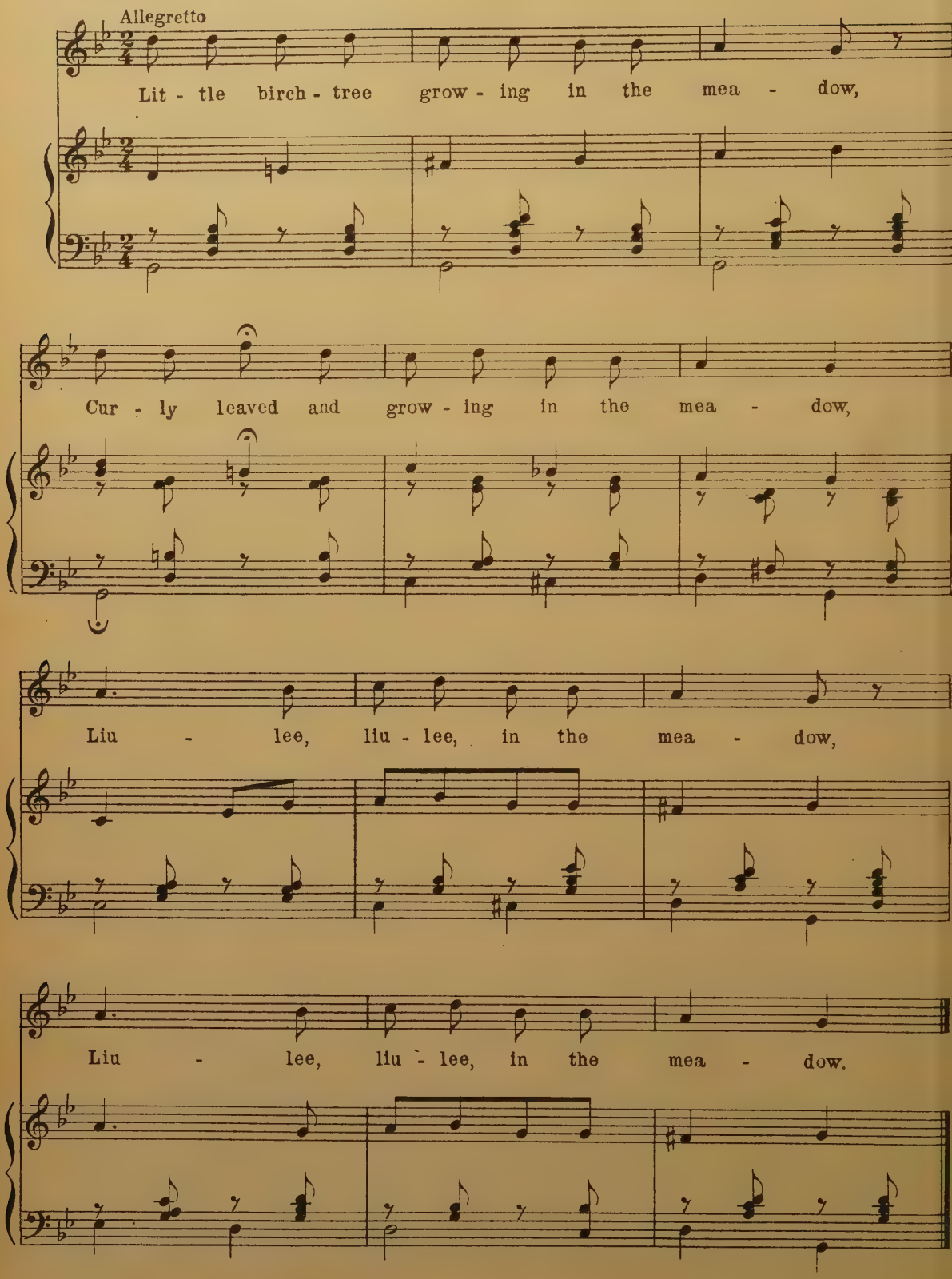
From beyond the wooded island
To the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yeomanry.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

THE BIRCH TREE

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk Song


Allegretto
Lit - tle birch - tree grow - ing in the mea - dow,
Cur - ly leaved and grow - ing in the mea - dow,
Liu - lee, liu - lee, in the mea - dow,
Liu - lee, liu - lee, in the mea - dow.

ВО ПОЛѢ БЕРЕЗА СТОЯЛА.

Во полѣ береза стояла,
Во полѣ кудрявая стояла,
Люли, люли стояла. 2.
Не кому березу заломати,
Не кому кудряву заломати,
Люли, люли, заломати, 2.
Бѣлую березу заломаю, 2.
Люли, люли погуляю, 2.
Я жъ пойду погуляю, 2.
Люли, люли заломаю, 2.
Срѣжу съ березы три пруточка, 2.
Люли, люли три пруточка, 2.
Сдѣлаю три гудочка, 2.
Люли, люди три гудочка, 2.
Четвертую балалайку, 2.
Люли, люли балалайку, 2.
Пойду на новые на сѣни, 2.
Люли, люли на сѣни, 2.
Стану въ балалаечку играти, 2.
Люли, люли играти, 2.
Стану я милаго будити, 2.
Люли, люли будити, 2.
Встань ты мой милой проснися, 2.
Люли, люли проснися, 2.
Ты душа моя пробудися,2.
Люли, люли пробудися, 2.
Вотъ тебѣ икона помолися, 2.
Люли, люли помолися, 2.
Вотъ гребешекъ расчешися, 2.
Люли, люли расчешися, 2.
Вотъ тебѣ башмачки обуйся, 2.
Люли, люли обуйся, 2.
Вотъ тебѣ кафтанчикъ одѣнься, 2.
Люли, люли одѣнься. 2.

The Birch Tree

Little birch tree growing in the meadow,

Curly leaved and growing *in the meadow.*

Chorus – Liulee, liulee, in the meadow. *note**

Who will break your *fresh white branches?* 2. Chorus. 2.

I'll go out a-walking *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will break your branches *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will cut three branches *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will make three whistles *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will take my singing *balalaika.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Play a song upon my *balalaika.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will go right up *to his doorway.* 2. Chorus. 2.

To the door of *my beloved.* 2. Chorus. 2.

With my singing him *to awaken.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise my beloved *from thy slumber.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise my beloved *and awaken.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise and pray before the *holy ikon.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise and don thy shoes of *russet leather.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Don the coat my hands *have embroidered.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Take my hand and come *to the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

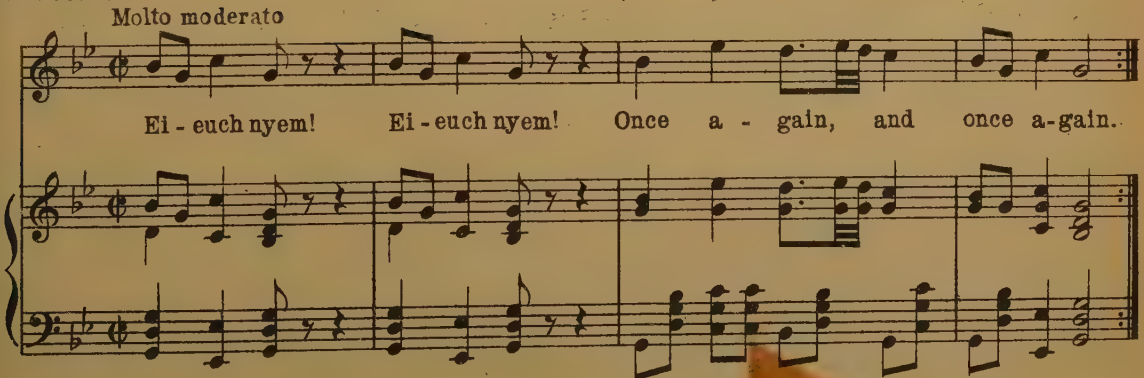
* *Note: The final phrase of the chorus is always the last part of the verse. (i e - in Italics)*

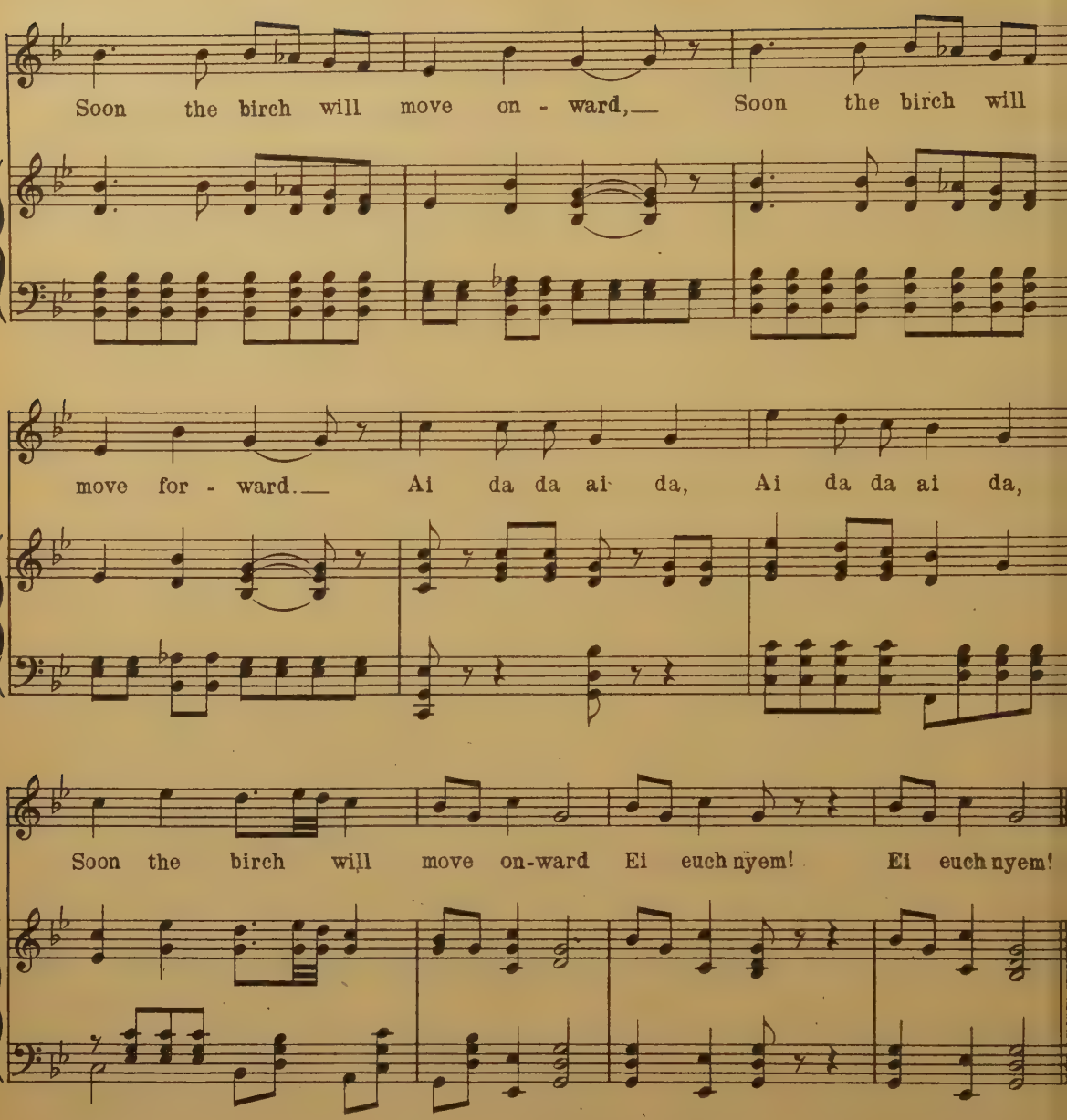
HEJ ONWARD!

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk Song

Molto moderato




Soon the birch will move on - ward,— Soon the birch will
move for - ward.— Ai da da ai da, Ai da da ai da,
Soon the birch will move on-ward Ei euch nyem! Ei euch nyem!

ЭЙ УХНЕМЪ.

Эй ухнемъ, эй ухнемъ
Еще разикъ, еще разикъ.
Разовьемъ мы березу,
Разовьемъ мы кудряву.
Ай да да ай,
Разовьемъ кудрявую,
Разовьемъ кудрявую.

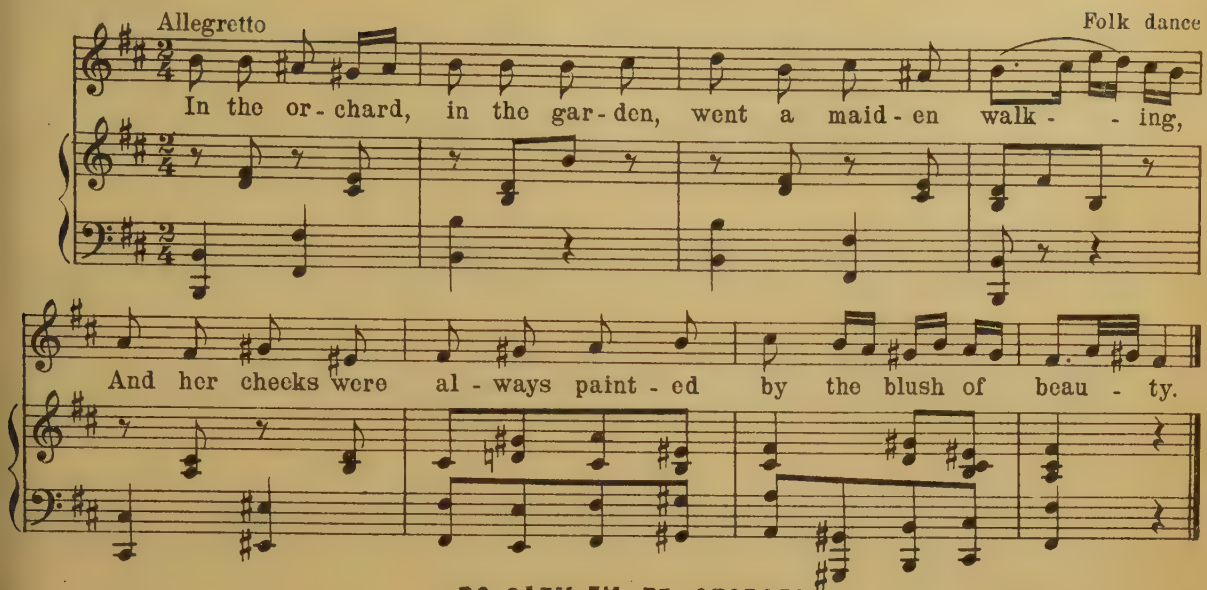
Hej Onward!

Ei euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!
Once again, and once again.
Soon the birch will move onward,
Soon the birch will move forward.
Ai da da ai da, Ai da da ai da,
Soon the birch will move forward,
Ei euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

IN THE ORCHARD, IN THE GARDEN

Translation by
Jacob Robbins


Allegretto
Folk dance
In the or - chard, in the gar - den, went a maid - en walk - - ing,
And her cheeks were al - ways paint - ed by the blush of beau - ty.

ВО САДУ ЛИ, ВЪ ОГОРОДѢ.

Во саду ли, въ огородѣ, дѣвица гуляла,
Невеличка, кругololичка, румяное личко,
За ней ходитъ, за ней бродитъ удалой молодчикъ,
За ней носитъ, за ней носитъ дороги подарки;
Дорогіе тѣ подарки, кумачъ да китайки:
Кумачу я не хочу, китайки не надо,
Принеси, моя надежда, алова грязету,
На двѣ юбки, на двѣ шубки, на двѣ тѣлогреи,
Перешей, моя надежда, въ нѣмецкое платье:
Спасибо тебѣ молодчикъ! снабдилъ дѣвицу;
Я пойду же младешенька во торгъ торговати,
Что во торгъ ли торговати, на рынокъ гуляти,
Я куплю млада младенька пахучія мяты,
Посажу я эту мяту подлѣ своей хаты;
Не топчи, бѣлъ кудреватой! пахучія мяты,
Я не для тебя сажала, водой поливала,
Для кого я поливала, того обнимала.

In the Orchard, in the Garden

In the orchard, in the garden, went a maiden walking,
And her cheeks were always painted by the blush of beauty.

She was followed, always followed, by a gallant lover,
And he carried, always carried, rich and costly presents;

Carried combs, and carried tunics, fit for queen or princess.
Neither comb or tunic want I, neither comb nor tunic.

Bring, my hope, O bring unto me silks and satins crimson
For two skirts, two winter fur coats, and two comforters.

Make of it, my hope, my sweetest, many foreign dresses.
Thank you, young man, for your granting all my foolish wishes.

I will go this early morning to the village nearest,
I will go to buy some sweetmeats, and to buy some flowers.

I will come back in the evening with a snowy mint flower,
I will plant the snowy mint flower near my father's cottage.

Don't you tread upon my mint flower, don't you tread upon it,
Not for you the mint I planted, watered it and weeded.

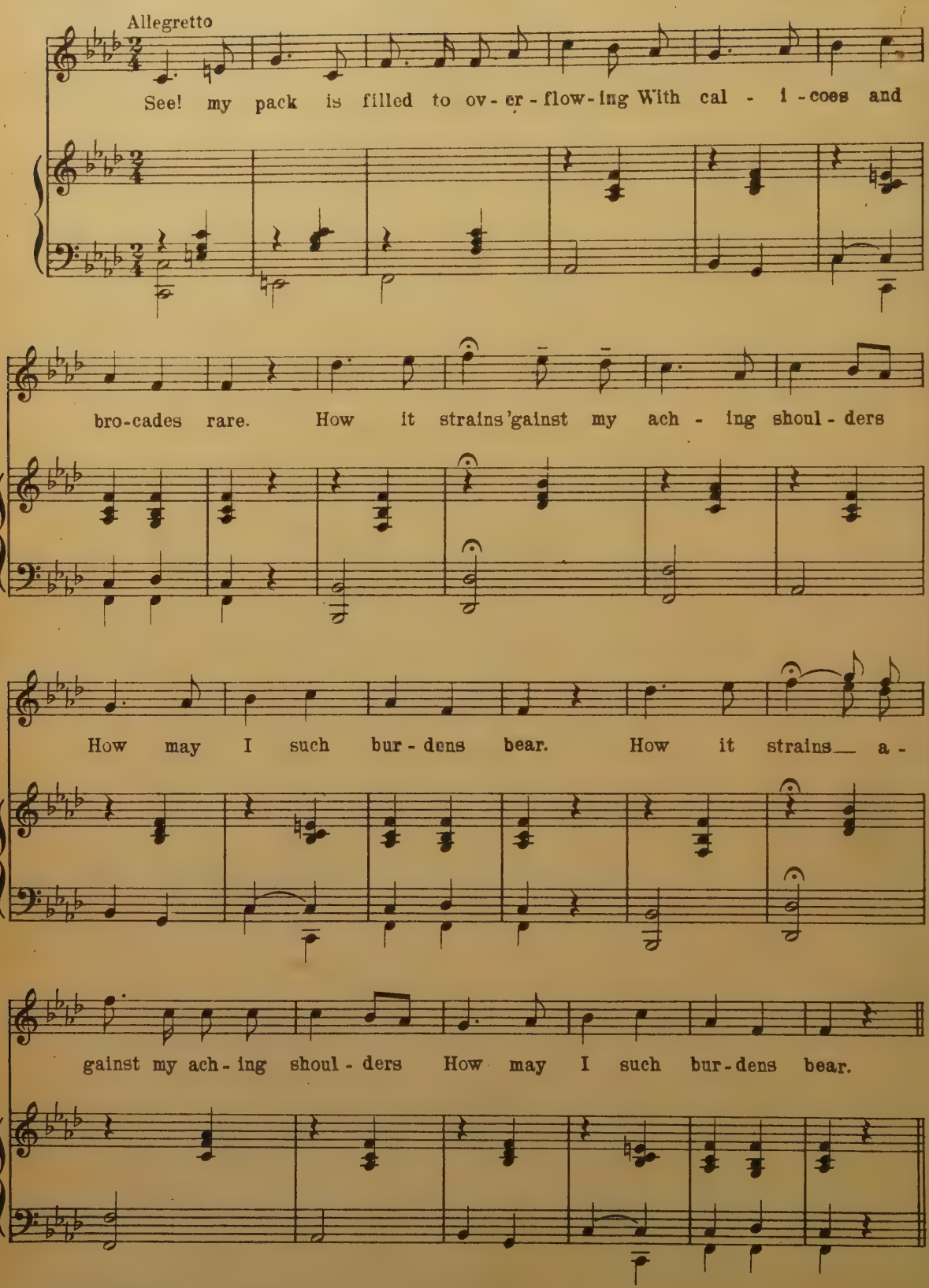
But for him who is my lover, was the mint flower planted,
But for him who is my lover, was the mint flower planted.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

THE PEDDLER

Translated by
Jacob Robbins

As sung by
Saveli Walevitch


Allegretto
See! my pack is filled to ov - er - flow - ing With cal - i - coes and
bro-cades rare. How it strains'gainst my ach - ing shoul - ders
How may I such bur - dens bear. How it strains a -
gainst my ach - ing shoul - ders How may I such bur - dens bear.

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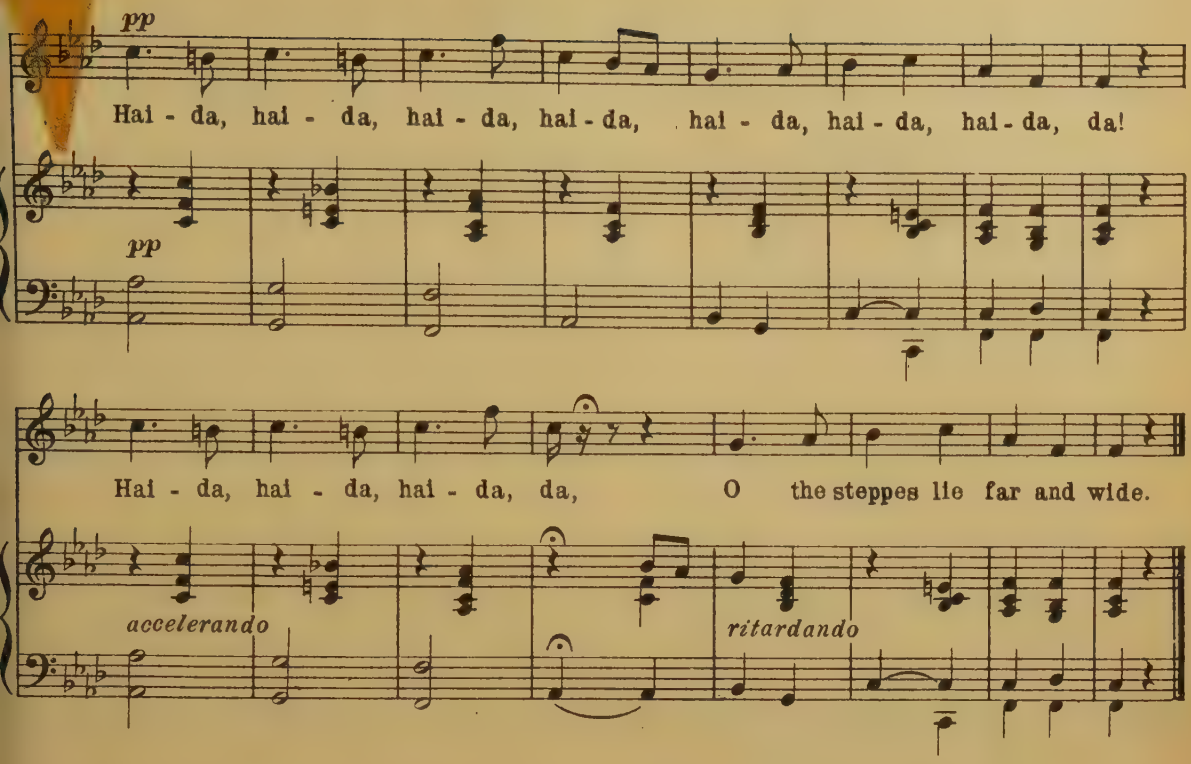

pp
Hai - da, hai - da, hai - da, hai - da, hai - da, hai - da, hai - da, da!
pp
Hai - da, hai - da, hai - da, da, O the steppes lie far and wide.
accelerando
ritardando

КОРОБЕЙНИКЪ.

Эхъ полнымъ полна коробушка,
Есть и ситецъ и парча,
Пожалѣй, душа зазнобушка,
Молодецкаго плеча.
Гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда,
Гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда,
Степь широкая моя.
Цѣны самъ платилъ немалыя,
Не торгуйся не скупись.
Подставляй ка губки алыя,
Ближе къ молодцу садись.
Гайда, гайда и т. д.
Выйди, выйди въ рожь высокую,
Тамъ до ночки подожду,
А завижу черноокую
Всѣ товары разложу.
Гайда, гайда и т. д.

The Peddler

See! my pack is filled to overflowing
With calicoes and brocades rare.
How it strains 'gainst my aching shoulders
How may I such burdens bear.
How it strains against my aching shoulders
How may I such burdens bear.

Refrain:

Haida, haida, haida, haida, haida, haida, haida, da!
Haida, haida, haida, da,
O the steppes lie far and wide.

I have gladly paid high prices
Do not bargain stingily.
Just sit close when evening comes
Give your sweet, red rose-bud lips to me.
Just sit close and when the evening comes
Give your sweet, red, rose-bud lips to me.

Refrain:

I will wait 'till night comes darkening
In wide fields of dreaming wheat.
'Till your own dark eyes shine on me
While I lay my riches at your feet,
'Till your own dark eyes then shine on me
While I lay my riches at your feet.

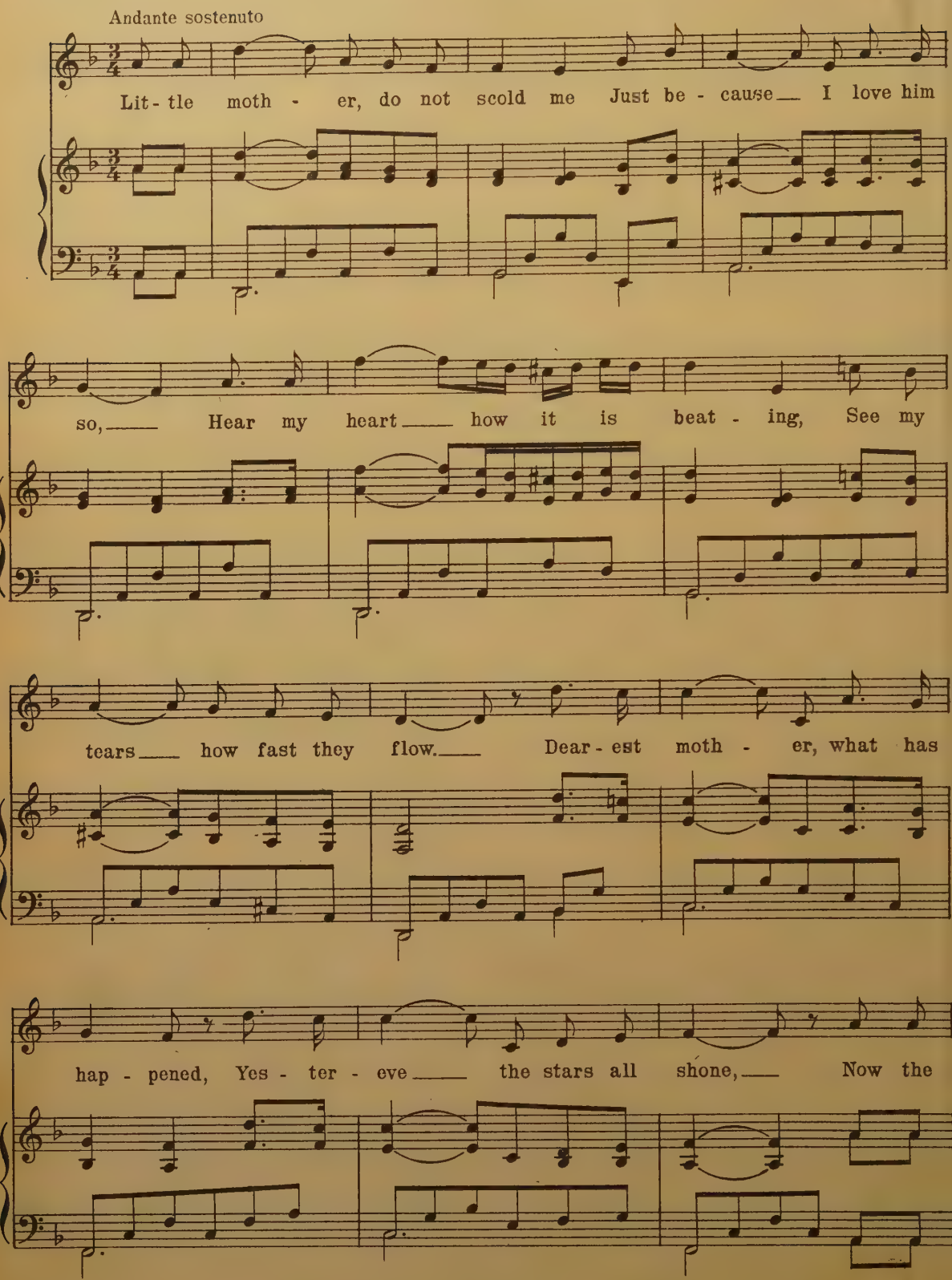
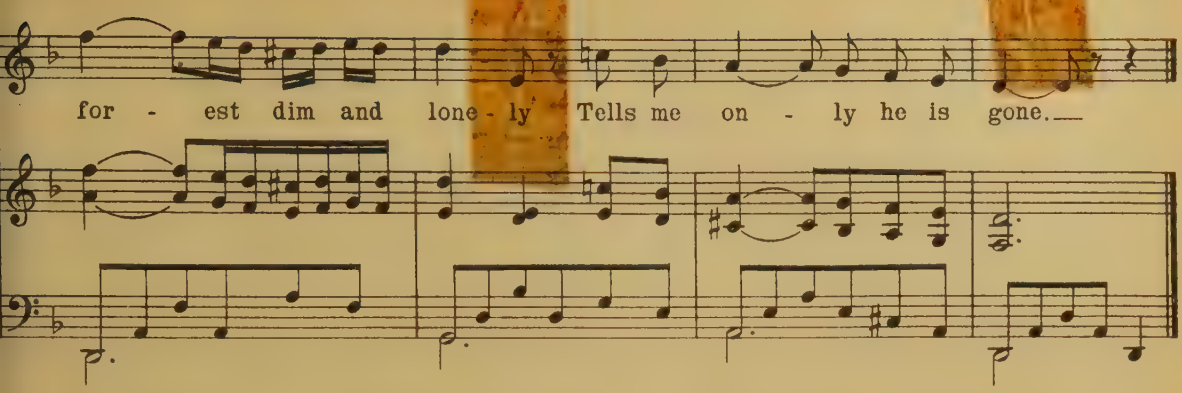
Refrain:

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

MOTHER, DO NOT SCOLD ME

English version by
C. H. B.

Andante sostenuto


Lit - tle moth - er, do not scold me Just be - cause I love him
so, Hear my heart how it is beat - ing, See my
tears how fast they flow. Dear - est moth - er, what has
hap - pened, Yes - ter - eve the stars all shone, Now the

НЕ БРАНИ МЕНЯ, РОДНАЯ.

Не брани меня, родная,
Что я такъ его люблю,
Скучно, скучно, дорогая,
Жить одной мнѣ безъ него.

Я не знаю, что такое
Вдругъ случилося со мной,
Такъ и бьется ретивое
И терзаюсь я тоской.

Все оно во мнѣ изныло,
Вся горю я какъ въ огнѣ,
Все не мило, все постыло
И страдаю я по немъ.

Въ ясный день и въ темны ночи,
И во снѣ и на яву,
Слезы мнѣ туманятъ очи,
Все летѣла бы къ нему.

Мнѣ не нужны всѣ наряды,
Ленты, камни и парчи
Кудри молодца и взгляды
Сердце бѣдное зажгли.

Сжалься, сжалься же, родная,
Перестань меня бранить,
Знать судьба моя такая,
Что должна его любить.

Mother, Do Not Scold Me

Little mother, do not scold me
Just because I love him so,
Hear my heart how it is beating,
See my tears how fast they flow.
Dearest mother, what has happened,
Yestereve the stars all shone,
Now the forest dim and lonely
Tells me only he is gone.

Little mother, do not scold me
No one told me—yet I know,
Love has set a fire within me,
Only death can quench its glow.
In deep sleep one comes and calls me,
Bids me rise and to him go,
Dearest mother, do not scold me,
'Tis because I love him so.

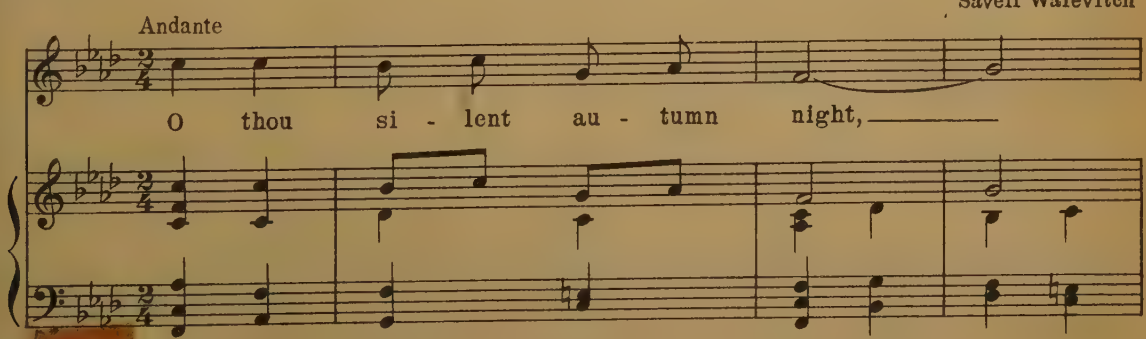
Little mother, do not scold me,
Tempt me not with garments fine,
Gold or gems of sparkling beauty,
Something dearer far is mine;
See, my finger bears a token
He has bound there with a vow,
Never shall our pledge be broken,
'Tis my fate to love him so.

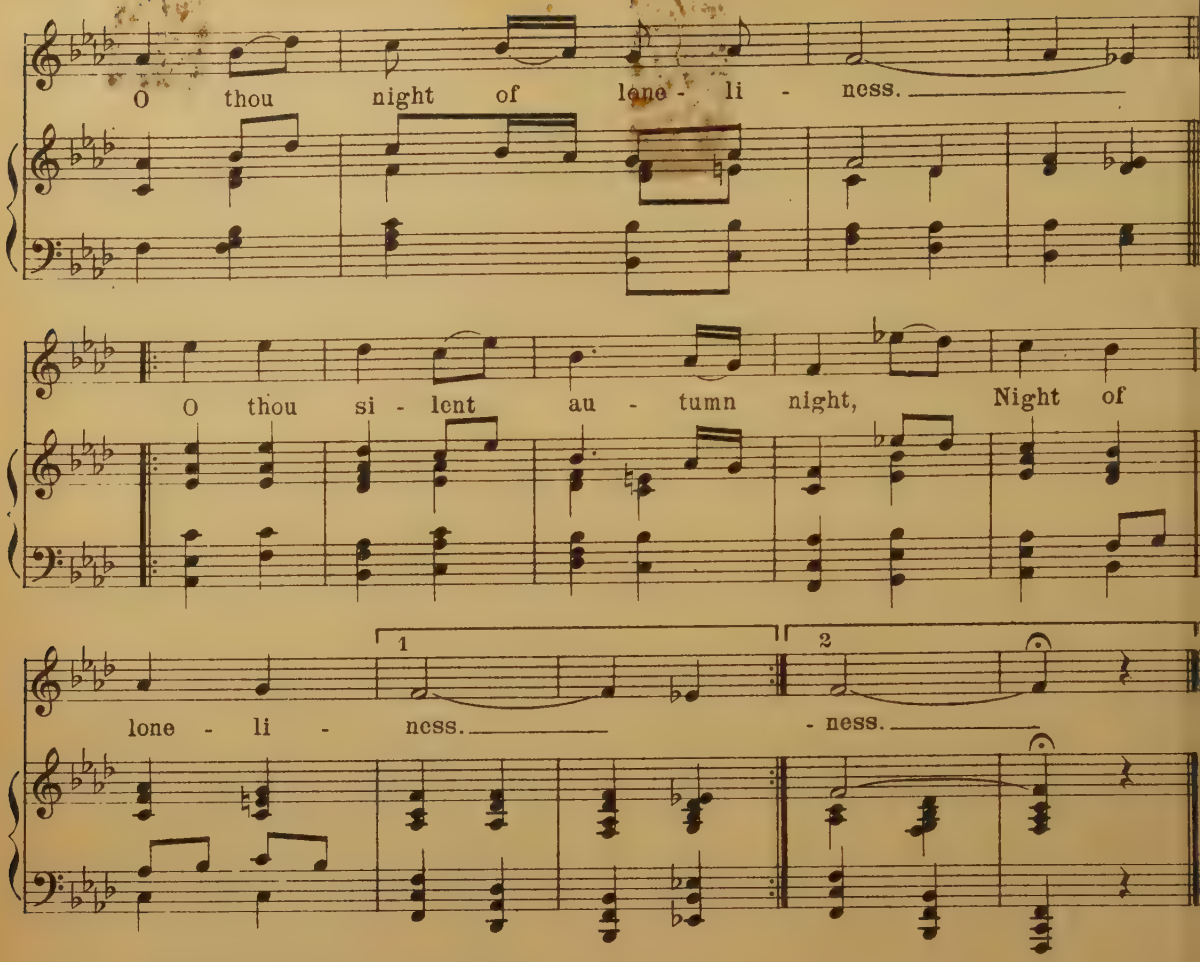
English version by
C. H. B.

NIGHT

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

As sung by
Saveli Walevitch





АХЪ ТЫ НОЧКА, НОЧЕНЬКА.

Ахъ ты ноченька,
Ночка темная,
Ночка темная,
Ночь осенняя.
Ни одной нѣту
Въ небѣ звѣздочки,
Съ кѣмъ мнѣ ноченьку
Ночевать будетъ,
Съ кѣмъ осеннюю
Коротать будетъ.
Нѣтъ ни батюшки,
Нѣтъ ни матушки,
Лишь одинъ то есть
Милъ сердечный другъ,
Да и тотъ со мной
Не въ любви живетъ.

Night

O thou silent, autumn night,
O thou night of loneliness.

Refrain
O thou silent, autumn night,
Night of loneliness.

Not a single star is bright
In the autumn sky.
Refrain

Who will help me pass the night,
Pass the silent night?
Refrain

Who befriend me in the night,
In the autumn night?
Refrain

My father is away,
My dear mother, too.
Refrain

Only one can dry my tears,
In the silent night.
Refrain

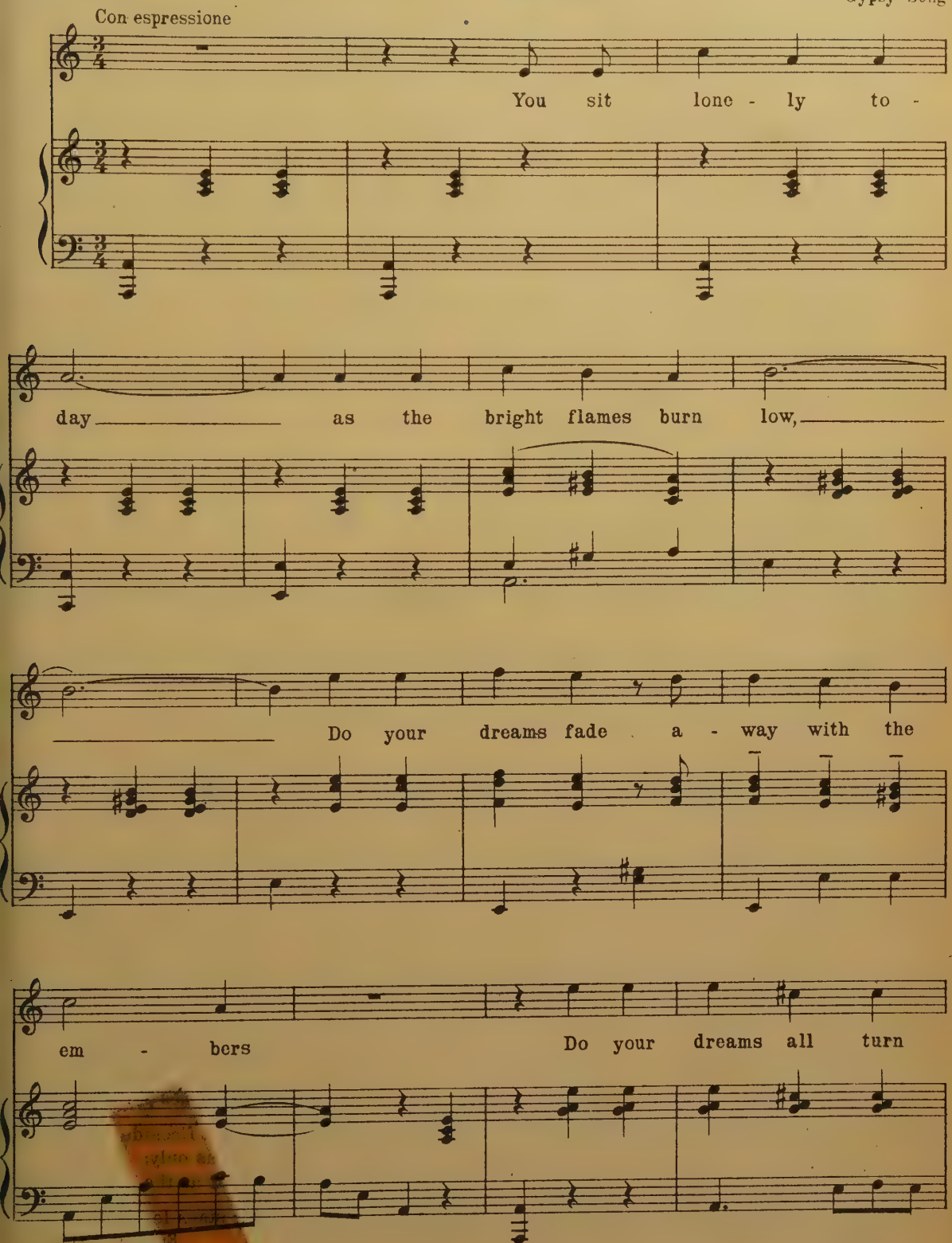
Only one can dry my tears,
But he loves me not.
Refrain

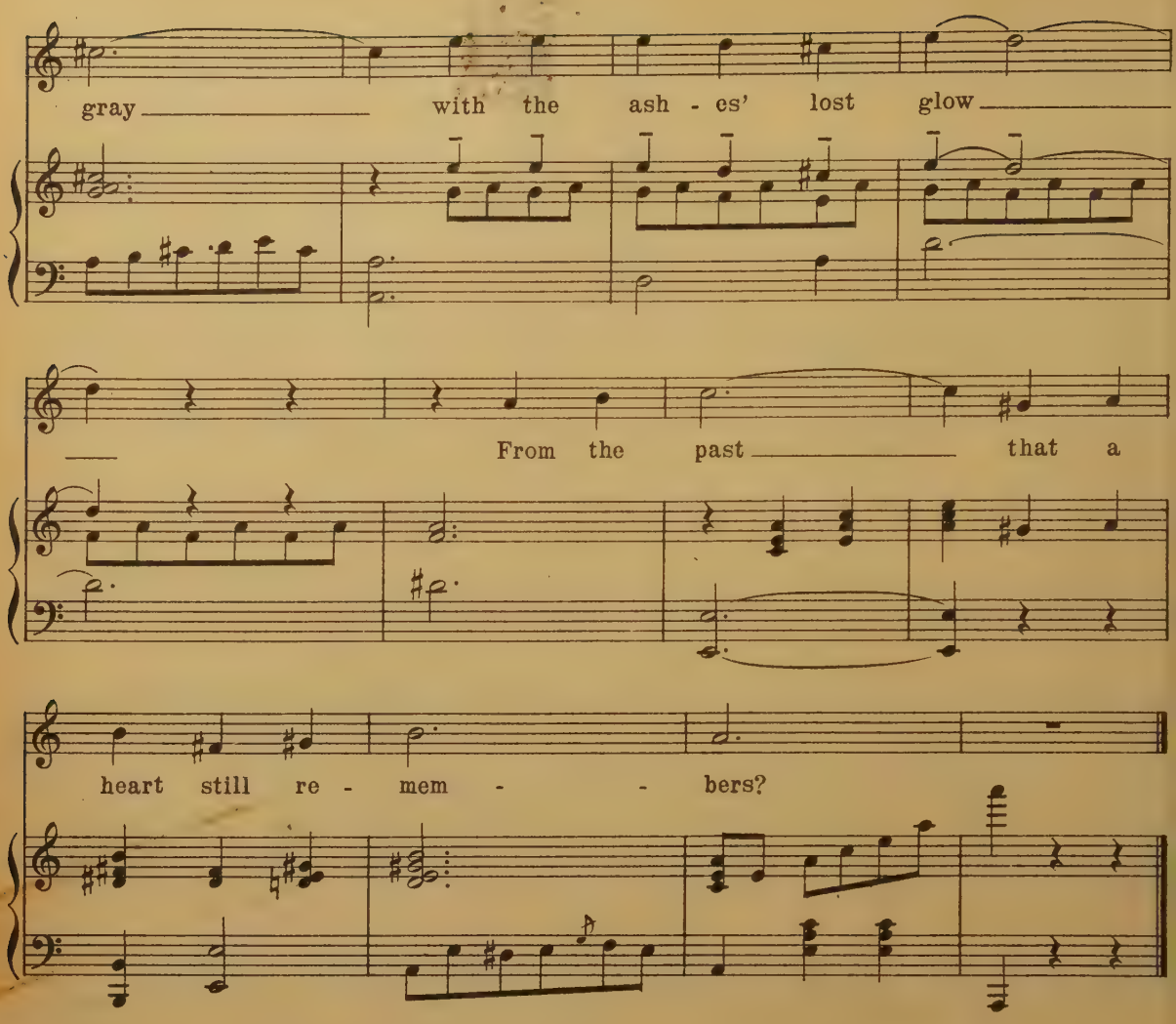
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

BY THE FIRESIDE

English version by
Grantland Rice

Modern-Popular
Gypsy Song


Con espressione
You sit lone - ly to -
day as the bright flames burn low,
Do your dreams fade a - way with the
em - bers
Do your dreams all turn



У КАМИНА

Ты сидишь одиноко и смотришь съ тоской,
Какъ печально каминъ догораетъ,
И какъ пламя то въ немъ такъ и вспыхнетъ порой,
То безслѣдно опять исчезаетъ.

Ты грустишь все о чемъ то, не о прежнихъ ли дняхъ,
Полныхъ нѣги, любви и привѣта?
Такъ чего же ты ищешь въ сгорѣвшихъ угляхъ,
Вѣдь тебѣ не найти въ нихъ отвѣта.

Подожди еще мигъ, и не будетъ огней,
Что тебя такъ ласкали и грѣли,
И останется лишь только груда углей,
Что еще догорѣть не успѣли.

О повѣрь, и любовь, — это тотъ же каминъ,
Гдѣ сгораютъ всѣ лучшія грезы,
А погаснетъ любовь, въ сердцѣ холодъ одинъ,
Впереди лишь сомнѣнія и слезы.

By the Fireside

You sit lonely to-day as the bright flames burn low,
Do your dreams fade away with the embers?
Do your dreams all turn gray with the ashes' lost glow
From the past that a heart still remembers?

Are you sad for the days that will come never more,
For the love that is now gone forever?
But the dead coals must wait--as the bright days of yore
Pass into the dark night called never.

In a brief moment more, ah--there will be no fire
That once warmed you and softly carressed you;
Where the coals are as dead as the old, old desire,
Are as dead as the arms that once pressed you.

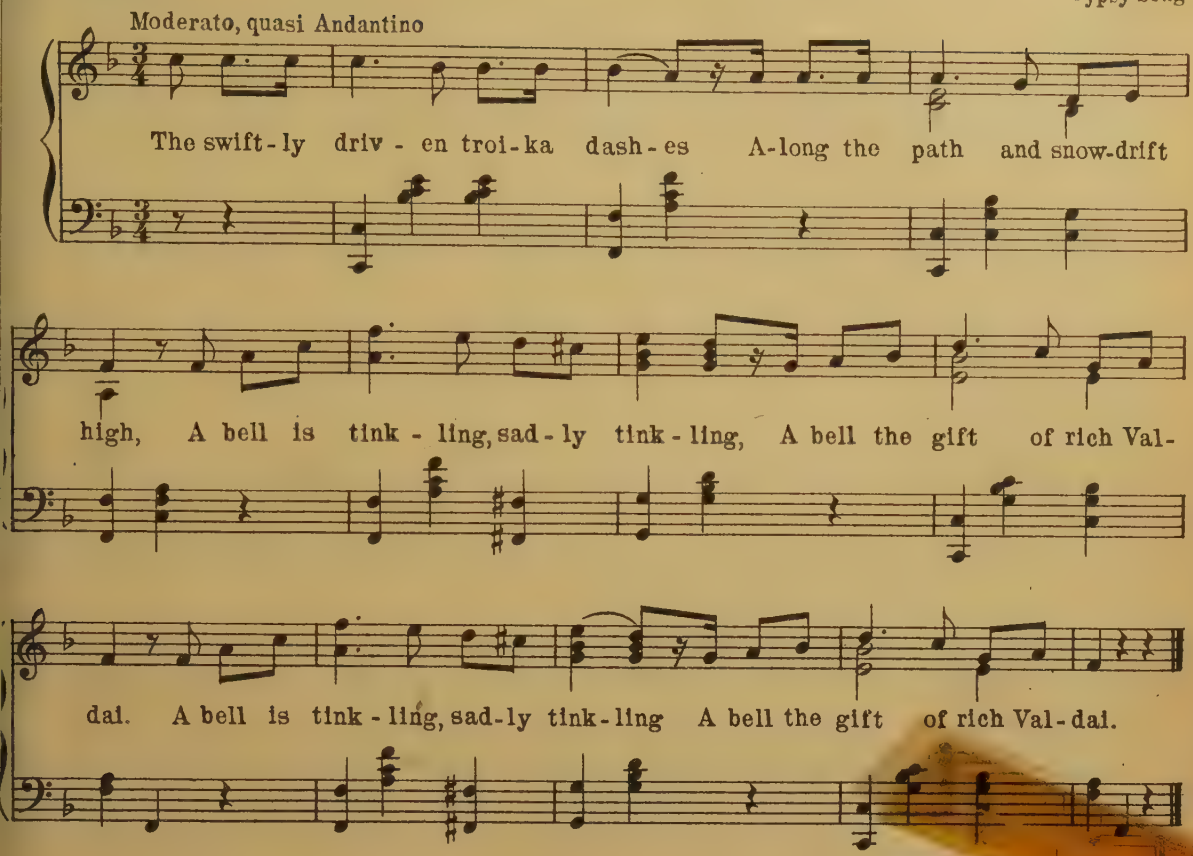
Ah then what is our love but a fireside of dreams,
But a fireside of dead dreams only;
Where the flame now dies out as the night darkness streams,
And the soul of the dreamer stays lonely.

English version by
Grantland Rice

THE TROIKA

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Gypsy Song


Moderato, quasi Andantino
The swift-ly driv - en troi-ka dash-es A-long the path and snow-drift
high, A bell is tink - ling, sad - ly tink - ling, A bell the gift of rich Val-
dai. A bell is tink - ling, sad-ly tink-ling A bell the gift of rich Val-dai.

ВОТЪ МЧИТСЯ ТРОЙКА УДАЛАЯ.

Вотъ мчится тройка удалая,
Вдоль по дорожкѣ столбовой.
И колокольчикъ даръ Валдая,
Гремитъ уныло подъ дугой.
Ямщикъ лихой, онъ всталъ съ полночи,
Ему взгрустнулося въ тиши,
И онъ поетъ про ясны очи,
Про очи дѣвицы души.
Вы очи, очи голубыя,
Вы насушили молодца.
Зачѣмъ, о люди, люди злые,
Зачѣмъ разровнили сердца?

The Troika

The swiftly driven troika dashes
Along the path and snowdrift high,
A bell is tinkling, sadly tinkling,
A bell the gift of rich Valdai.
A bell is tinkling, sadly tinkling,
A bell the gift of rich Valdai.

The lonely driver rose at midnight,
O, he is grieving in the night,
Ah, he is singing of the beauty
Of maidens' eyes, of eyes of light.
Ah, he is singing of the beauty
Of maidens' eyes, of eyes of light.

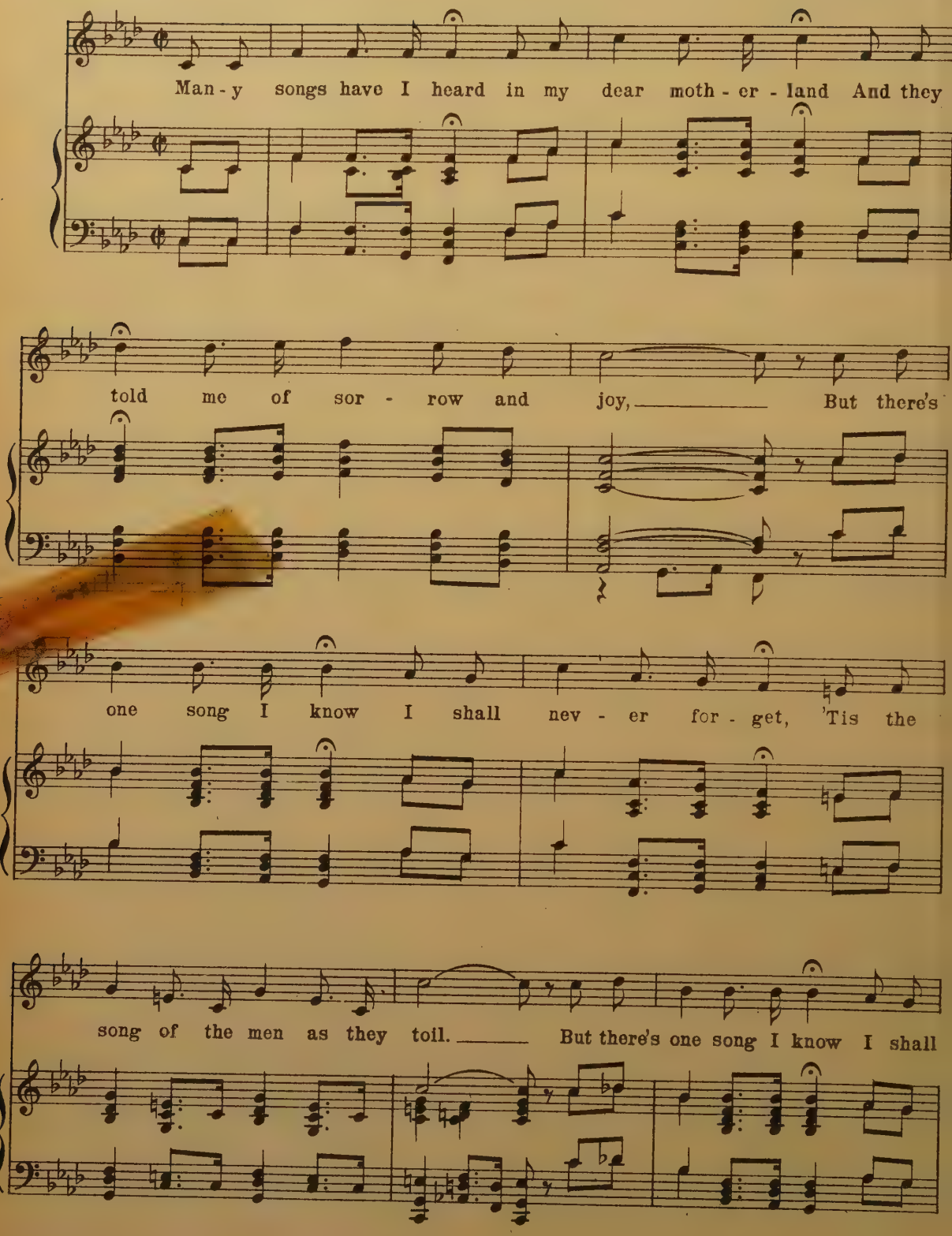
O eyes, dear eyes, blue eyes like heaven,
To you I lost my faithful heart.
O, evil people, evil people,
Why did you drive us far apart?
O, evil people, evil people,
Why did you drive us far apart?

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

THE LITTLE CUDGEL

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

As sung by
Saveli Walevitch


Man - y songs have I heard in my dear moth - er - land And they
told me of sor - row and joy, But there's
one song I know I shall nev - er for - get, 'Tis the
song of the men as they toil. But there's one song I know I shall

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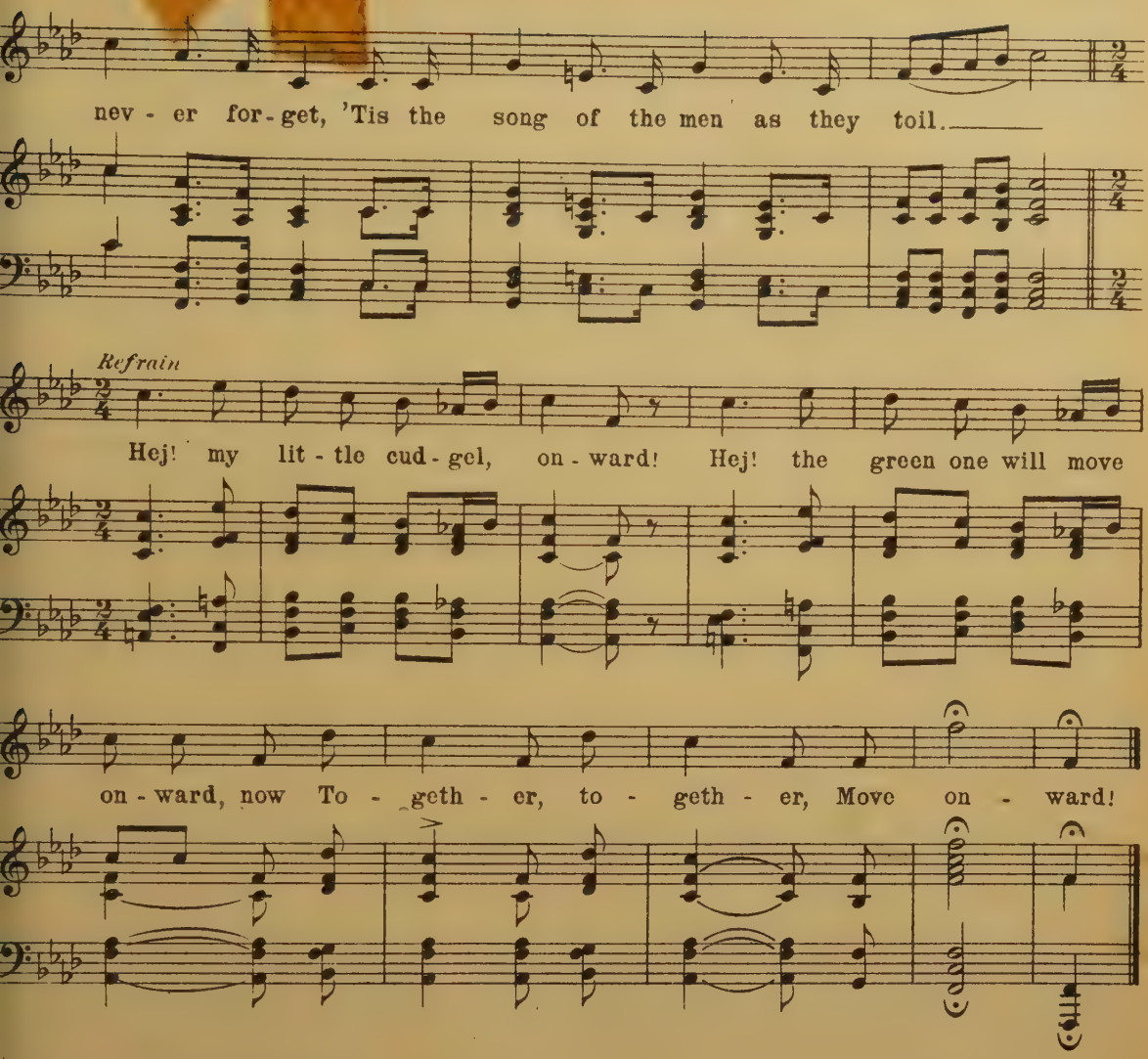

nev - er for - get, 'Tis the song of the men as they toil.
Refrain
Hej! my lit - tle cud - gel, on - ward! Hej! the green one will move
on - ward, now To - geth - er, to - geth - er, Move on - ward!

ДУБИНУШКА.

Много пѣсенъ слыхалъ на родной сторонѣ,
Тамъ про радость и горе въ нихъ пѣли.
Изъ тѣхъ пѣсенъ одна въ память врѣзалась мнѣ,
Это пѣсня рабочей артели.

Эй дубинушка ухнемъ,
Эй зеленая сама пойдетъ.
Эй ухнемъ, эй ухнемъ.

Умираетъ отецъ, и на смертномъ одрѣ
Завѣщаетъ родному онъ сыну
Лишь покорность тупую гнетущей судьбѣ,
И унылую пѣсню, дубину.

Эй дубинушка ухнемъ, и т. д.

Англичанинъ, мудрецъ, чтобъ работѣ помочь,
Изобрѣлъ за машиной машину,
А нашъ русскій мужикъ, коль работа не въ мочь,
Такъ затянетъ родную дубину.

Эй дубинушка ухнемъ, и т. д.

The Little Cudgel

Many songs have I heard in my dear motherland
And they told me of sorrow and joy.
But there's one song I know I shall never forget,
'Tis the song of the men as they toil:

Refrain
Hej! my little cudgel, onward!
Hej! the green one will move onward, now
Together, together,
Move onward!

Oh, the English are wise, to help labor along
From water and fire they borrow.
But our Russian moujik, when his work is too hard
Will intone in his need and his sorrow:
Refrain

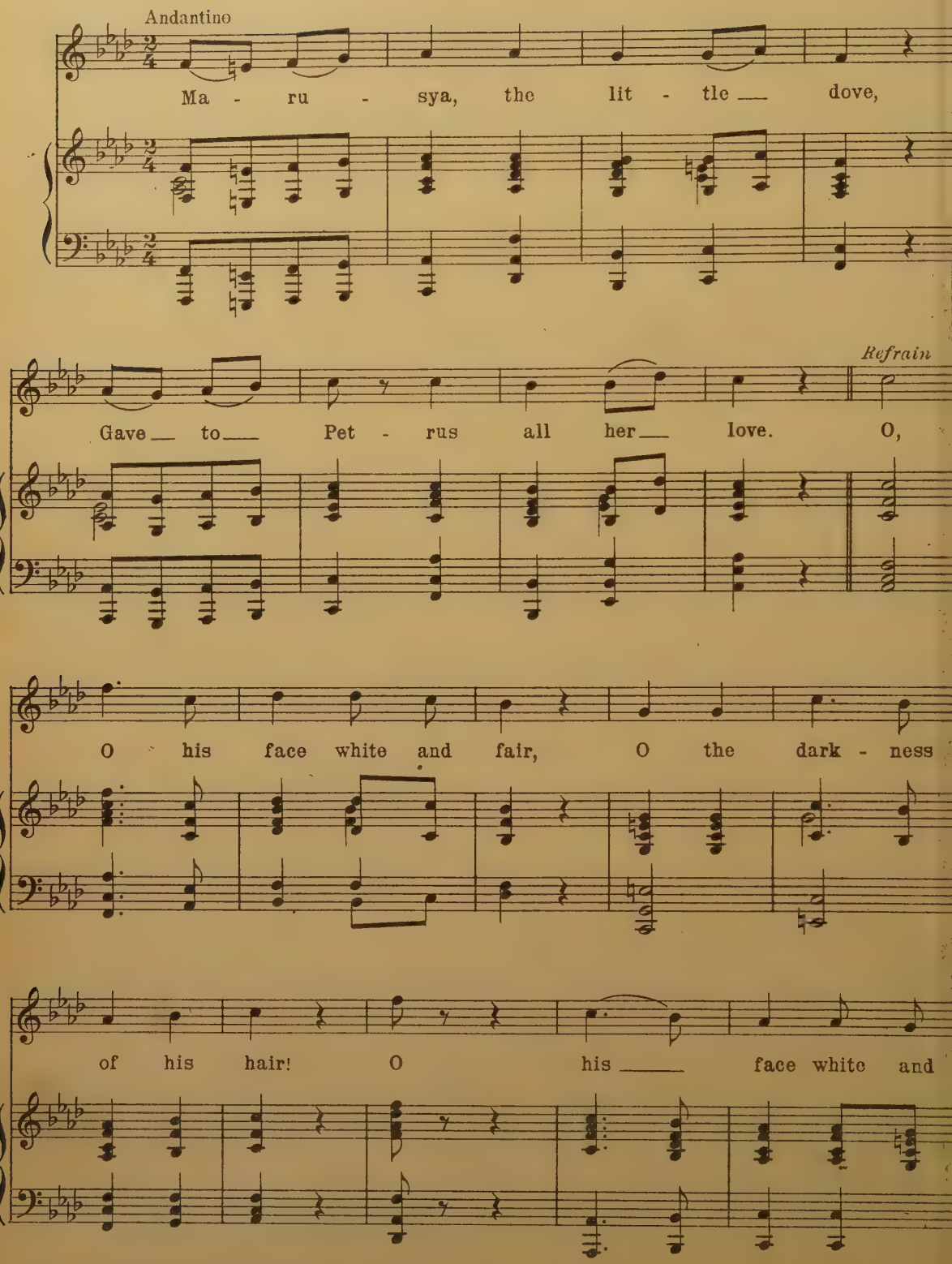
When the old father dies, to his sorrowing son
He leaves, as a blest inheritage,
Long forbearance and patience with hard hearted fate
And this song for his toiling and grieving:
Refrain

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

PETRUS

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

As sung by
Saveli Walevitch


Andantino
Ma - ru - sya, the lit - tle dove,
Refrain
Gave to Pet - rus all her love. O,
O his face white and fair, O the dark - ness
of his hair! O his face white and

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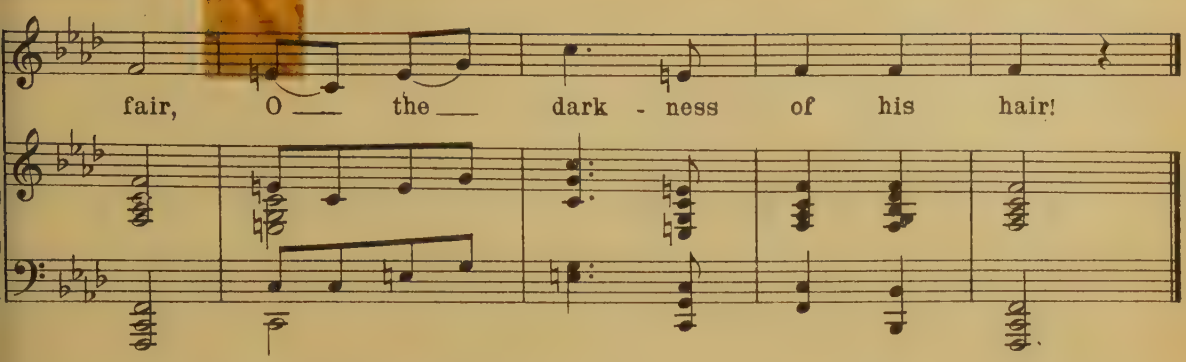


БУЛА СОБІ МАРУСЯ.

Була собі Маруся,
Полюбила Петруся —
Ой, лихо не Петрусь,
Біле личко, чорний вус. (2)
Вітер віє горою,
Іде Петрусь зо мною,
Ой, лихо...
Я з Петрусьом стояла,
Прийти к' мені прохала,
Ой, лихо...
Наварю я галушок,
І напечу пампушок,
Ой, лихо...
Наварила, напекла
Не для кого, — для Петра,
Ой, лихо...
Нема Петра, тільки Гриць —
Шкода моїх варениць,
Ой, лихо...
Ой, за того Петруся
Била мене матуся,
Ой, лихо...
Ой, любилаб Петруся,
Поговору боюся,
Ой, лихо...
Хоч ти мене мати бий,
Таки буде Петрусь мій,
Ой, лихо...

Petrus

Marusya, the little dove,
Gave to Petrus all her love.

Refrain
O his face, white and fair
O the darkness of his hair!

O'er the hills the wind roams free,
Come, dear Petrus, come with me.
Refrain

I will work and make a cake,
Only for my darling's sake.
Refrain

But my Petrus did not come,
Only Gritzo found me home.
Refrain

I don't care what parents say,
If my Petrus will but stay.
Refrain

Faithful to him I will be,
Till death ends this misery.
Refrain

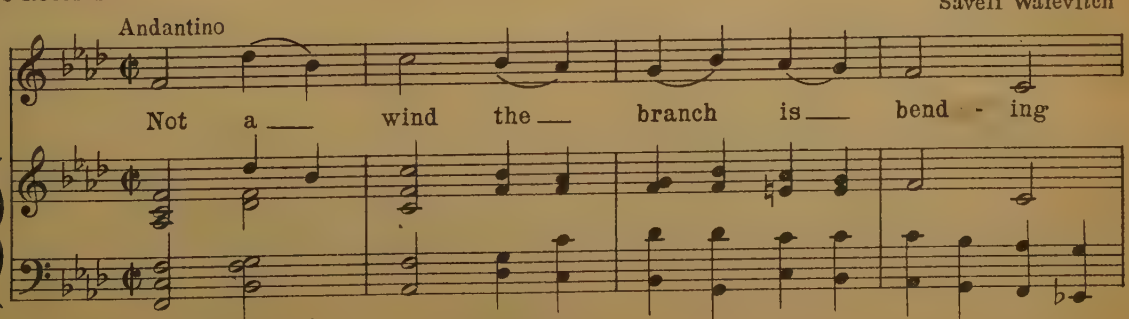
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

RUSSIA

THE BENDING BRANCH

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

As sung by
Saveli Walevitch



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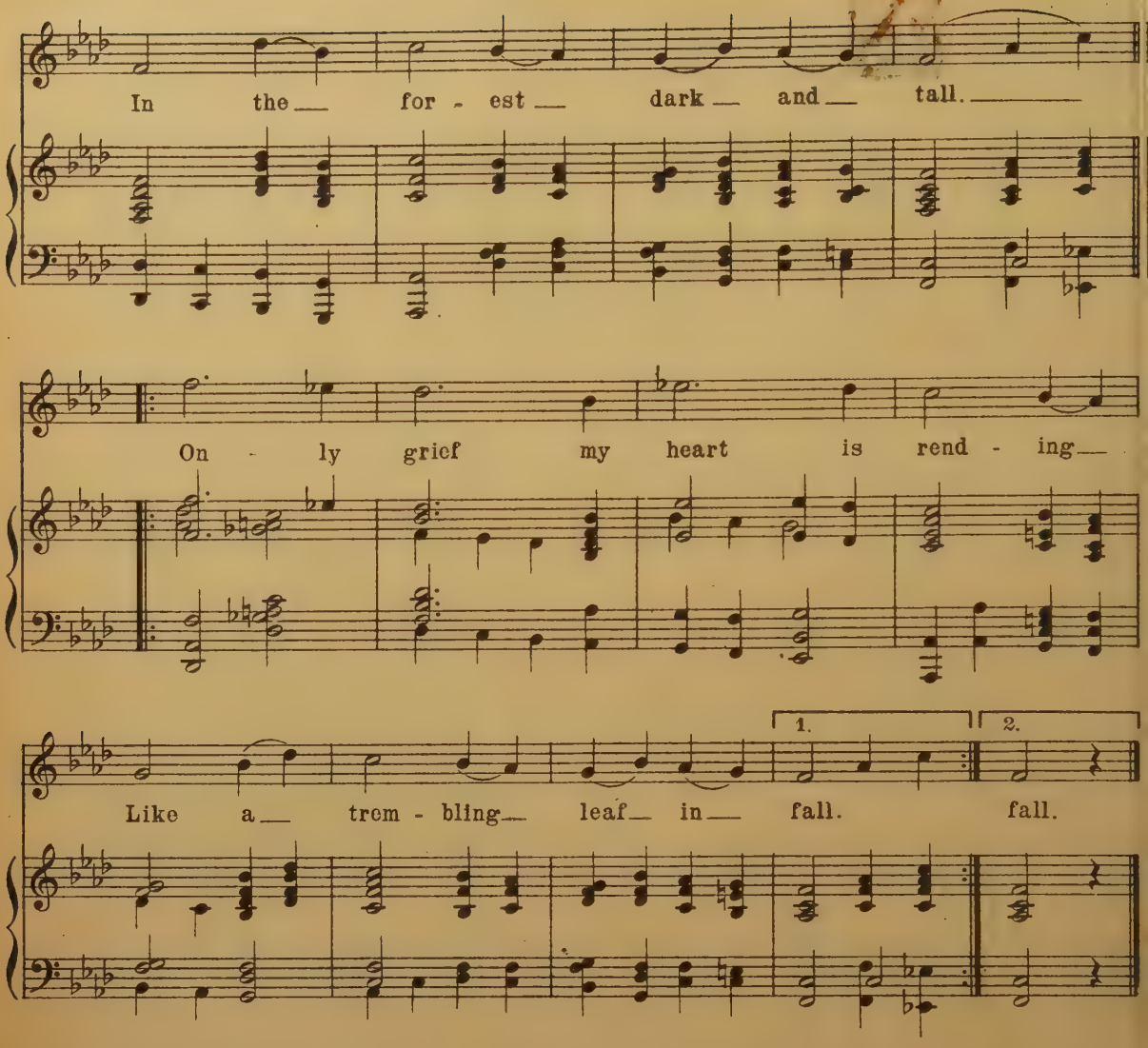


ТО НЕ ВѢТЕРЪ ВѢТКУ КЛОНИТЪ.

То не вѣтеръ вѣтку клонитъ,
Недубравушка шумитъ,
Такъ мое сердечко стонетъ
Какъ осенній листъ дрожитъ.

Извела меня кручина
Подколодная змѣя....
Догорай моя лучина, —
Догорю съ тобой и я.

Не житье мнѣ здѣсь безъ милой,
Съ кѣмъ теперь идти къ вѣнцу?
Знать сулилъ мнѣ рокъ съ могилой
Обвѣнчаться молодцу.

Разступись земля сырая,
Дай мнѣ молодцу покой,
Пріюти меня родная
Въ тихой кельѣ гробовой.

The Bending Branch

Not a wind the branch is bending
In the forest dark and tall,
Only grief my heart is rending
Like a trembling leaf in fall.

Fate has dealt with me unkindly,
Fate has tricked me in the night.
My sad life is slowly dying,
And I die as dies the light.

I have lost my long beloved,
I have lost my shining bride.
To the graveyard in a coffin,
I will take my wedding ride.

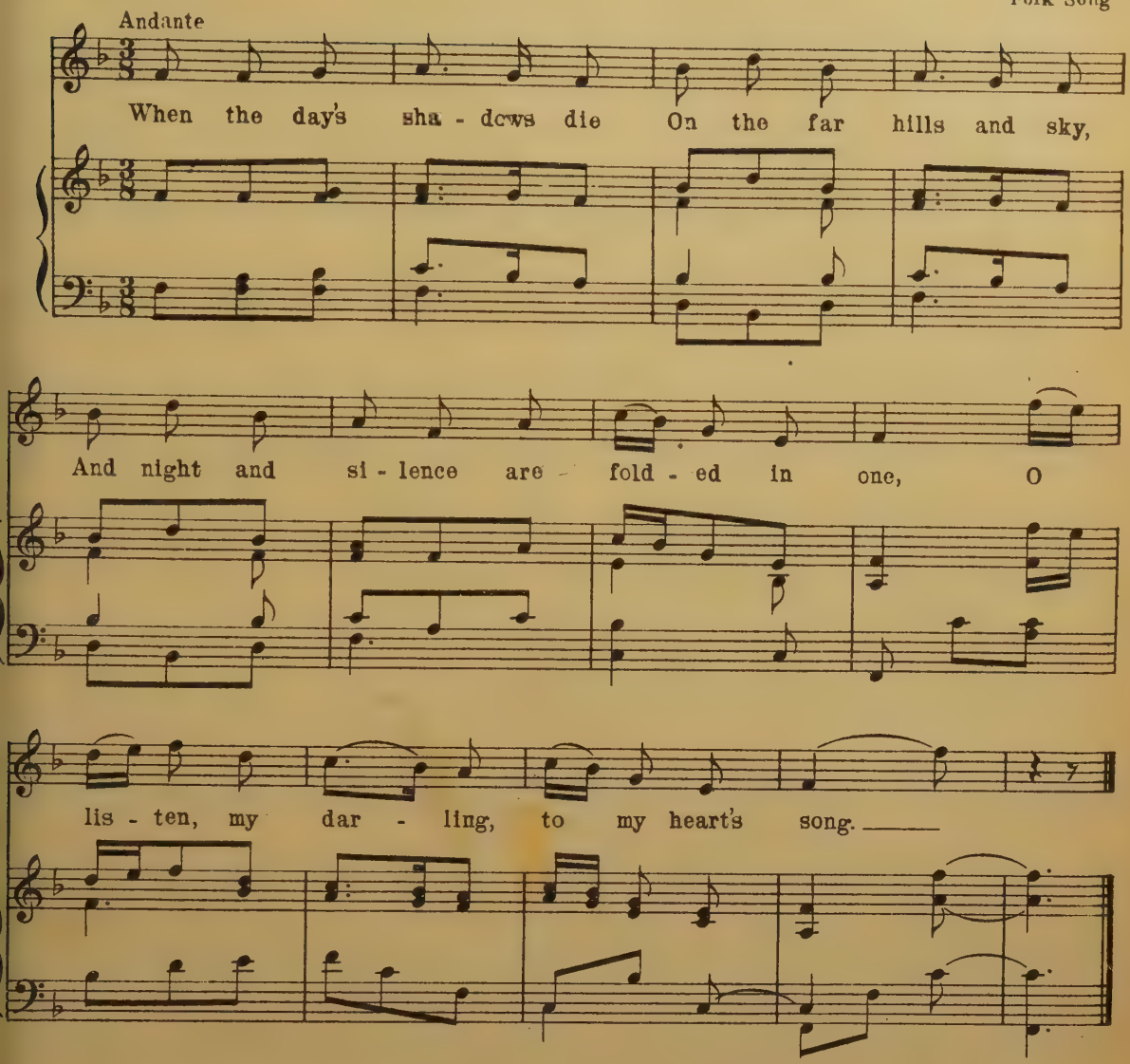
Part, oh part, grey earth, my mother,
Give me long awaited rest.
Fold me in your cold embraces,
Let me sleep within your breast.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

THE SUN IS LOW

English version by
H.B.

Folk Song


Andante
When the day's sha - dows die On the far hills and sky,
And night and si - lence are fold - ed in one, O
lis - ten, my dar - ling, to my heart's song.

СОНЦЕ НИЗЕНЬКО.

Сонце низенько, вечір близенько,
Спішу до тебе, лечу до тебе,
Моє серденько.
Ти обіцяла мене вік любити,
Ні з ким не знатись, усіх цуратись,
Лиш для мене жити.
Серденько моє, колись ми обоє
Любились вірно, чесно, примірно
І жили в спокою.

The Sun Is Low

When the day's shadows die
On the far hills and sky,
And night and silence are folded in one,
O listen, my darling, to my heart's song.

How oft you've promised me
Love should eternal be,
Never to hearken though others plead.
My darling, be constant—'tis my heart's song.

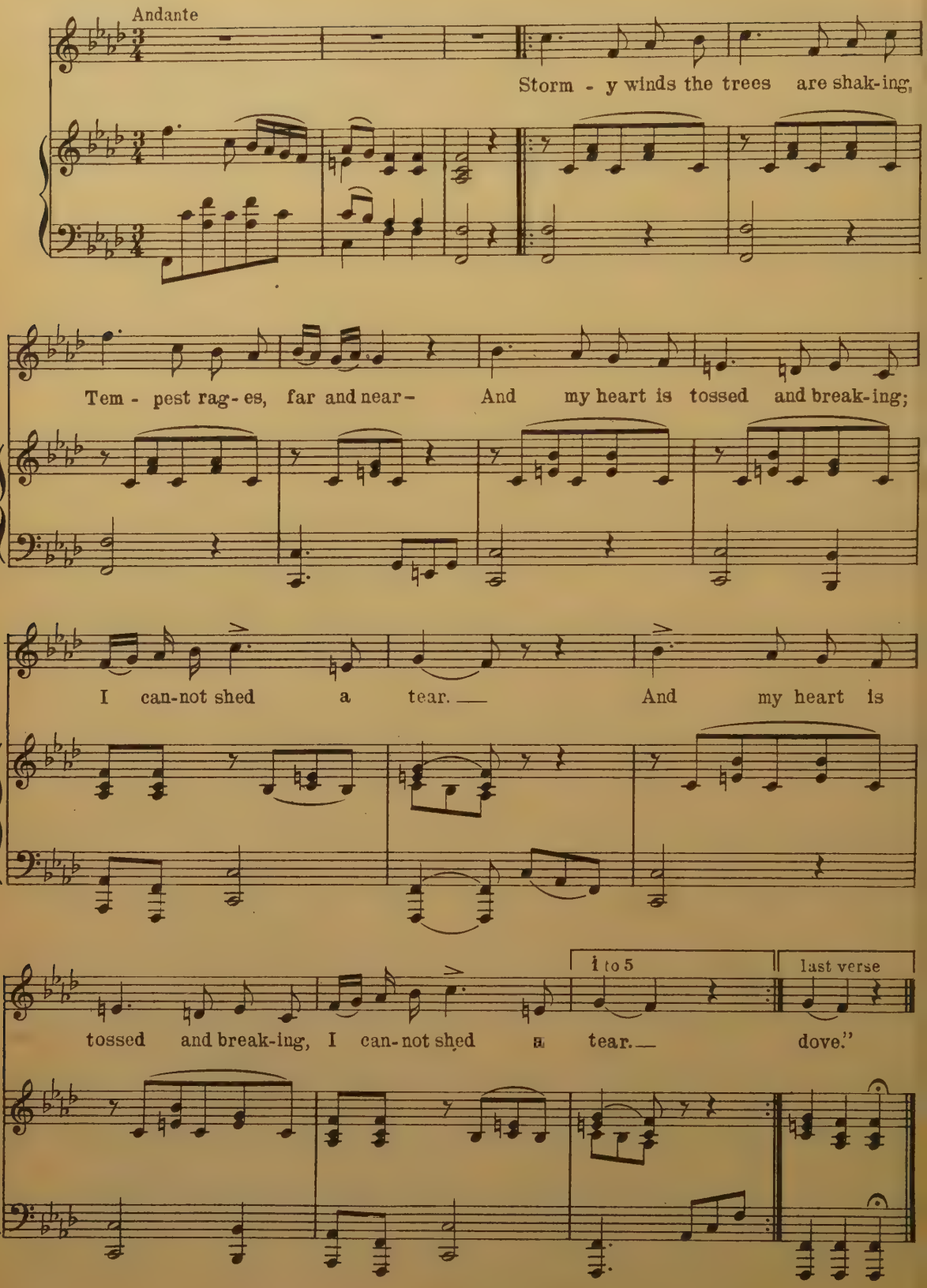
We'll live so happily
The world will envious be,
But, love, remember, if thou'rt untrue
Two hearts will be broken and sing no more.

English version by
H.B.

THE WINDS BLOW

Paraphrase by
Christopher Morley

From the collection of
A. Jedlicka


Andante
Storm - y winds the trees are shak-ing,
Tem - pest rag - es, far and near - And my heart is tossed and break-ing;
I can-not shed a tear. And my heart is
1 to 5
last verse
tossed and break-ing, I can-not shed a tear. dove."

ВІЮТЬ ВІТРИ.

Віють вітри, віють буйні, аж дерева гнуться,
Ох, як болить моє серце, а сльози не ллються.

Трачу літа в лютім горю, і кінця не бачу,
Тільки тоді і полекша, як нишком поплачу.

Не поможуть сльози горю, — серцю лекше буде,
Хто щасливим був часочок, по вік не забуде.

Є ще люде, що і моїй завидують долі;
Чи щаслива та билинка, що росте у полі?

Що на полі, що на пісках без води на сонці?
Тяжко жити без милого і в своїй сторонці.

Де ти, милий, чорнобривий, де ти, — озовися.
Як я бідна тут горюю, прийди, подивися.

Полетілаб я до тебе, та крилець не маю,
Щоб побачив, як без тебе з горя усихаю.

До кого-ж я пригорнуся, і хто приголубить,
Коли тепер нема того, котрий мене любить.

The Winds Blow

Stormy winds the trees are shaking,
Tempest rages, far and near–
And my heart is tossed and breaking,
I cannot shed a tear.

Bitter years are gray behind me,
I can see no end to grief;
If the tears would come and blind me
They'd bring my heart relief.

Even tears have not the power
Vanished blessing to restore;
Happiness known for an hour,
Forgotten nevermore.

Those who say I seem to flourish
Little know my secret pain–
Barren sands no grasses nourish,
They need soil, dew and rain.

Sweetheart, I am yearning, yearning
For my darling, dark of brow,
And I hear no voice returning–
Dear love, where are you now?

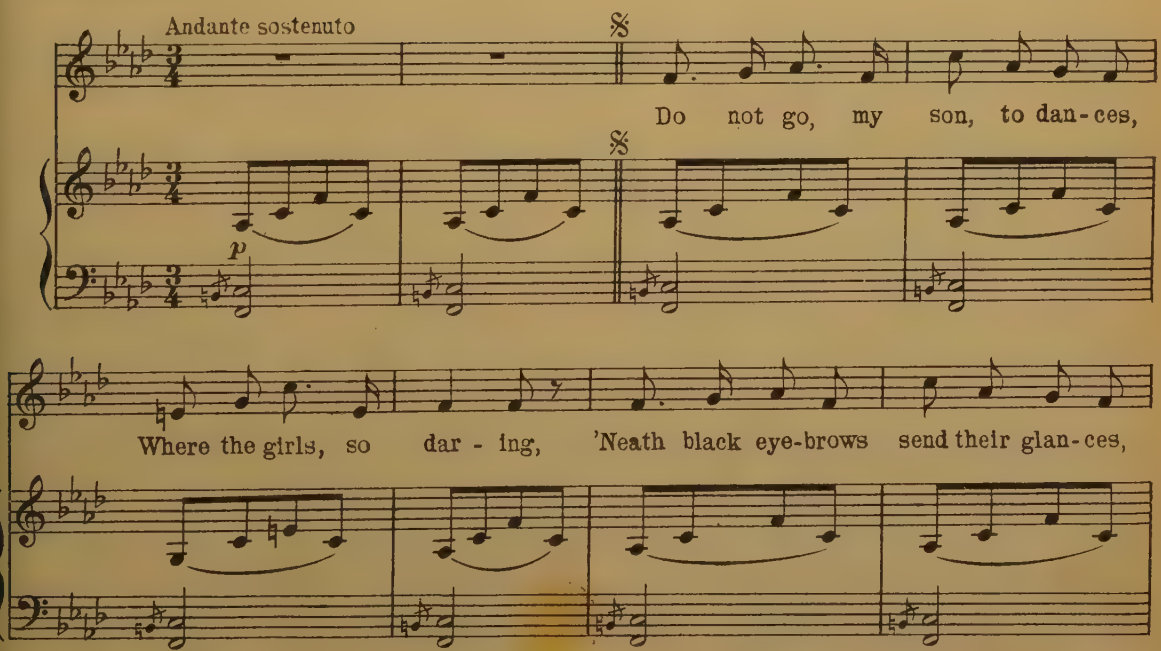
Sweet, if I had wings for flying
I would come and tell my love;
Hear your whisper, low replying–
Hear you say, "little dove."

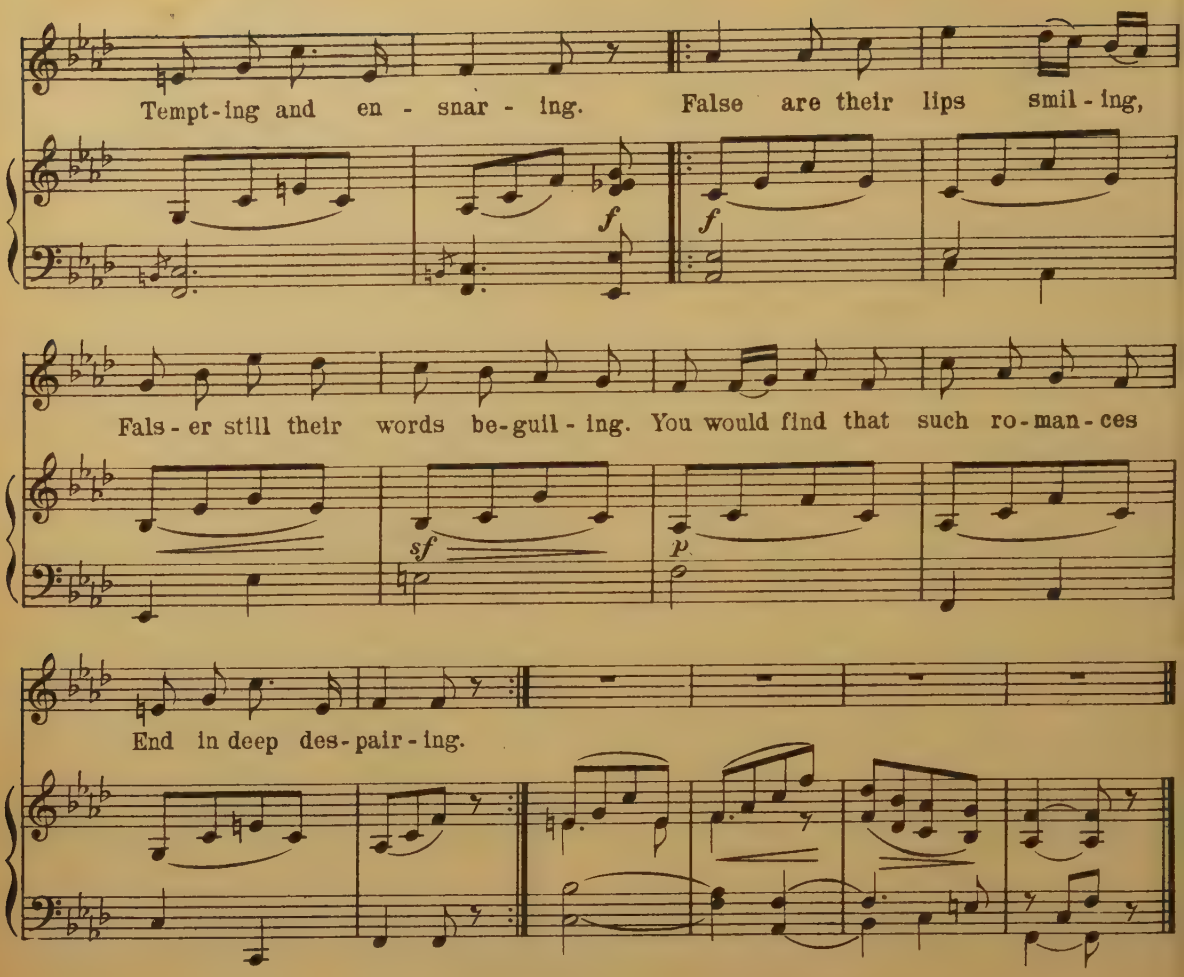
Paraphrase by
Christopher Morley

DO NOT GO, GREGORY

Free translation by
Anna Mathewson

From the collection of
A. Jedlicka




Tempt-ing and en - snar - ing. False are their lips smil - ing,
f
f
Fals - er still their words be-guil - ing. You would find that such ro-man-ces
sf
p
End in deep des-pair-ing.

ОЙ НЕ ХОДЫ, ГРЫЦЮ.

Ой не ходы, грыцю, на вечерныци;
Бо на вечерныцяхъ дивки чаривныцы.
Котра дивчына чорнобрывая,
Та чаривныченька справедлывая.
Ожены ся, сыну, ожены сь небоже,
Та не беры удовы, не дай тоби Боже!
Бо въ удовы сердце, якъ зимнее сонце:
А хоть воно якъ нагріе, та холодный вітеръ вie.
А возьмы жъ ты дивчыну, бидну сиротыну:
Буде тебе шануваты, якъ маты дытыну,
Бо въ дивчыны сердце, якъ литнее сонце:
Хоть воно хмарнесеньке, та таки тенлесеньке.

Do Not Go, Gregory

Do not go, my son,to dances,
Where the girls,so daring,
'Neath black eyebrows send their glances,
Tempting and ensnaring.
False are their lips smiling,
Falser still their words beguiling.
You would find that such romances
End in deep despairing.

Though to wed you must not tarry,
Gregory, remember,
If a widow you should marry.
Life would be December;
Chill as the wind blowing,
E'en when winter's sun is glowing,
To your hearth-stone she would carry
Nothing but an ember.

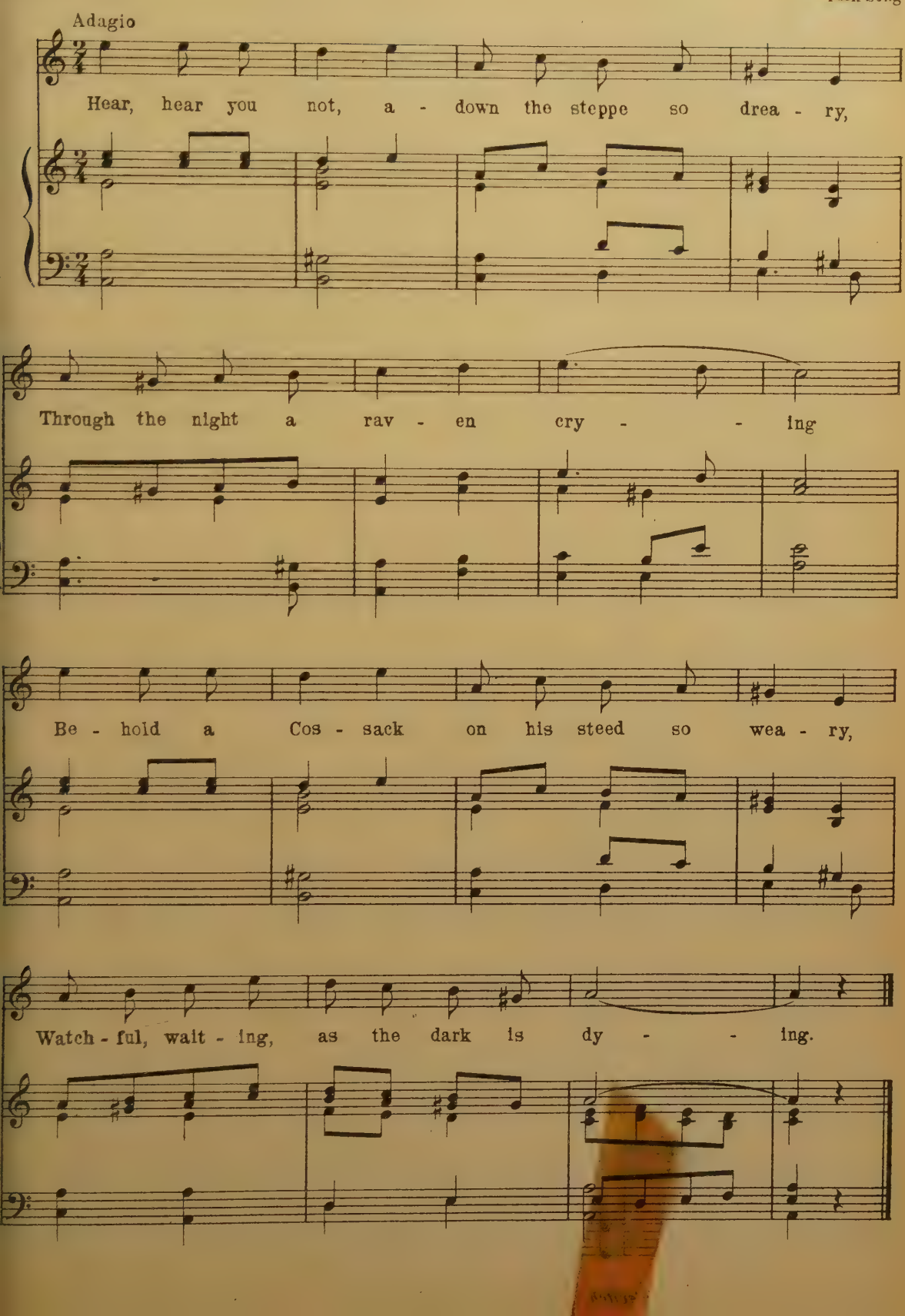
Wed a maiden young and slender,
One who will endeavor
Always to be kind and tender
And deceive you never.
Clouds may be dark o'er you,
Warmer will her heart beat for you;
Like the summer sun in splendor,
Love will shine forever.

Free translation by
Anna Mathewson

COSSACK'S LAMENT

English version by
Clinton Scollard

Folk Song


Adagio
Hear, hear you not, a - down the steppe so drea - ry,
Through the night a rav - en cry - - ing
Be - hold a Cos - sack on his steed so wea - ry,
Watch - ful, wait - ing, as the dark is dy - - ing.

ОЙ КРЯЧЕ, КРЯЧЕ.

Ой кряче, кряче та ворон чорненький
Та у лузі над водою;
Ой, плаче плаче козак молоденький
На коніку вороному.

Вороний коню, грай ти підо мною
Та розбивай тугу мою;
Ой, розбивай тугу по темному лугу
Козакови молодому.

Ой, їде козак та доріженькою,
Сльозоньками вмивається;
Десь моя ненька, десь моя старенька
Та за мною убивається.

Ой, в неділеньку рано-пораненьку,
Як ще сонце не сходило,
Та жалілася вся моя родина
Та мене випроваджувала.

Випроваджаєш, моя родинонько,
Та чи не жаль тобі буде,
Як я пійду на ту Україну
Та межи чужії люди.

Ой, згадай мене, моя стара нене,
Сідаючи та обідати,
Десь моя дитина на чужій стороні
Та без вітця, та без мати.

Ой, згадай мене, моя стара нене,
Як сядеш у вечері їсти,
Десь моя дитина на чужій стороні,
Та нема від неї і вісти.

Cossack's Lament

Hear, hear you not, adown the steppe so dreary,
Through the night a raven crying?
Behold a Cossack on his steed so weary,
Watchful, waiting, as the dark is dying.

"My little horse," he cries, "be wise, be wary;
Well I know there's naught thou fearest;
Go faithful friend, haste, haste thee on and carry
My devoted soul to greet my dearest!

Swift, lest my lonely heart should break to-morrow
Without thee, and thine assistance!"
The only voice that's heard is that of sorrow,
Like the raven's wailing in the distance!

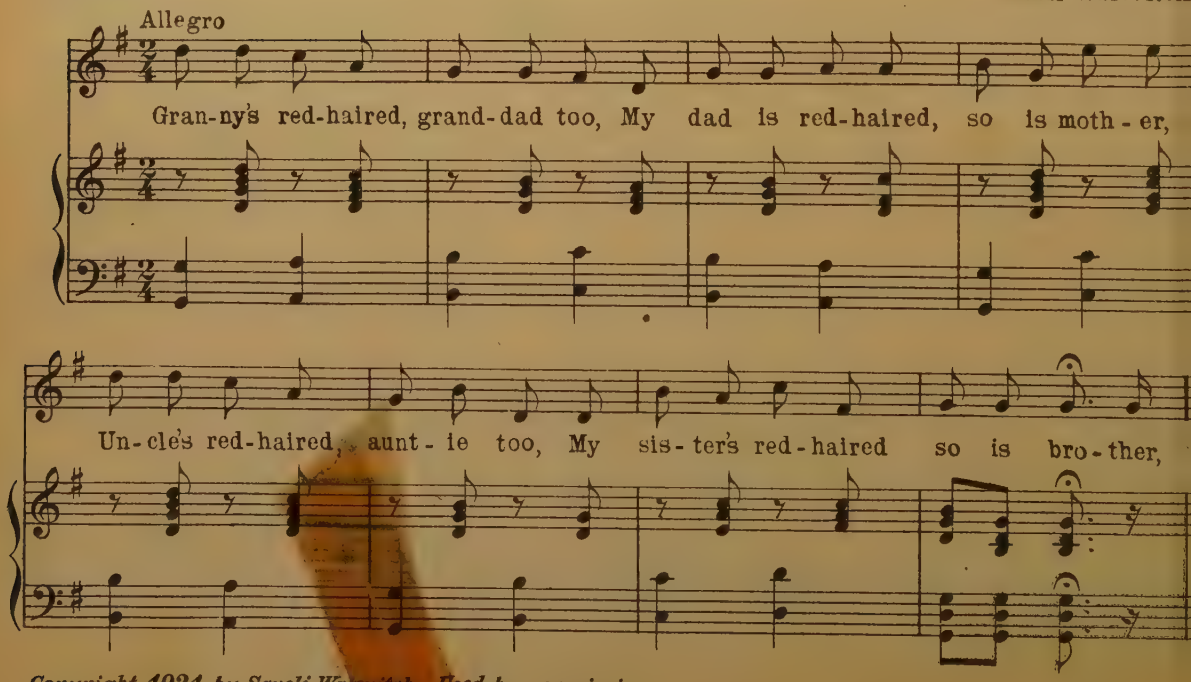
Hear, hear you not, adown the steppe so dreary,
Through the night a raven crying?
Behold a Cossack on his steed so weary,
Watchful, waiting, as the dark is dying.

English version by
Clinton Scollard

RED-HEADED FAMILY

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

As sung by
Saveli Walevitch


Allegro
Gran-ny's red-haired, grand-dad too, My dad is red-haired, so is moth-er,
Un-cle's red-haired, aunt-ie too, My sis-ter's red-haired so is bro-ther,

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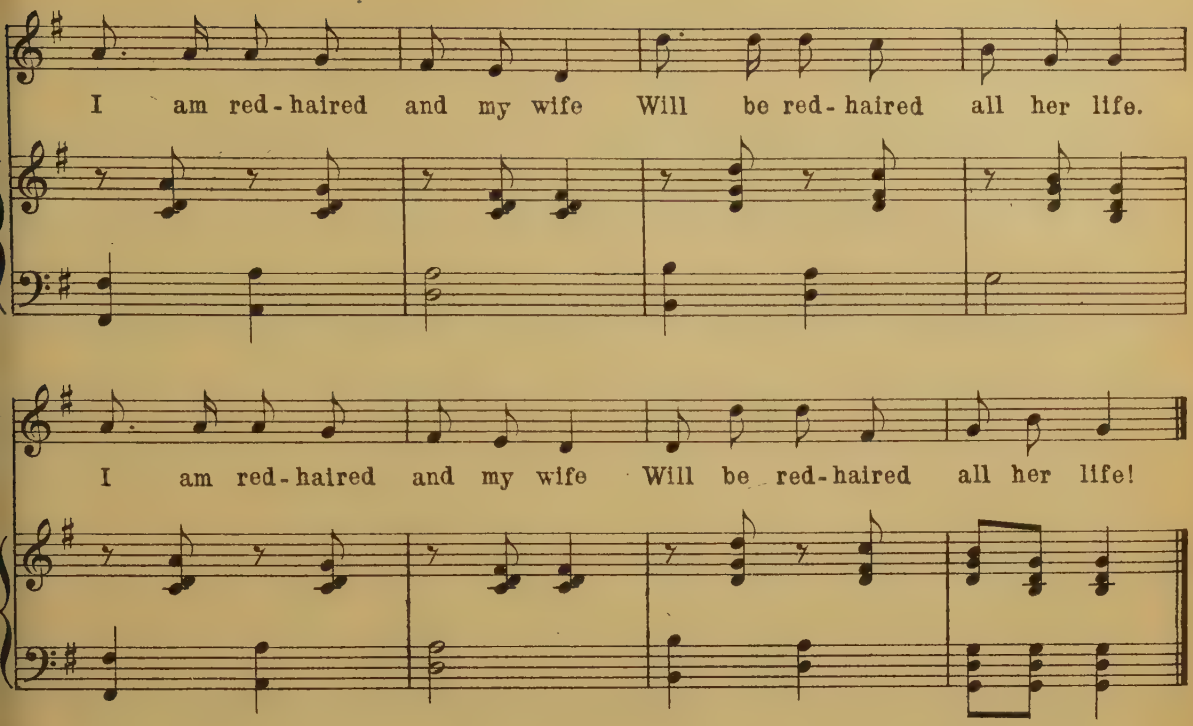


ДІД РУДИЙ, БАБА РУДА.

Дид рудий, баба руда,
Батько рудий, мати руда,
Дядько рудий, тітка руда,
Брат рудий, сестра руда —
І я рудий руду взяв,
Бо рудую сподобав.

Ой, по горі, по палянці,
В понеділок дуже вранці
Ішли наші новобранці,
Поклонилися шинкарці,
А шинкарка на них морг:
„Іду, братчики, на торг"...

Ішли Ляхи на три шляхи,
А Татари на чотири,
Шведи враги поле вкрили;
Козак в лузі окликнувся,
Швед, Татарин, Лях здрігнувся,
І в дугу всяк ізогнувся.

Red-Headed Family

Granny's red-haired, grandad too,
My dad is red-haired, so is mother,
Uncle's red-haired, auntie too,
My sister's red-haired, so is brother,
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life.
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life!

Early on a Monday morn
Past the green hills where I was born,
Marched our Cossacks brave to battle,
Eager eyed to prove their mettle,
Inn keepers along the way
Sold red wine the livelong day,
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life!

Came the Poles adown the three roads,
And the Tartars came down four roads,
All the fields with Swedes were covered.
But the Cossacks looked and shouted,
Tartar, Pole and Swede he flouted,
With his cry their hosts he routed.
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life!

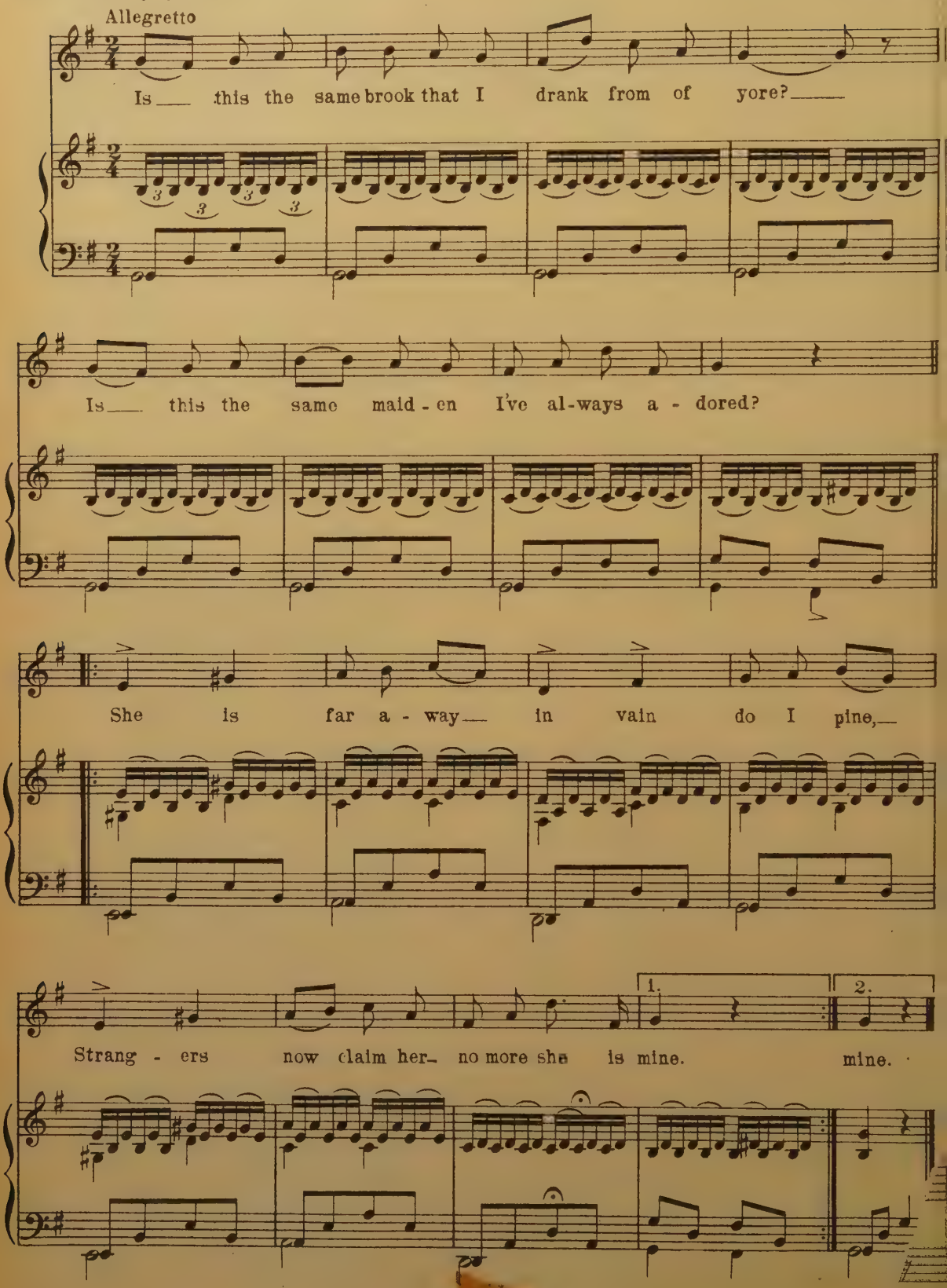
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

IS THIS THE SAME BROOK?

Paraphrase by
Harriet Whitney Symonds

Folk Song

Allegretto


Is this the same brook that I drank from of yore?
Is this the same maid - en I've al-ways a - dored?
She is far a - way in vain do I pine,
Strang - ers now claim her no more she is mine.
1.
2.
mine.

ЧИ СЕ-Ж ТАЯ КРИНИЧЕНЬКА?

Чи се-ж тая криниченька, що я воду пив?
Чи се-ж тая дівчинонька, що я її любив?
Ой, жаль, жаль, жаль серцю буде
Возьмуть її люди,
Моя не буде. (2)
Чи се-ж тая криниченька, де голуб купавсь?
Чи се-ж тая дівчинонька, що я з нев кохавсь?
Ой жаль...
Ой, се-ж тая криниченька і ключ і ведро,
А вже мене дівчинонька забула давно.
Ой жаль...
Засипалась криниченька золотим піском,
Залюбилась дівчинонька з другим козаком.
Ой жаль...
Вже до тої криниченьки стежки заросли,
Та вже мою дівчинонъку сватати прийшли.
Ой жаль...
Шумлять верби, що над тою криницев ростуть,
Та вже мою дівчинонъку до шлюбу ведуть.
Ой жаль...
Один веде за рученьку, другий за рукав,
Третій стоїть, серце болить — любив та не взяв.
Ой жаль...

Is This the Same Brook?

Is this the same brook that I drank from of yore?
Is this the same maiden I've always adored?

Refrain

She is far away – in vain do I pine,
Strangers now claim her – no more she is mine.

Is this the same brook where bathed the white dove –
The same girl I wooed with the fervor of love?
Refrain

Is this the same brook and the water-jug, old?
The girl has forgotten – her heart has grown cold.
Refrain

In the brook's golden sand no footprint I see,
To a Cossack she is promised – woe to me.
Refrain

A web of wild grass o'er the brook path is spun;
The girl of my heart they have wooed – they have won.
Refrain

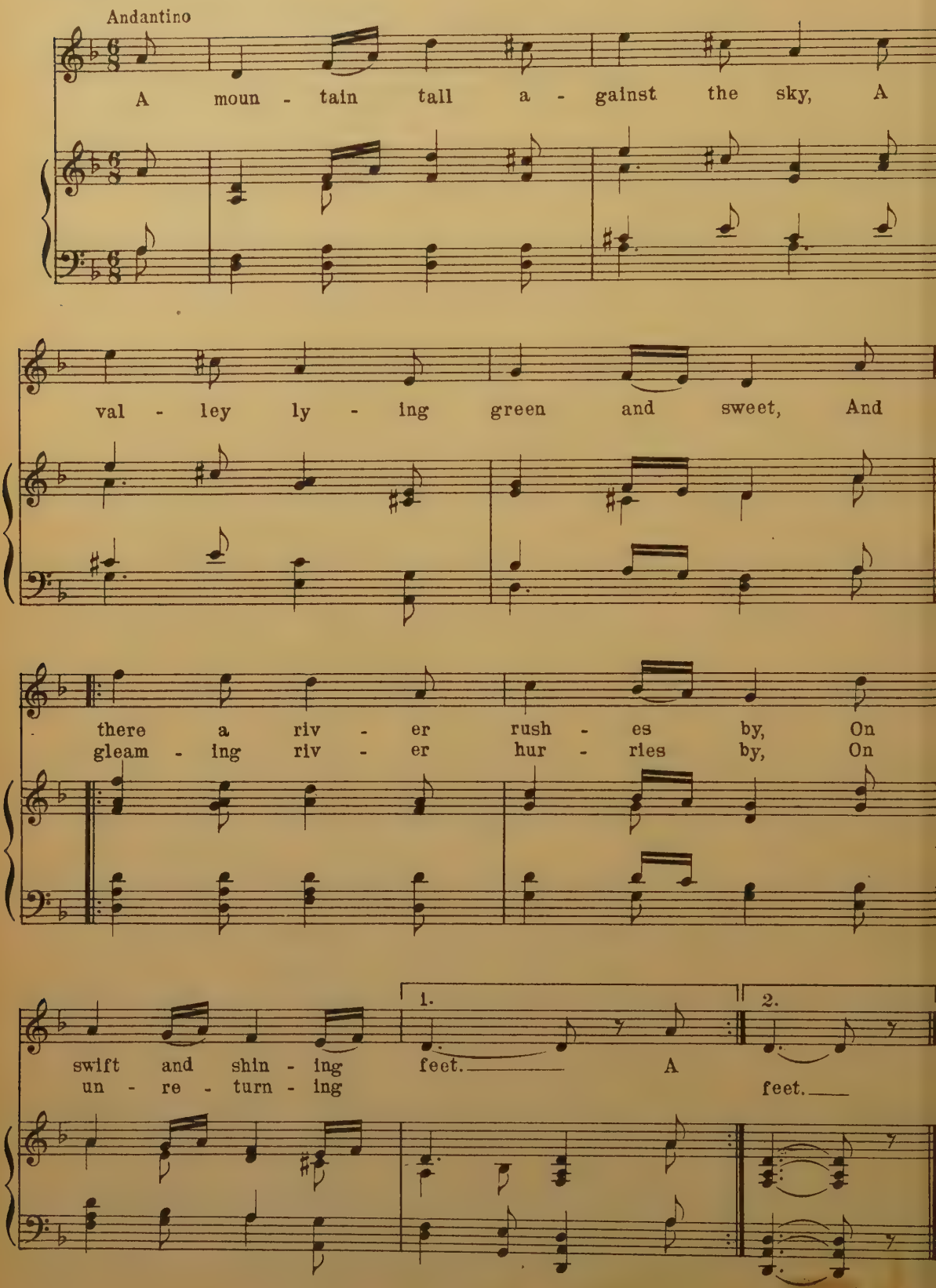
They gather all around her – lead her away,
While my heart in its anguish is breaking to-day.
Refrain

The willows that bend o'er the brook, how they moan!
They have taken my love from me – I am left alone.
Refrain

Paraphrase by
Harriet Whitney Symonds

A HIGH MOUNTAIN STANDS

Paraphrase by
David Morton


Andantino
A moun - tain tall a - gainst the sky, A
val - ley ly - ing green and sweet, And
there a riv - er rush - es by, On
gleam - ing riv - er hur - ries by, On
1.
swift and shin - ing feet. A
2.
un - re - turn - ing feet.

СТОІТЬ ГОРА ВИСОКАЯ.

Стоіть гора высокая,
По підъ горою гай,
Зелений гай, густесенький,
Неначе справді рай.

Підъ гаемъ веть ся річенька,
Якъ скло вода блищить,
Долиною зеленою
Кудись вона біжить.

Край берега у затишку
Привязані човни,
А три верби схилили ся,
Мов журять ся вони,

Що пройде любе літечко,
Повіютъ холода,
Осиплеть ся з них листячко—
І понесе вода.

Журю ся й я надъ річкою...
Біжить вона, шумить,
А в мене чуле серденько
І мліе і болить.

Стоіть гора высокая,
Зелений гай шумить,
Сьпівають пташки голосно
І річенька блищить...

Якъ хороше, якъ весело
На білім сьвіті жить!
Чого жъ у мене серденько
І мліэ і болить?

Болить воно та журить ся,
Що вернеть ся весна,
А молодость... не вернеть ся,
Не вернеть ся вона.

A High Mountain Stands

A mountain tall against the sky,
A valley lying green and sweet,
And there a river rushes by,
On swift and shining feet–
A gleaming river hurries by
On unreturning feet.

Above the little boats ashore,
Above the river's careless sweep,
Three willows, mournful evermore,
Bend lovely heads and weep–
Above the waters evermore,
The mournful willows weep.

Ah, well the saddened willows know
That soon must come a winter's day,
When one by one their leaves will go
The river's restless way–
Ah, well they know the river's flow
Will bear their leaves away.

I too, I too, am sick and sad
For something that comes not again,
Though all the world turns green and glad
For spring's new sun and rain–
Though fields again turn green and glad
In April sun and rain.

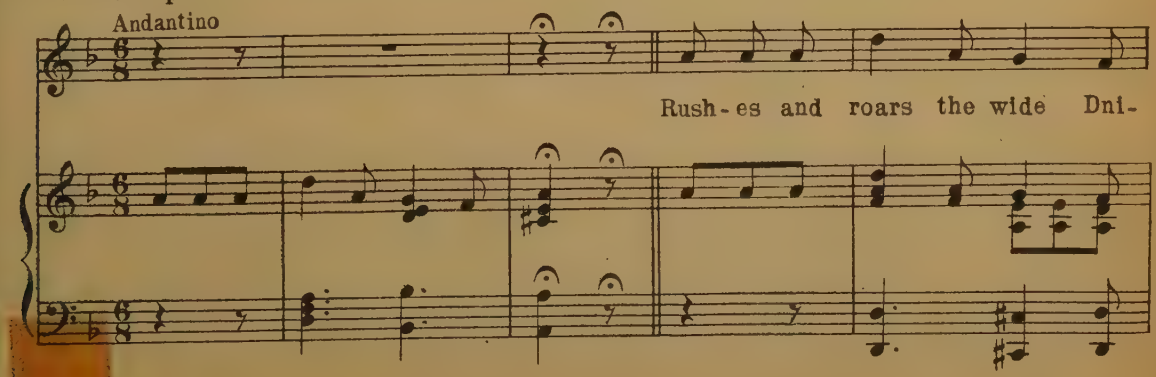
The spring brings back each happy thing;
Sweet buds and leaves for every tree,
But never any Aprils bring
My youth, my youth to me–
The spring returns each precious thing,
But not my youth to me.

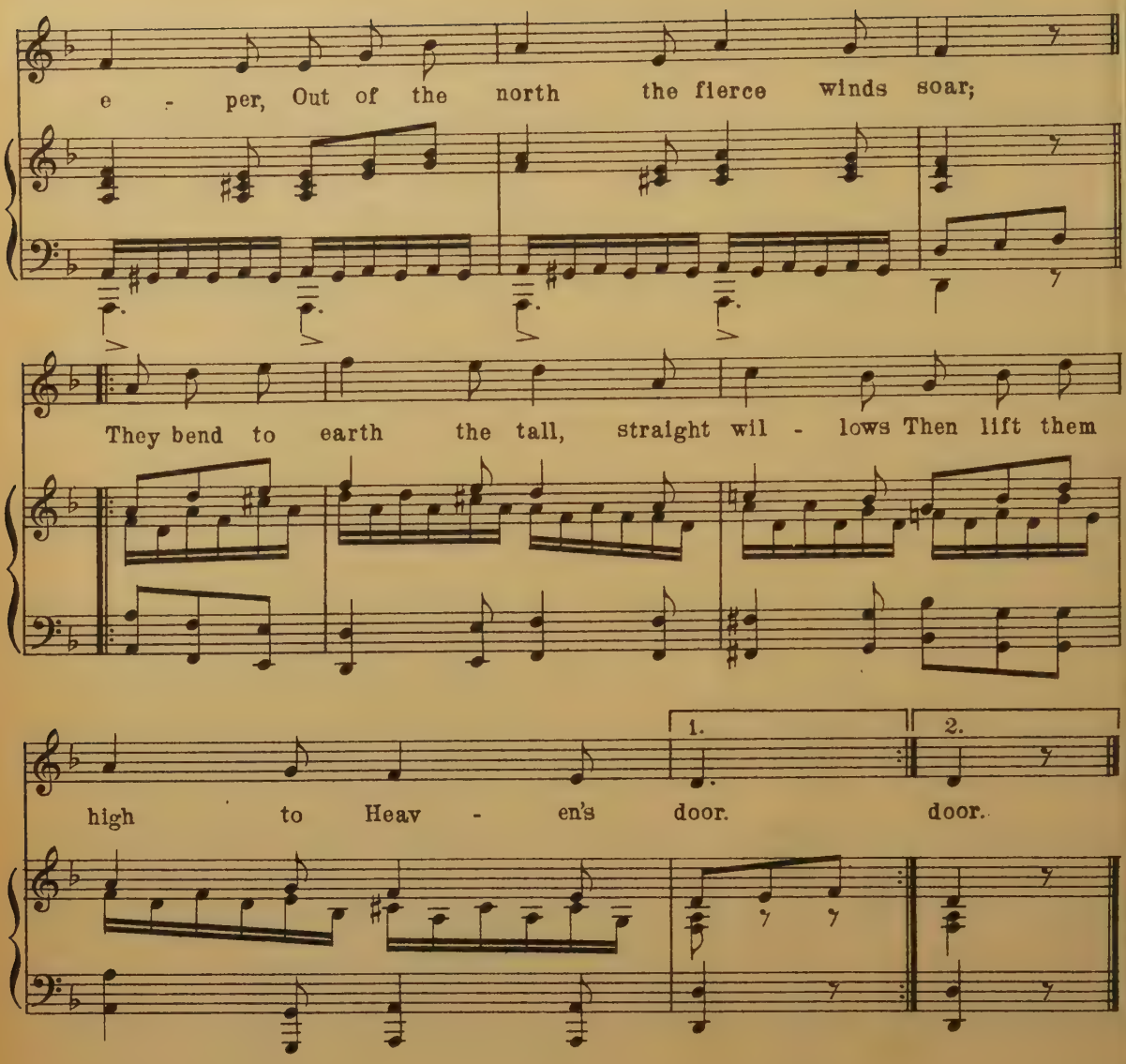
Paraphrase by
David Morton

UKRAINE

RUSHES AND ROARS THE WIDE DNIEPER

English version by
Eva Valentine Trapnell




e - per, Out of the north the fierce winds soar;
They bend to earth the tall, straight wil - lows Then lift them
high to Heav - en's door.
1.
2.
door.

РЕВЕ ТА СТОГНЕ.

Реве та стогне Дніпр широкий,
Сердито вітер завіва,
До долу верби гне високі,
Горами хвилі підойма.

І блідий місяць на ту пору
Зза хмари де-де виглядав,
Неначе човен в синім морю
То виринав, то потопав.

Ще треті півні не співали,
Ніхто ніде не гомонів,
Січі в гаю перекликались,
А ясень раз-у-раз скрипів.

Rushes and Roars the Wide Dnieper

Rushes and roars the wide Dnieper,
Out of the north the fierce winds soar,
They bend to earth the tall, straight willows,
Then lift them high to Heaven's door.

There is no song beside the river,
No sound but storm-winds rushing on.
Out of the dark an owl is calling,
The ash tree, answering, makes moan.

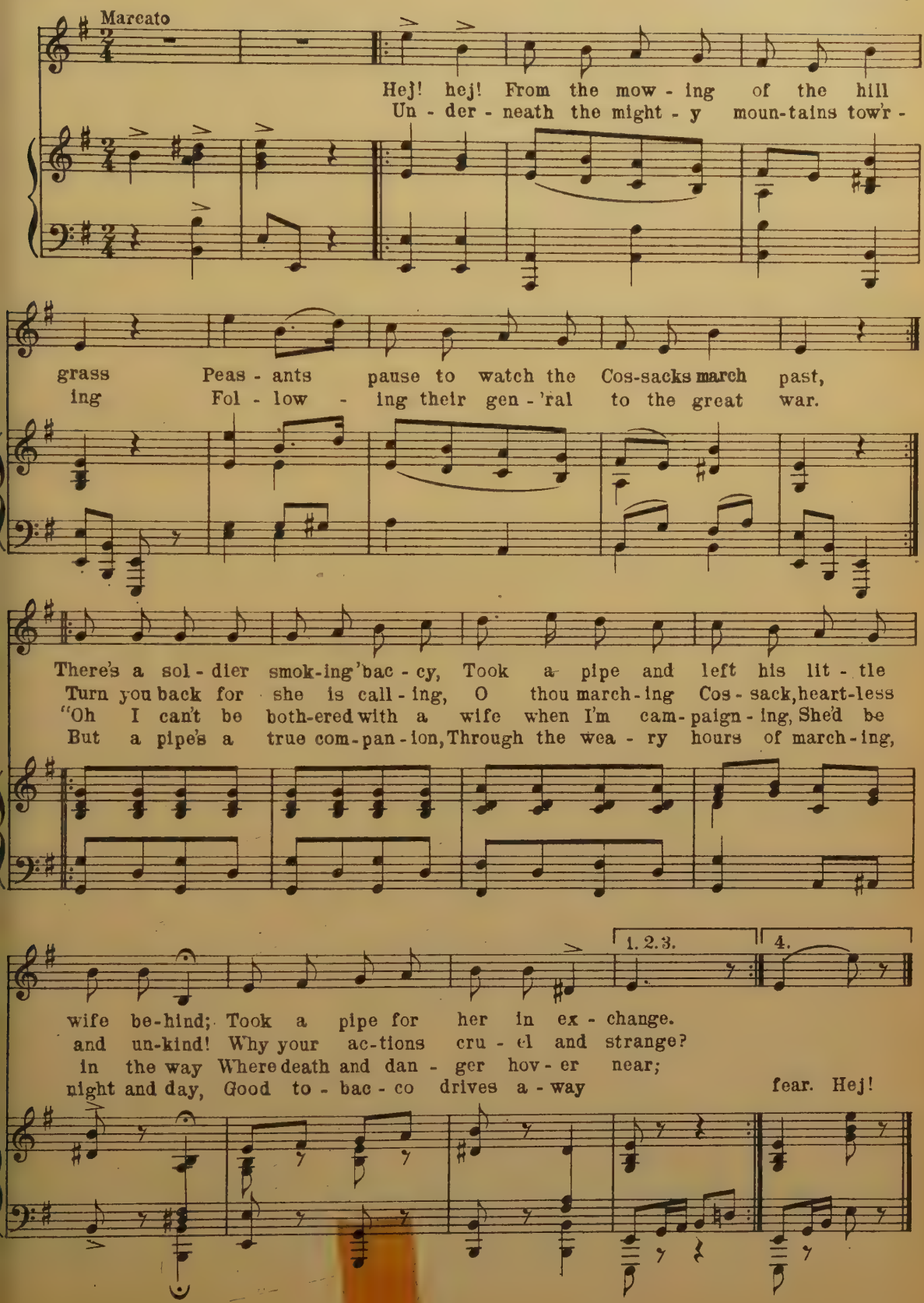
And the pale moon so swiftly moving
Through the wild clouds that shift and flee,
Is like a boat, wave rocked and tossing,
Now high now low on night's dark sea.

English version by
Eva Valentine Trapnell

REAPERS ON THE MOUNTAIN

Free translation by
Edmund Leamy

Folk Song


Marcato
Hej! hej! From the mow - ing of the hill
Un - der - neath the might - y moun-tains tow'r -
grass Peas - ants pause to watch the Cos-sacks march past,
ing Fol - low - ing their gen - 'ral to the great war.
There's a sol - dier smok-ing 'bac - cy, Took a pipe and left his lit - tle
Turn you back for she is call - ing, O thou march - ing Cos - sack, heart-less
"Oh I can't be both-ered with a wife when I'm cam-paign - ing, She'd be
But a pipe's a true com-pan - ion, Through the wea - ry hours of march - ing,
1. 2. 3.
4.
wife be-hind; Took a pipe for her in ex - change.
and un-kind! Why your ac-tions cru - el and strange?
in the way Where death and dan - ger hov - er near;
night and day, Good to - bac - co drives a - way fear. Hej!

ГЕЙ НА ГОРІ ТА ЖЕНЦІ ЖНУТЬ.

Гей на горі та женці жнуть! (2)
А попід горою,
А попід крутою
Козаки ідуть. (2)
Попереду Дорошенко, (2)
Веде своє військо,
Військо запорожське
Хорошенько. (2)
А позаду Сагайдачний, (2)
Що проміняв жінку
За тютюн і люльку,
Необачний. (2)
Гей, вернися Сагайдачний, (2)
Возьми собі жінку,
Віддай тютюн й люльку,
Необачний. (2)
Мені з жінков не возиться, (2)
А тютюн та люлька
Козаку в дорозі
Пригодиться. (2)
Гей, хто в лісі озовися, (2)
Та викрешем огню
І закурим люльку,
Не журися. (2)

Reapers on the Mountain

Hej! hej! From the mowing of the hill grass
Peasants pause to watch the Cossacks march past,
Underneath the mighty mountains towering
Following their general to the great war.

There's a soldier smoking 'baccy,
Took a pipe and left his little wife behind;
Took a pipe for her in exchange.
Turn you back for she is calling,
O thou marching Cossack, heartless and unkind!
Why your action cruel and strange?

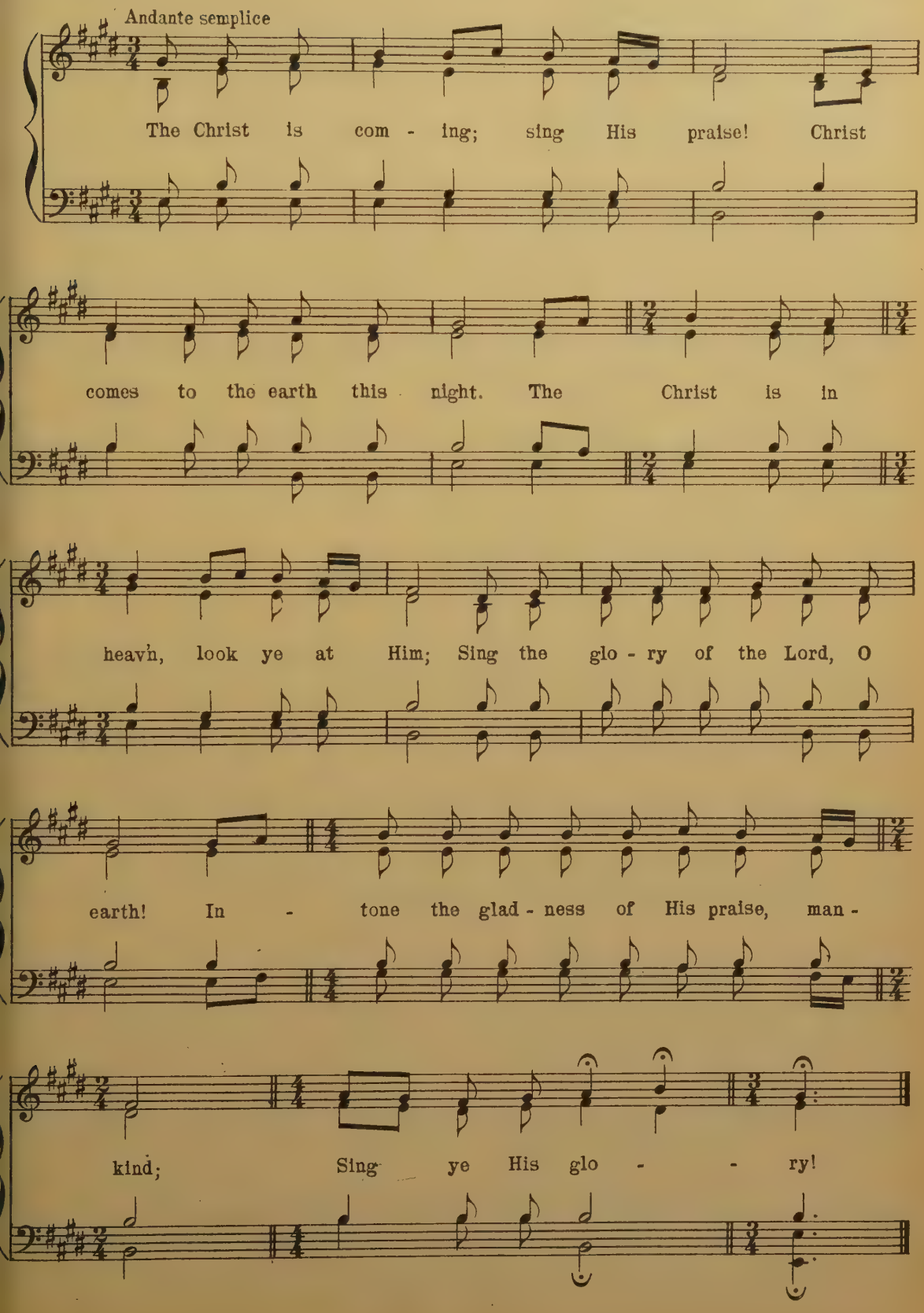
"Oh I can't be bothered with a wife when I'm campaigning,
She'd be in the way
Where death and danger hover near;
But a pipe's a true companion,
Through the weary hours of marching, night and day,
Good tobacco drives away fear. Hej!

Free translation by
Edmund Leamy

THE CHRIST IS COMING

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Carol


Andante semplice
The Christ is com - ing; sing His praise! Christ
comes to the earth this night. The Christ is in
heav'n, look ye at Him; Sing the glo - ry of the Lord, O
earth! In - tone the glad - ness of His praise, man -
kind; Sing ye His glo - - ry!

ХРИСТОСЪ РОЖДАЕТСЯ

Христосъ рождается, славите!
Христосъ въ небѣ, зрящете!
Христосъ на земли воплотитеся.
Пойте Господеви вся земля
И веселіе воспойте людіе,
Яко прославися.

The Christ Is Coming!

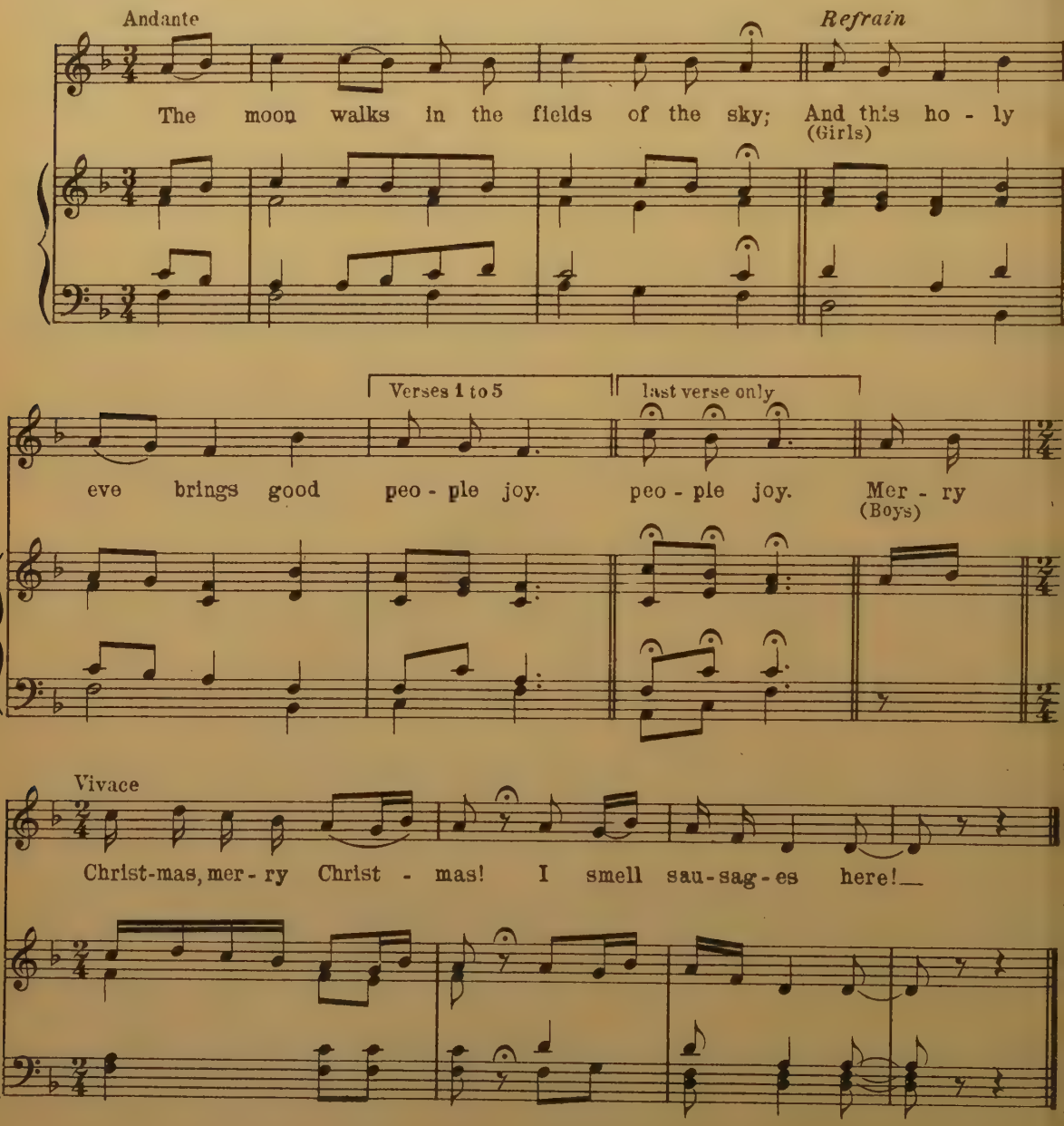
The Christ is coming; sing His praise!
Christ comes to the earth this night.
The Christ is in heaven, look ye at Him;
Sing the glory of the Lord, O earth!
Intone the gladness of His praise, mankind;
Sing ye His glory!

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Great Russia


Andante
Refrain
The moon walks in the fields of the sky; And this ho - ly
(Girls)
Verses 1 to 5
last verse only
eve brings good peo - ple joy. peo - ple joy. Mer - ry
(Boys)
Vivace
Christ-mas, mer - ry Christ - mas! I smell sau-sag - es here!

ХОДИТЪ МѢСЯЦЪ.

Ходитъ мѣсяцъ по небу синему,
Святой вечеръ добрымъ людямъ на здоровъ.
Колядую, колядую,
Колбасу чую.
А за мѣсяцемъ ясно солнышко,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
А за солнышкомъ ясны звѣздочки,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
Ясный мѣсяцъ то хозяинушка,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
Красно солнышко то хозяюшка,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
Ясны звѣздочки—то ихъ дѣтушки,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.

Christmas Greeting

The moon walks in the fields of the sky;

Refrain:
Girls: And this holy eve brings good people joy.

Boys: Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!
I smell sausages here!

And behind him walks the round, red sun;
Refrain

And behind her walk the lovely stars.
Refrain

Oh, the white, white moon is the goodman strong;
Refrain

And the round, red sun is the goodwife sweet;
Refrain

And the clear, clear stars are their children dear.
Refrain

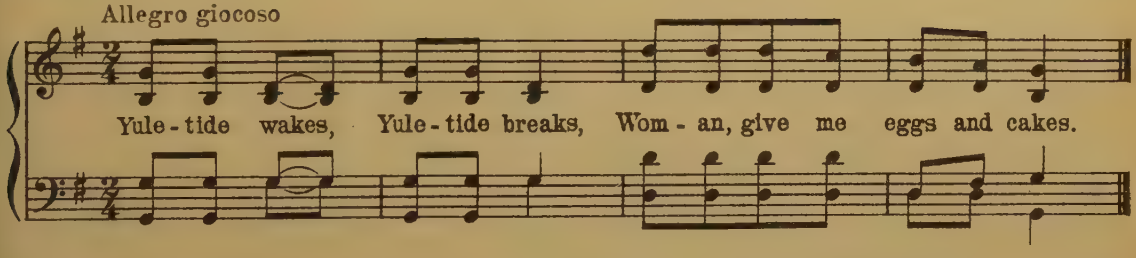
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

YULETIDE

Kolyada

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Ukraine



КОЛЯДА.

Коляда, Коляда,
Давай бабо пирога,
А не даш пирога —
Возьму вола за рога
Та виведу на поріг
Та викручу правий ріг.

Коляда, коляда,
Давай бабо пирога,
А не даш пирога —
Закидаю ворота,
А не даш пару яєць —
Розжену я усіх птиць.
Коляда, коляда,
Давай бабо пирога.

Yuletide

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If the cakes you do not give,
Your old ox will never live;
I will take him to the wood,
And will twist his horns for good.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If you make me stand and wait,
I will take away your gate;
If you will not give me eggs,
I will break your chickens' legs.

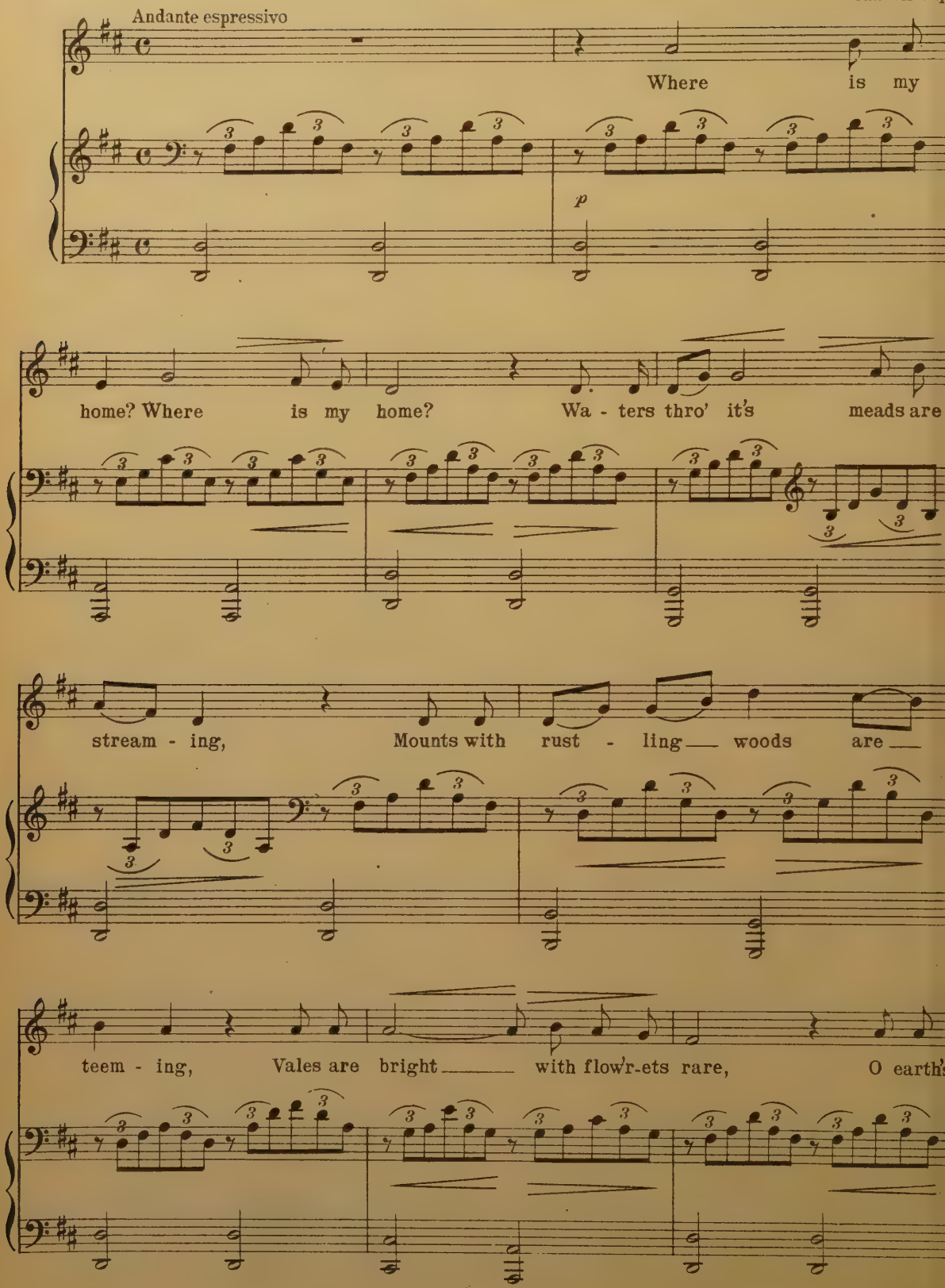
Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

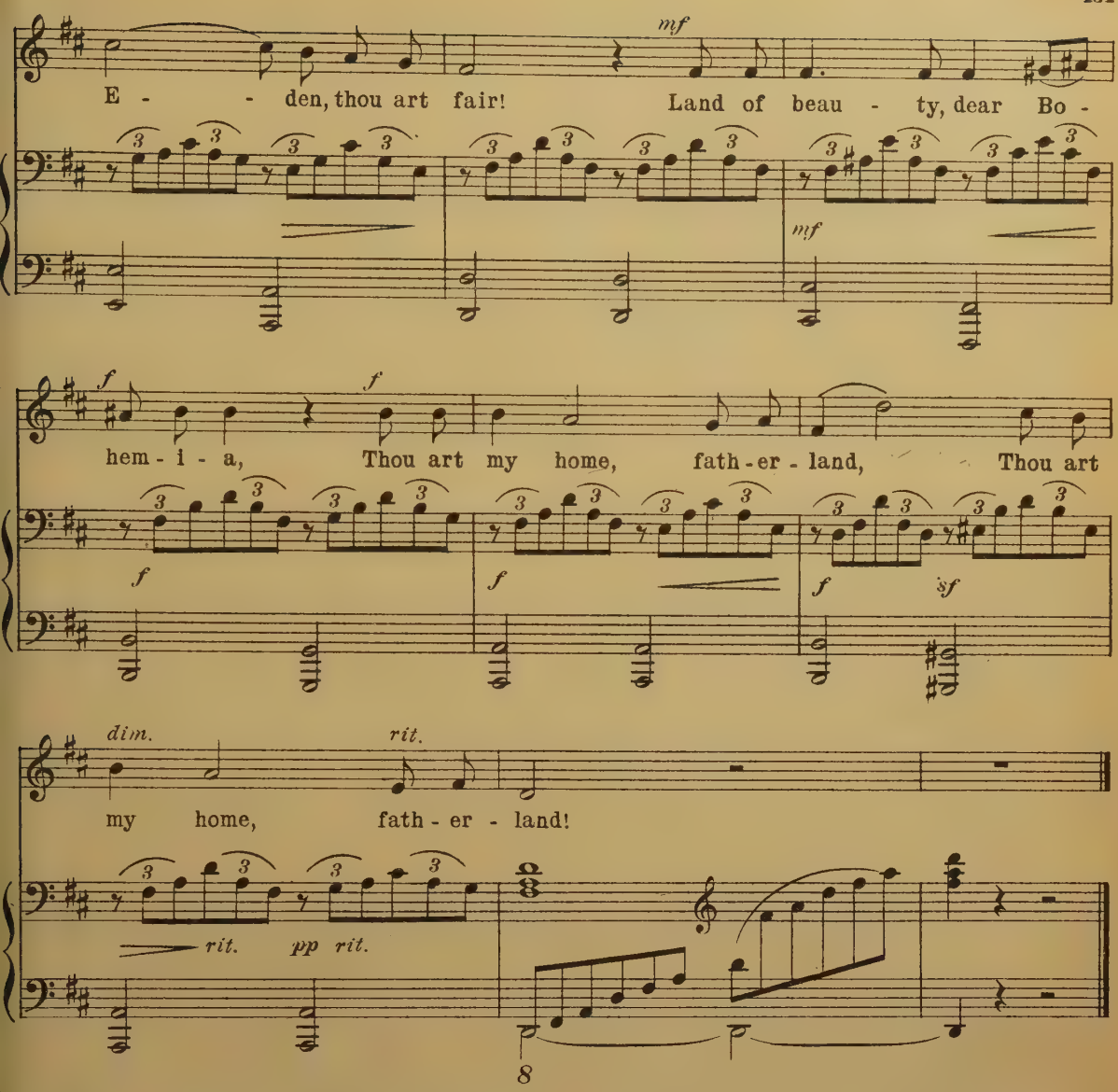
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

WHERE IS MY HOME?

Translation by
F. B. Zdrůbek

Jan Škroup


Andante espressivo
Where is my
p
home? Where is my home? Wa - ters thro' it's meads are
stream - ing, Mounts with rust - ling woods are
teem - ing, Vales are bright with flow'r-ets rare, O earth



Kde domov můj

Kde domov můj? Kde domov můj?
Voda hučí po lučinách,
Bory šumí po skalinách,
V sadě stkví se jara květ,
Zemský ráj to na pohled;
A to jest ta krásná země,
Země česká, domov můj,
Země česká, domov můj.

Kde domov můj? Kde domov můj?
V kraji znáš-li bohumilém
Duše útlé v těle čilém,
Mysl jasnou, vznik a zdar,
A tu sílu vzdoru zmar:
To je Čechů slavné plémě,
Mezi Čechy domov můj,
Mezi Čechy domov můj.

J.K.Tyl

Where Is My Home?

Where is my home?
Where is my home?
Waters, through its meads are streaming,
Mounts with rustling woods are teeming,
Vales are bright with flow'rets rare,
Oh, earth's Eden, thou art fair!
Land of beauty, dear Bohemia,
Thou art my home, fatherland!
Thou art my home, fatherland!

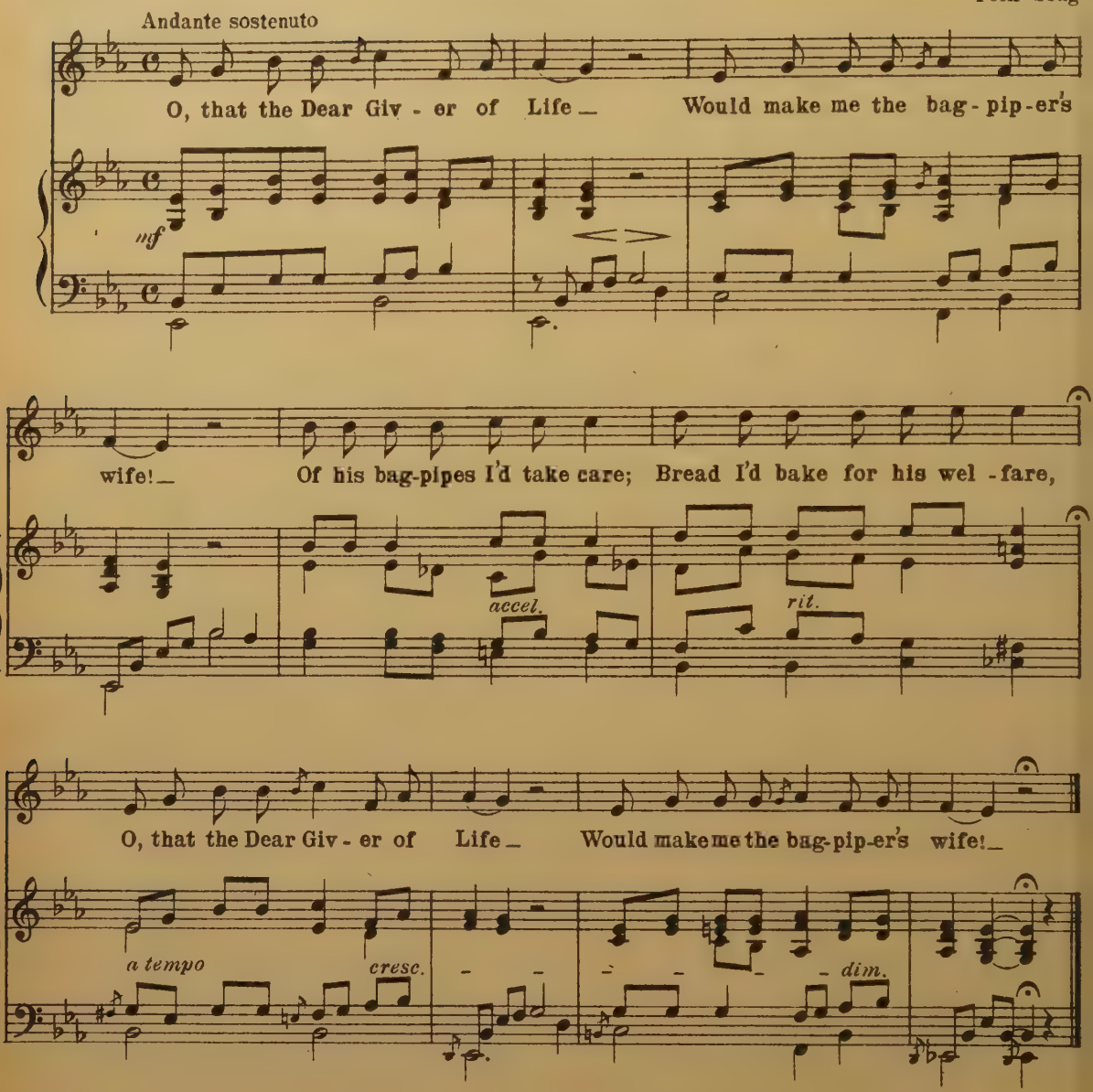
Where is my home?
Where is my home?
By the Towers of God 'tis bounded;
By the noblest sons surrounded;
True and light of heart are they,
Firm and bold in deadly fray,
Offspring grand of dear Bohemia,
Thou art my home, fatherland!
Thou art my home, fatherland!

Translation by
F. B. Zdrůbek

O, THAT THE DEAR GIVER OF LIFE

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Folk Song


Andante sostenuto
O, that the Dear Giv - er of Life _ Would make me the bag - pip - er's
mf
wife! _ Of his bag-pipes I'd take care; Bread I'd bake for his wel - fare,
accel.
rit.
O, that the Dear Giv - er of Life _ Would make me the bag-pip-er's wife! _
a tempo
cresc.
dim.

Kdyby mně to Pán Bůh dal

Kdyby mně to Pán Bůh dal,
by si mě ten dudák vzal;
dudy bych mu nosila,
chleba bych mu prosila
kdyby mně to Pán Bůh dal,
by si mě ten dudák vzal!

O, That The Dear Giver of Life

O, that the Dear Giver of Life
Would make me the bag-piper's wife!
Of his bag-pipes I'd take care;
Bread I'd bake for his welfare.
O, that the Dear Giver of Life
Would make me the bag-piper's wife!

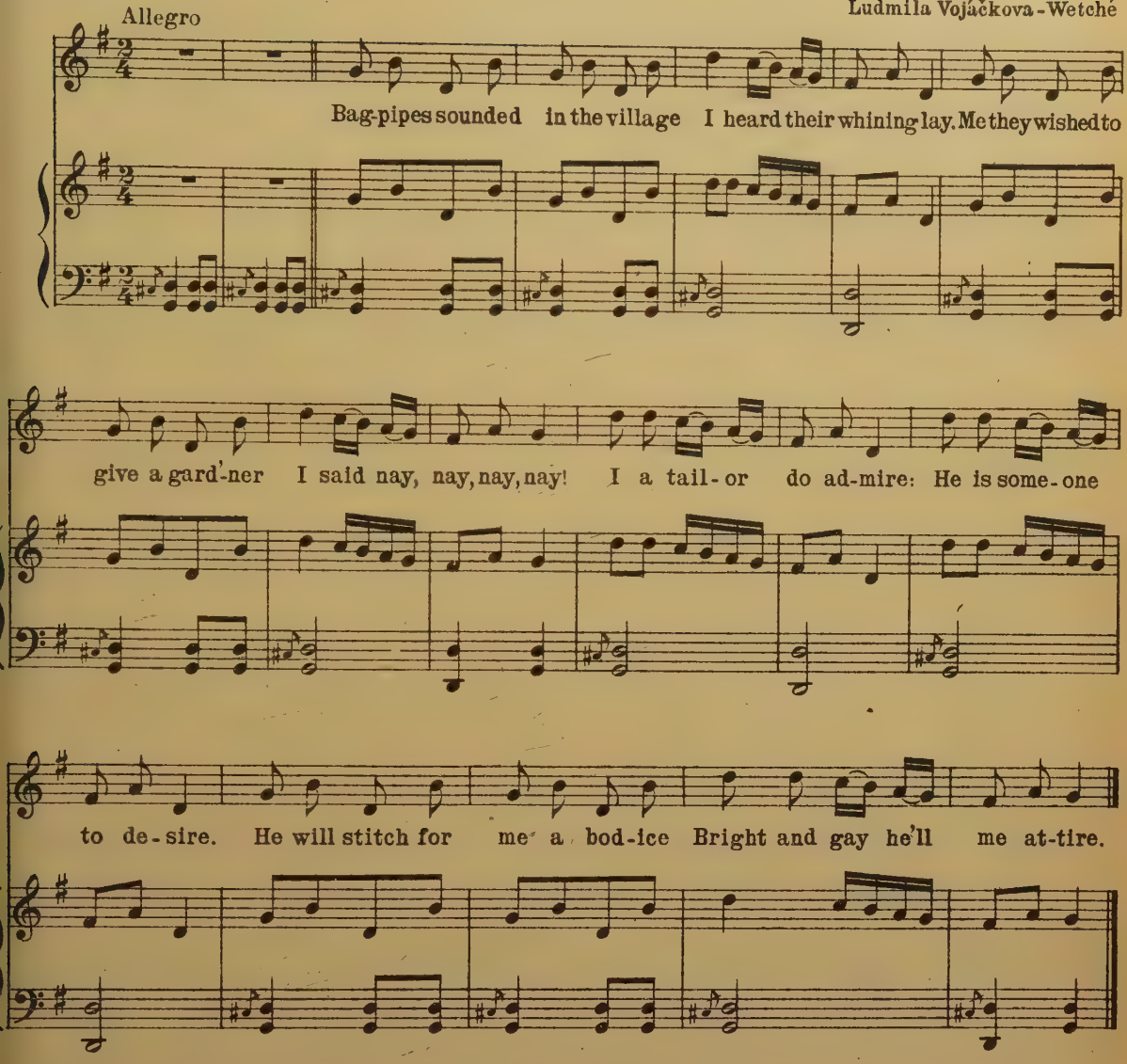
Translation by
John Mokrejs

THE BAG-PIPES

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Folk Song

Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčkova-Wetché


Allegro
Bag-pipes sounded in the village I heard their whining lay. Me they wished to
give a gard'ner I said nay, nay, nay, nay! I a tail-or do ad-mire: He is some-one
to de-sire. He will stitch for me a bod-ice Bright and gay he'll me at-tire.

Hrály dudy

Hrály dudy u Pobndy.
a já jsem je slyšela
dávali mě komeníka
a já jsem ho nechtěla:
a já radši krejčího
to je něco lepšího!
ušije mi šněrovačku
z portele lepšího.

The Bag-Pipes

Bag-pipes sounded in the village.
I heard their whining lay.
Me they wished to give a gard'ner
I said nay, nay, nay, nay!
I a tailor do admire:
He is someone to desire.
He will stitch for me a bodice
Bright and gay he'll me attire.

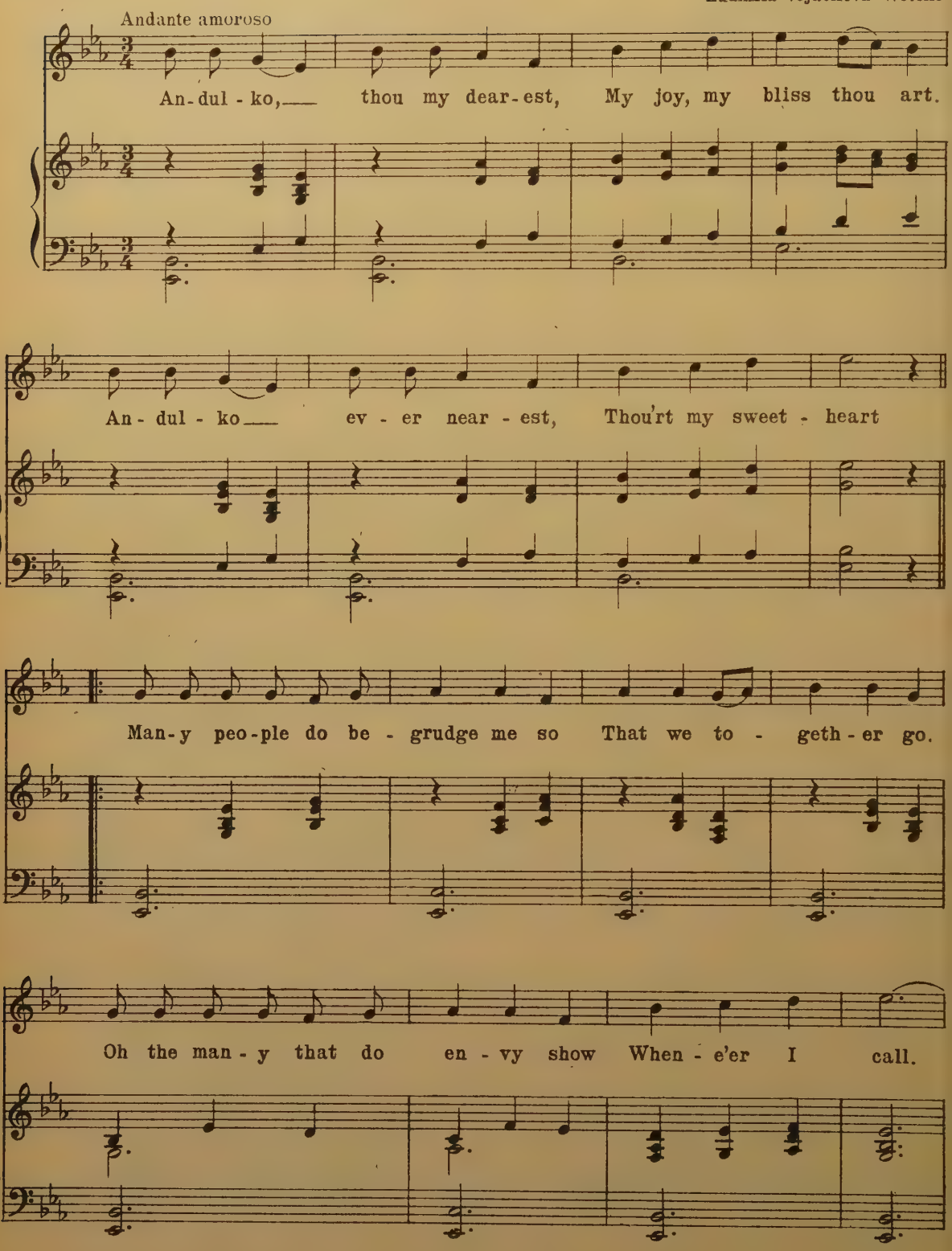
Translation by
John Mokrejs

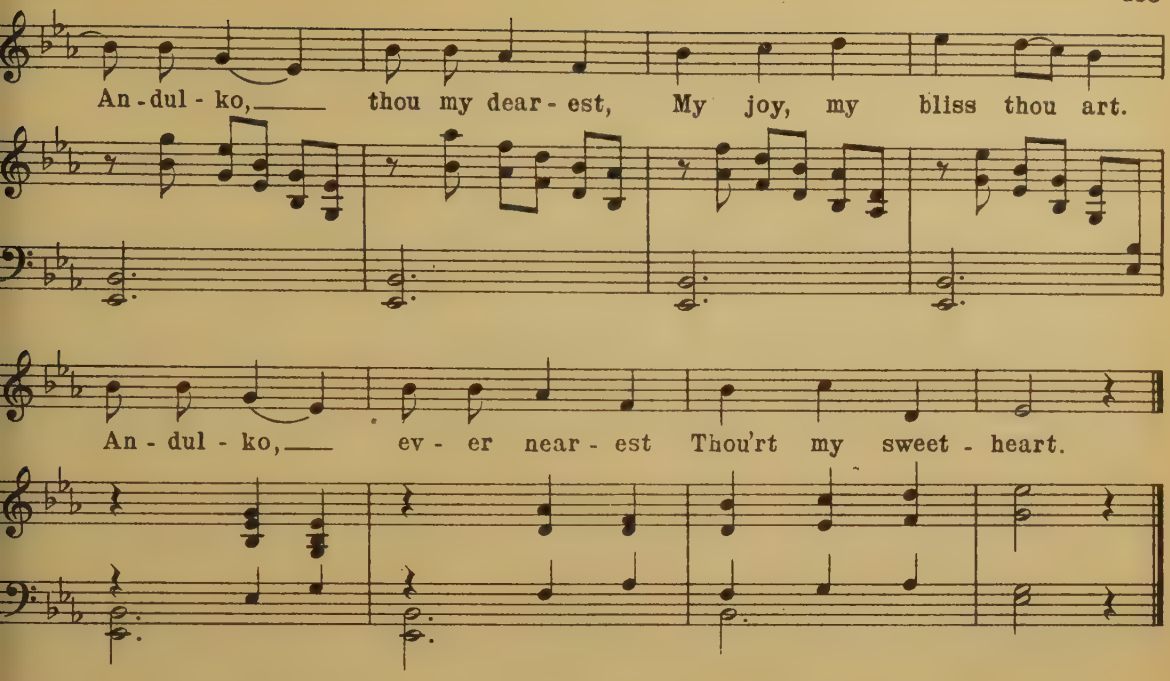
ANDULKO

Folk Song

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčkova-Wetche


Andante amoroso
An-dul-ko, thou my dear-est, My joy, my bliss thou art.
An-dul-ko ev-er near-est, Thou'rt my sweet-heart
Man-y peo-ple do be-grudge me so That we to-geth-er go.
Oh the man-y that do en-vy show When-e'er I call.



Andulko, mé díte

Andulko, mé dítě,
vy se mně líbíte,
Andulko, mé dítě,
já vás mám rád!
Ani mně to lidi nepřejou,
že chodim za tebou,
ani mně to lidi nepřejou,
že chodim k vám.
Andulko, mé dítě,
vy se mně líbíte,
Andulko, mé dítě,
já vás mám rád!

Andulko

Andulko, thou my dearest,
My joy, my bliss thou art.
Andulko, ever nearest,
Thou'rt my sweetheart.

Many people do begrudge me so
That we together go,
Oh the many that do envy show
Whene'er I call.
Andulko, thou my dearest,
My joy, my bliss thou art.
Andulko, ever nearest,
Thou'rt my sweetheart.

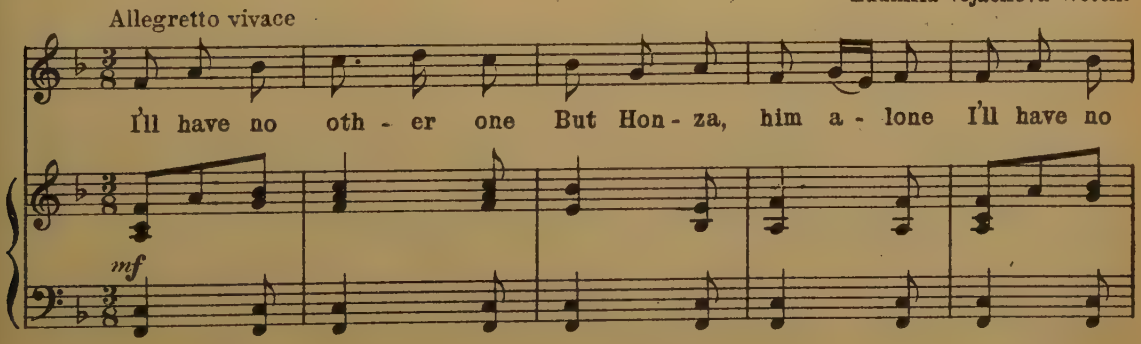
Translation by
John Mokrejs

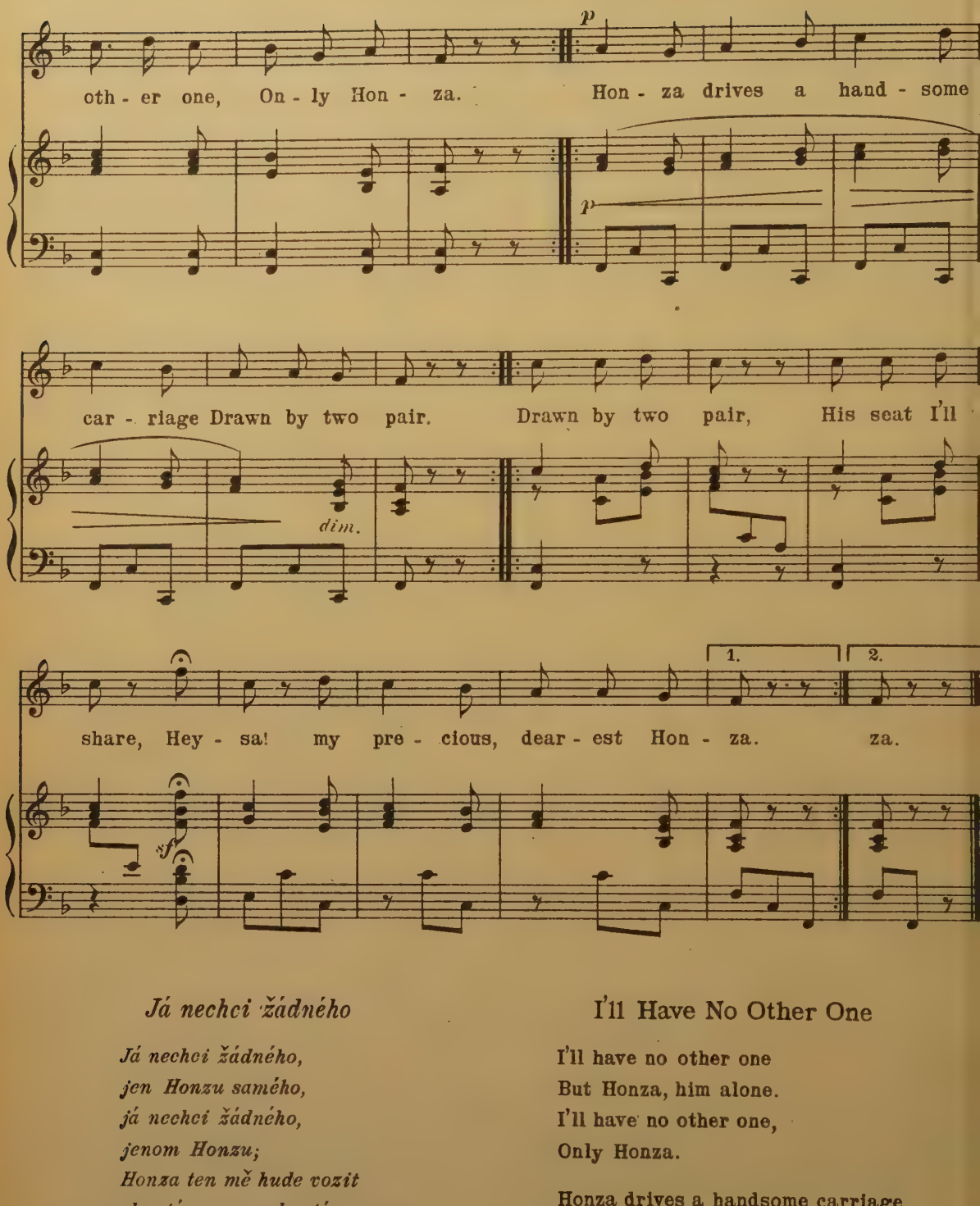
I'LL HAVE NO OTHER ONE

Folk Song

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčkova-Wetche




oth - er one, On - ly Hon - za. Hon - za drives a hand - some
car - riage Drawn by two pair. Drawn by two pair, His seat I'll
share, Hey - sa! my pre - cious, dear - est Hon - za. za.
1.
2.
p
dim.
sf

Já nechci žádného

Já nechci žádného,
jen Honzu samého,
já nechci žádného,
jenom Honzu;
Honza ten mě hude vozit
vkrytém vozu; vkrytém vozu,
čtyřma koňma, hejsa!
můj zlatej, zlatej Honza.

I'll Have No Other One

I'll have no other one
But Honza, him alone.
I'll have no other one,
Only Honza.

Honza drives a handsome carriage
Drawn by two pair.
Drawn by two pair,
His seat I'll share,
Heysa! my precious, dearest Honza.

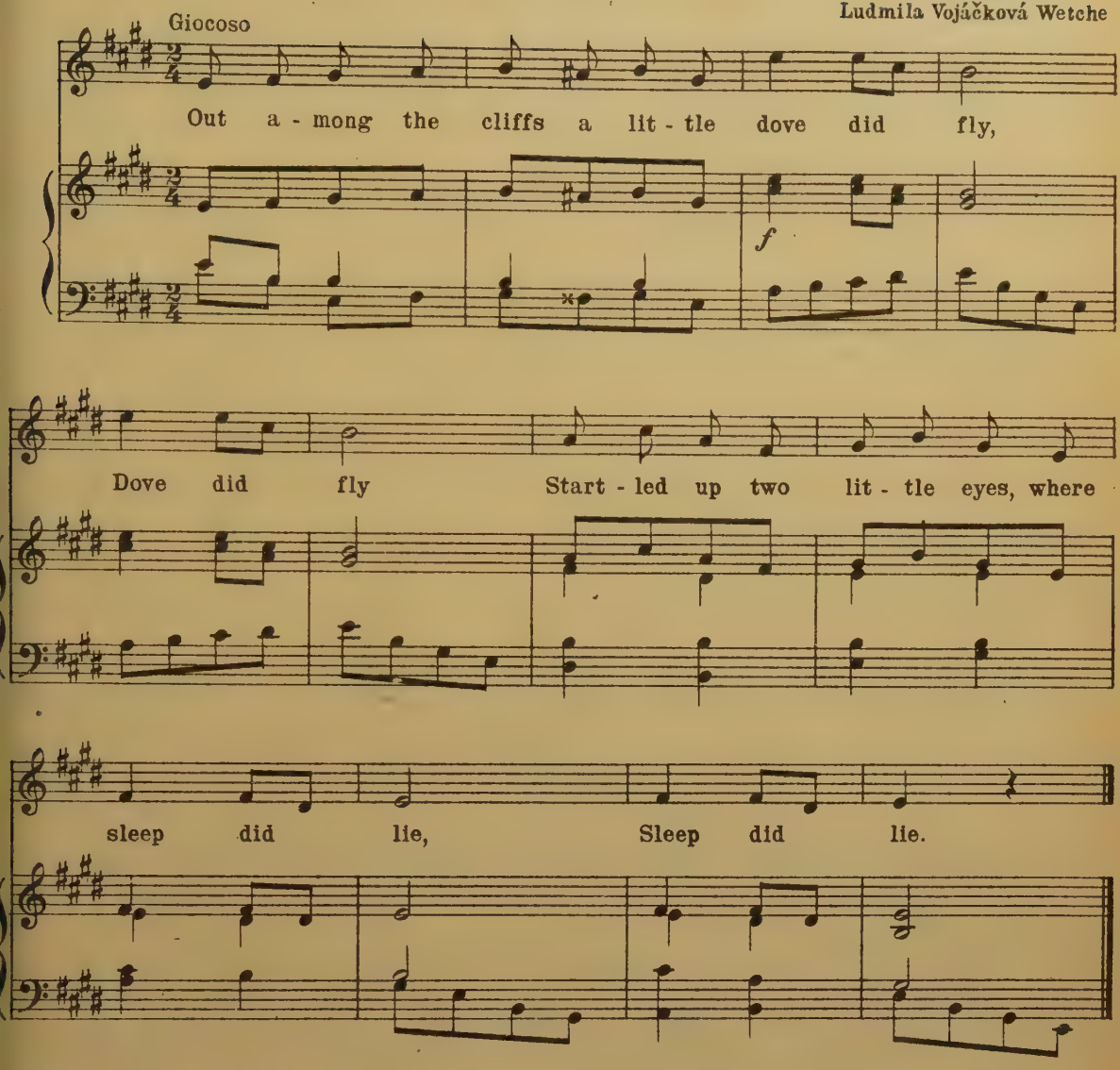
Translation by
John Mokrejs

LITTLE DOVE

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Folk Song

Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčková Wetche


Giocoso
Out a - mong the cliffs a lit - tle dove did fly,
f
Dove did fly
Start - led up two lit - tle eyes, where
sleep did lie,
Sleep did lie.

Vyletěla holubička

Vyletěla holubička ze skály, ze skály
probudila černé oči ze spaní, ze spaní
kdyby byly černé oči nespaly, nespaly,
byly by tu holubičku dostaly, dostaly.

Nebyla to holubička, byl to pták, byl to pták,
když mě nechceš, můj holečku, nechej tak, nechej tak
když mě nechceš milovati nechtěj si, nechtěj si:
bude si mě namlouvati, hodnější, hodnější.

Little Dove

Out among the cliffs a little dove did fly,
Startled up two little eyes where sleep did lie.

Had your eyes not been asleep, my dark-eyed lad,
Then, my dear, the little dove you might have had.

It was not a dove, it was a bird in air,
Since you will not tarry, dear, then naught I care.

Since you will not love me, dear, then be it so;
One far better I shall find, and this I know.

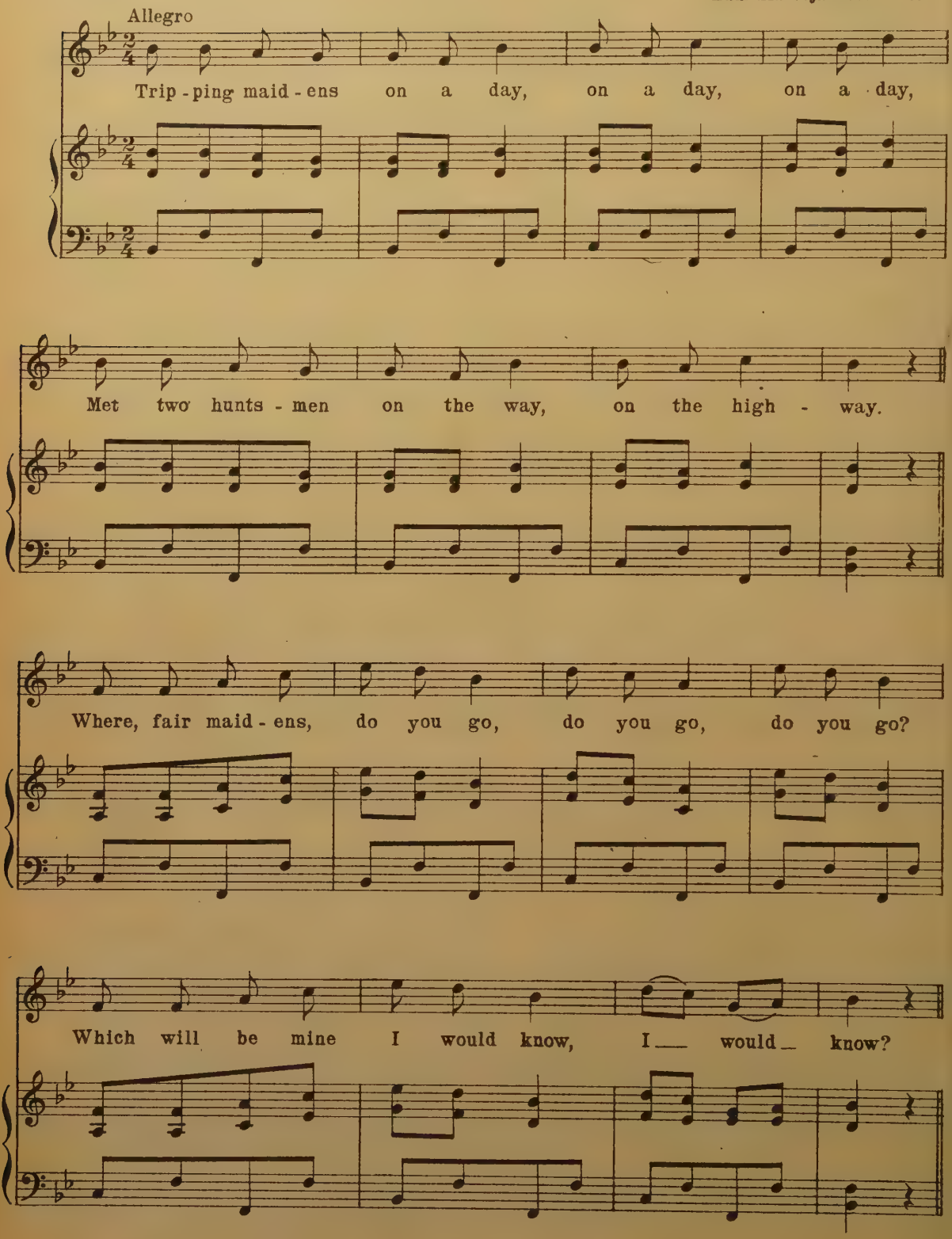
Translation by
John Mokrejs

TRIPPING MAIDENS

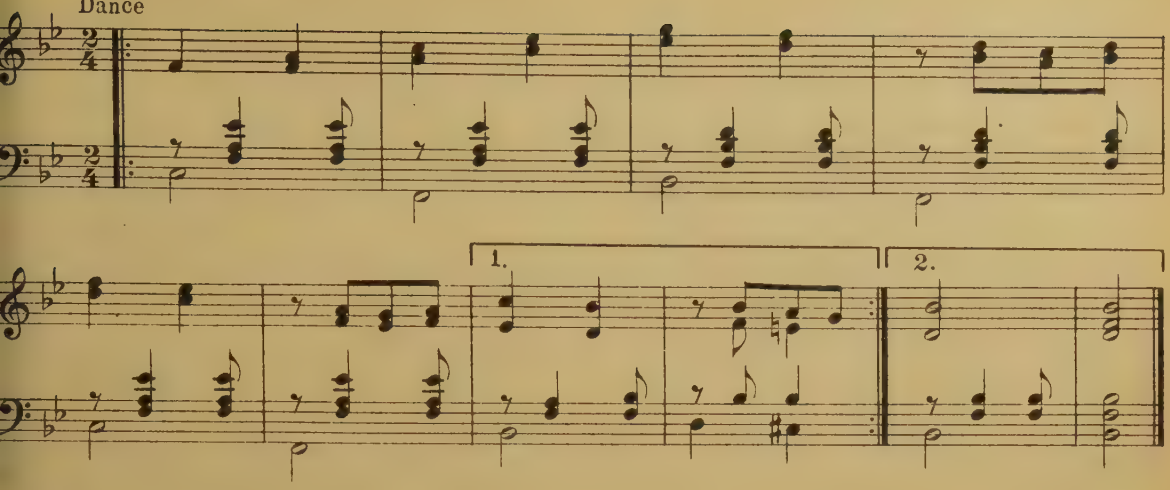
Translation by
John Mokrejs

Folk Song

Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčkova-Wetche


Allegro
Trip - ping maid - ens on a day, on a day, on a day,
Met two hunts - men on the way, on the high - way.
Where, fair maid - ens, do you go, do you go, do you go?
Which will be mine I would know, I__ would_ know?

Dance



Šly panenky silnicí

Šly panenky silnicí, silnicí, silnicí,
Potkali je myslivcí, myslivcí dva.
Kam panenky, kam jdete, kam jdete, kam jdete,
Která moje budete, budete má?

Ta maličká ta je má, ta je má, ta je má,
ta má oči jako já, jako já mám,
na krku má granáty, granáty granáty,
Mezi nima dukáty, dukáty má.

Jak pak já to vyvedu, vyvedu, vyvedu,
já si pro ni přijedu, přijedu sám
štyřma koňma vranýma, vranýma, vranýma.
jako sedlák ze mlýna, ze mlýna tam.

Tripping Maidens

Tripping maidens on a day, on a day, on a day,
Met two huntsmen on the way, on the highway.
Where, fair maidens, do you go, do you go, do you go?
Which will be mine, I would know, I would know?

This fair maiden I do claim, this one claim, this one claim,
We have eyes that see the same, see the same.
'Round her neck are garnets fair, garnets fair, garnets fair
'Mong them too, are ducats rare, golden ducats rare.

How I'll do it, now behold, now behold, now behold,
I shall drive for her right bold, for her right bold.
With four horses drive I will, drive I will, drive I will.
Proud as sedlaks from the mill, sedlaks from the mill.

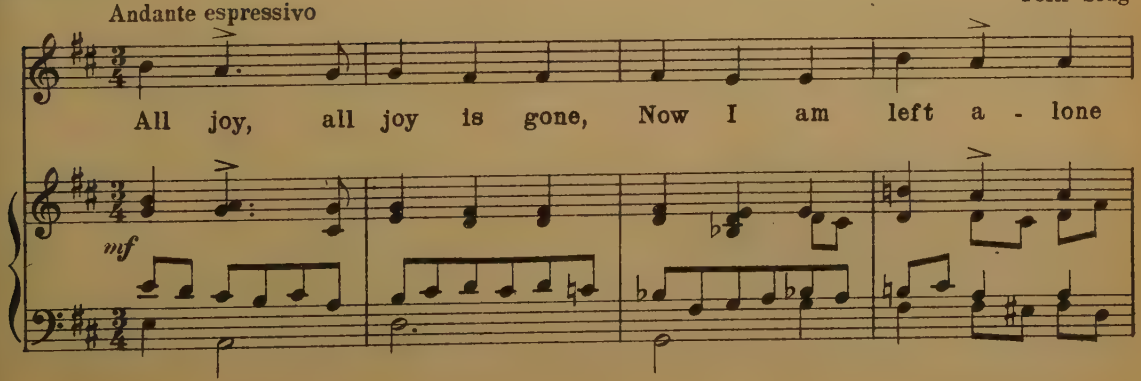
Translation by
John Mokrejs

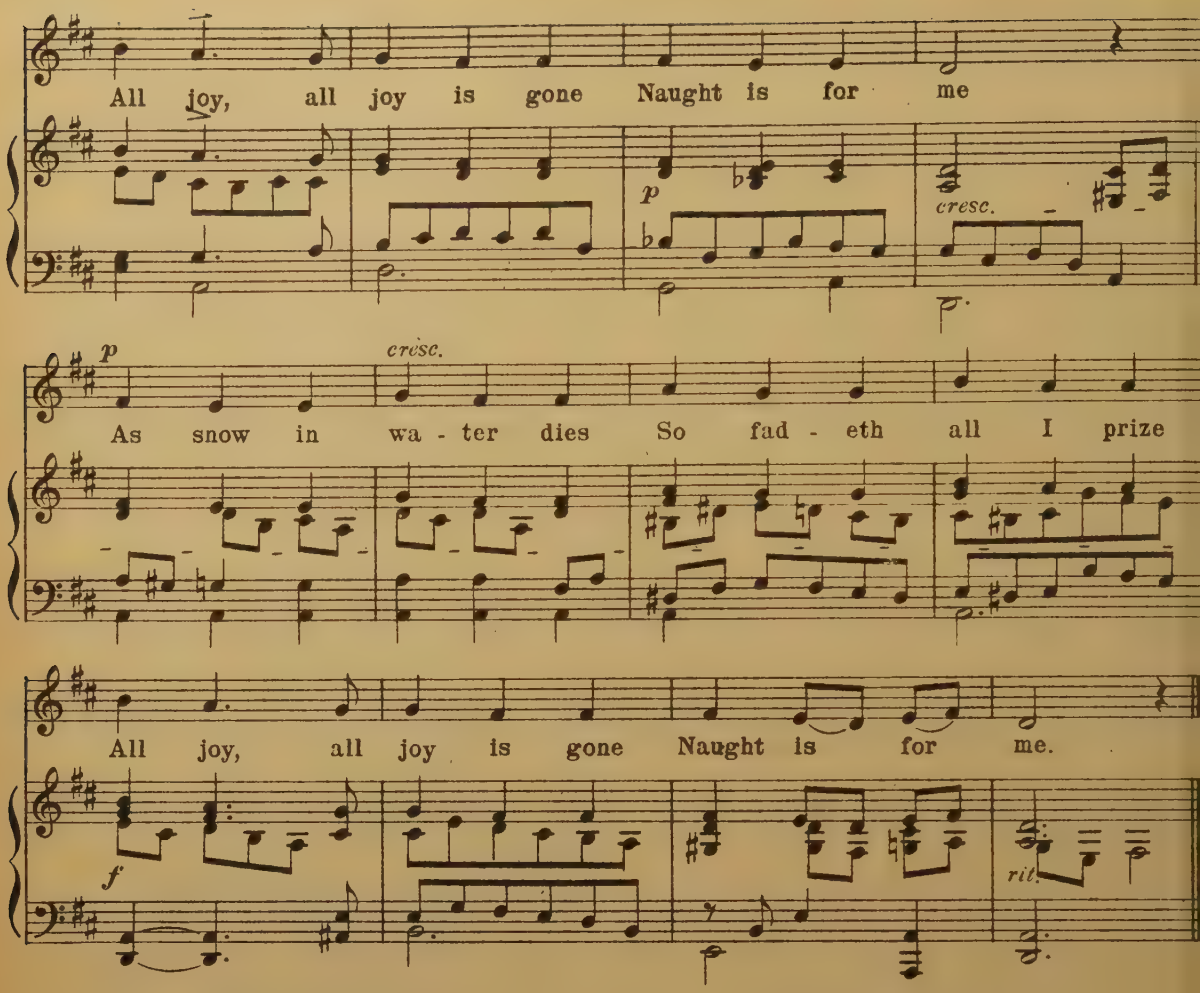
ALL JOY IS GONE

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Folk Song

Andante espressivo




All joy, all joy is gone Naught is for me
p
cresc.
As snow in wa - ter dies So fad - eth all I prize
All joy, all joy is gone Naught is for me.
f
rit.

Ach není tu není

Ach! není tu není, co by mně těšilo,
ach není tu není, co mne těší!
Co mne těšívalo, vodou uplynulo;
ach není tu není, co mne těší.

Jaké to vorání bez pluhu bez koní
Jaké to vorání bez koleček?
Takové vorání jako milování
Jako milování bez hubiček.

Pořád mi dávají, co se mi nelíbí,
Pořád mi dávají, co já nechci,
Dávají mi vdovce, ten má jen půl srdce,
Půl ho dal nebožce, půl by dal mně.

All Joy Is Gone

All joy, all joy is gone
Now I am left alone!
All joy, all joy is gone
Naught is for me:
As snow in water dies
So fadeth all I prize
All joy, all joy is gone
Naught is for me.

How well does ploughing fare
With no horse, no plowshare,
How well does ploughing fare
When there's no plough?
Like ploughing such as this
Is loving when amiss,
What kind of love is love
Without one kiss?

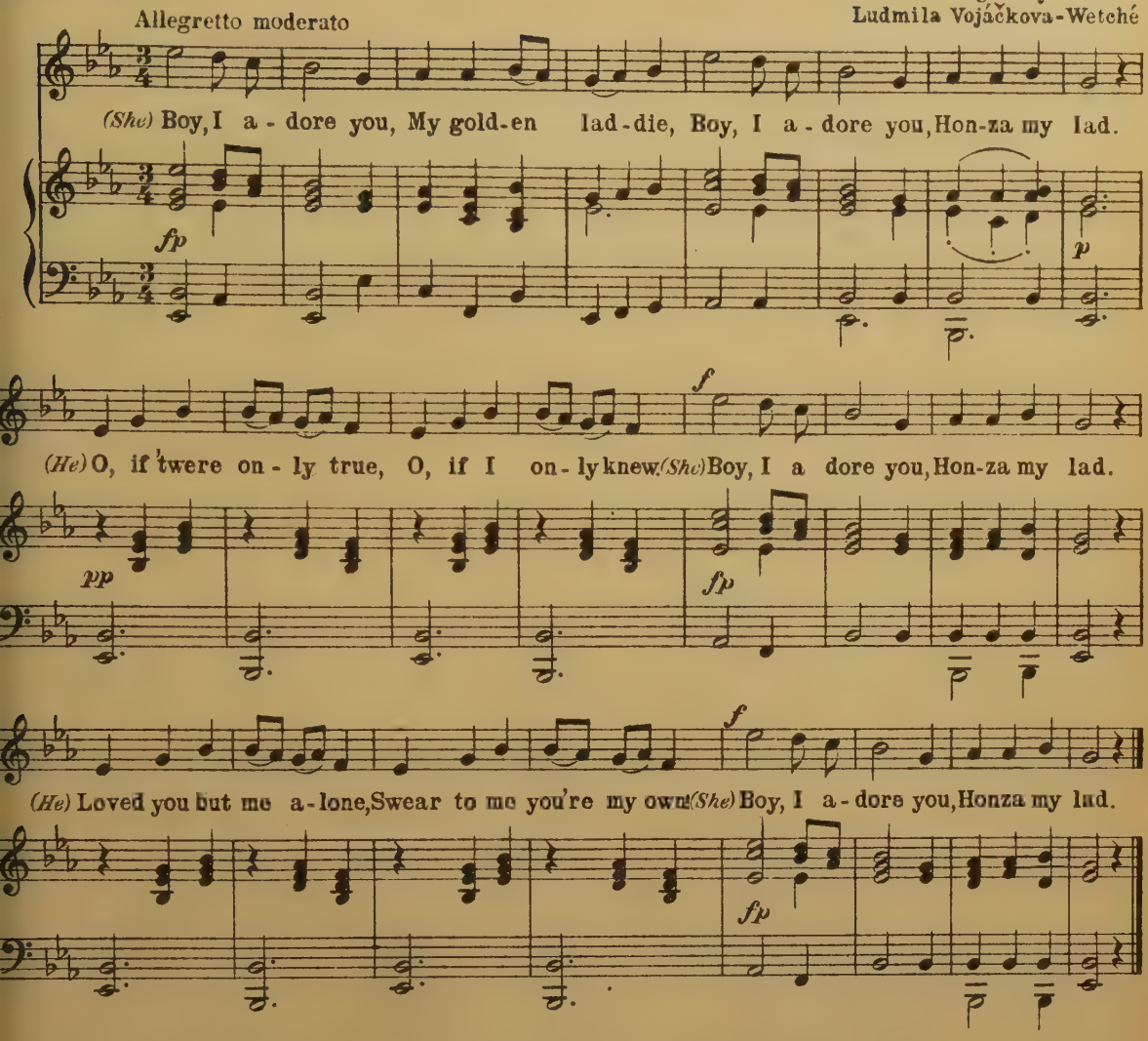
Ever do they instill
What doth my spirit chill,
Ever against my will
What's not for me;
Widower's bride my lot
Half a heart's all he's got;
Half for her in the grave,
Half he'd give me.

Translation by
John Mokrejs

RÁDA SONG

nglish version by
lorence Wilkinson

Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčkova-Wetché


Allegretto moderato
(She) Boy, I a - dore you, My gold-en lad-die, Boy, I a - dore you, Hon-za my lad.
fp
p
f
(He) O, if 'twere on - ly true, O, if I on - ly knew. (She) Boy, I a dore you, Hon-za my lad.
pp
fp
f
(He) Loved you but me a - lone, Swear to me you're my own! (She) Boy, I a - dore you, Honza my lad.
fp

Ráda ráda

Ráda, ráda, můj zlatej Honzíčku,
ráda, ráda, ráda tě mám.
Jestli to jen pravda,
že mě máš tak ráda?
Ráda, ráda, ráda tě mám!

Ráda Song

She
Boy, I adore you,
My golden laddie,
Boy, I adore you,
Honza my lad.

He
O, if 'twere only true,
O, if I only knew.

She
Boy, I adore you,
Honza my lad.

He
Loved you but me alone,
Swear to me you're my own!

She
Boy, I adore you,
Honza my lad.

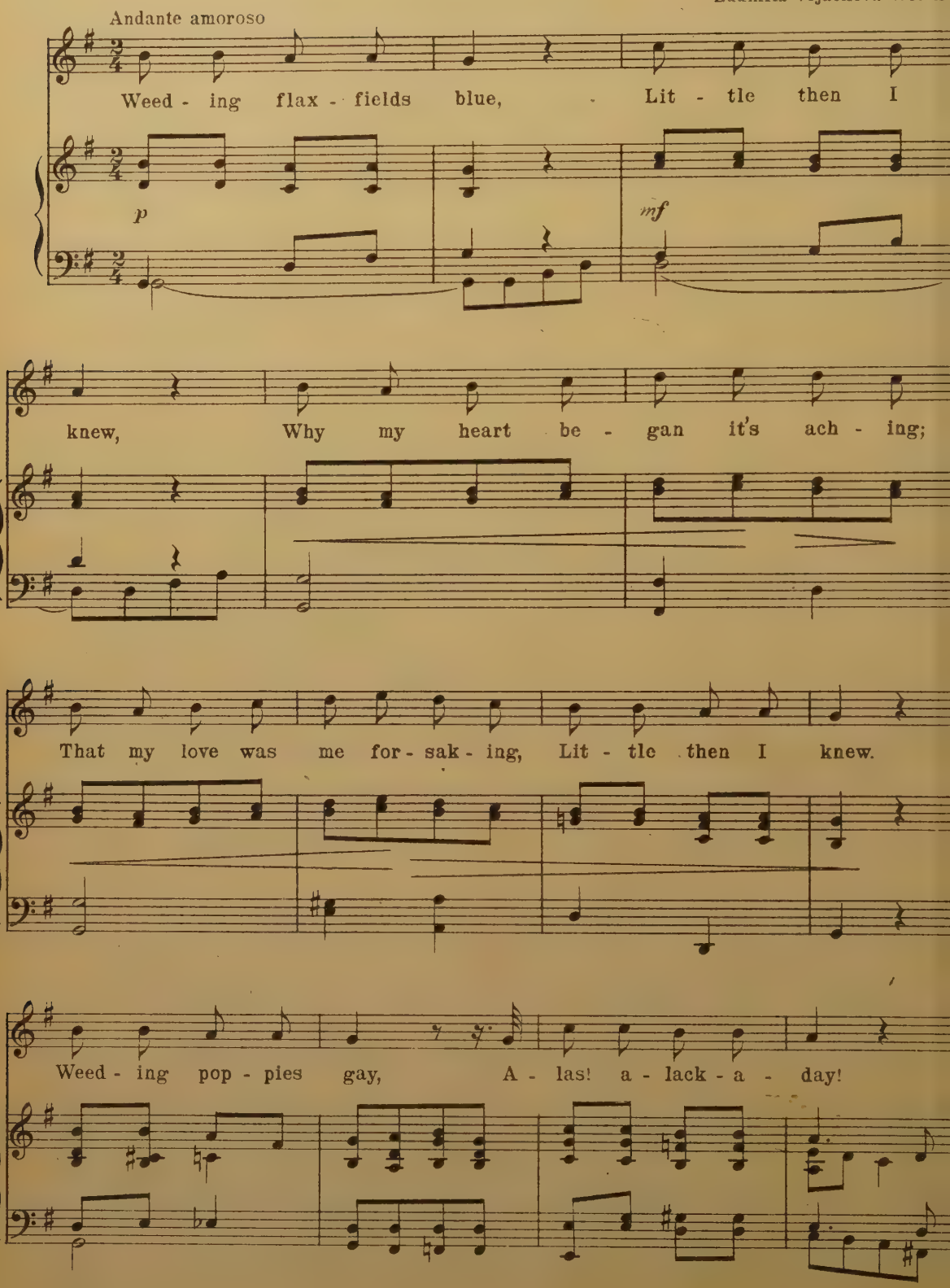
English version by
Florence Wilkinson

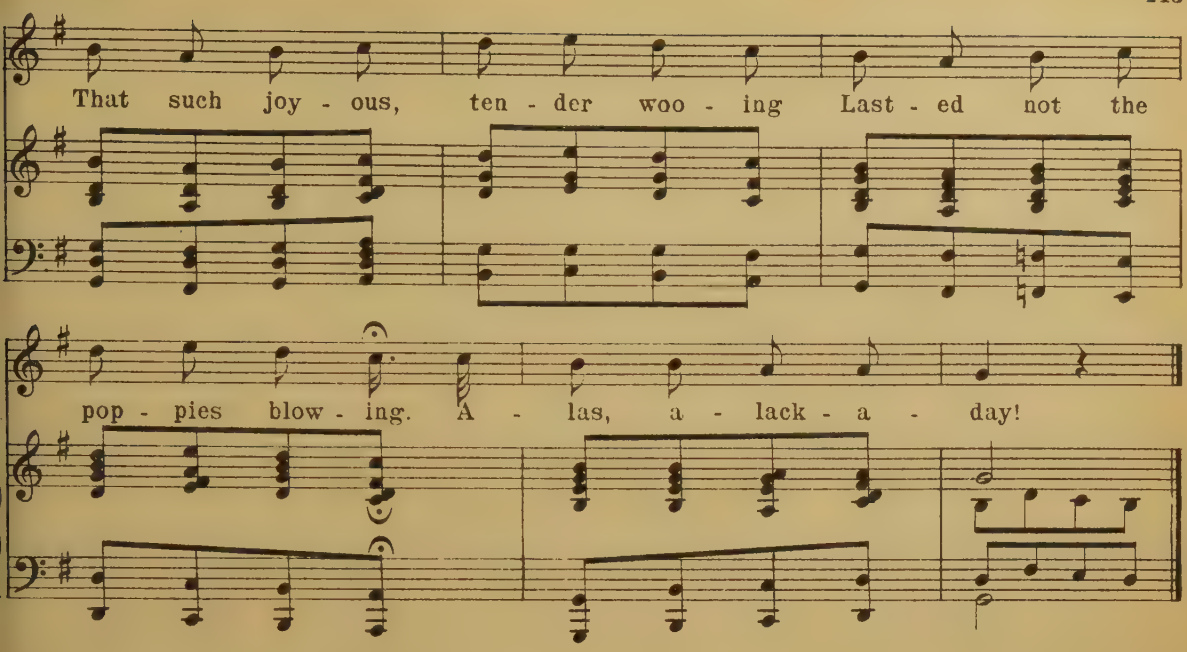
WEEDING FLAX-FIELDS BLUE

Folk Song

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčkova-Wetche


Andante amoroso
Weed - ing flax - fields blue, Lit - tle then I
p
mf
knew, Why my heart be - gan it's ach - ing;
That my love was me for - sak - ing, Lit - tle then I knew.
Weed - ing pop - pies gay, A - las! a - lack - a - day!



Když jsem plela len

Když jsem plela len,
nevěděla jsem,
co mě mé srdéčko bolí,
že mně můj milej vypoví,
nevěděla jsem.

Když jsem plela mák,
škoda na stokrát,
škoda toho milování,
že netrvá do skonání
škoda na stokrát!

Weeding Flax-Fields Blue

Weeding flax-fields blue,
Little then I knew,
Why my heart began its aching;
That my love was me forsaking,
Little then I knew.

Weeding poppies gay,
Alas! alack-a-day!
That such joyous tender wooing
Lasted not the poppies blowing,
Alas, alack-a-day!

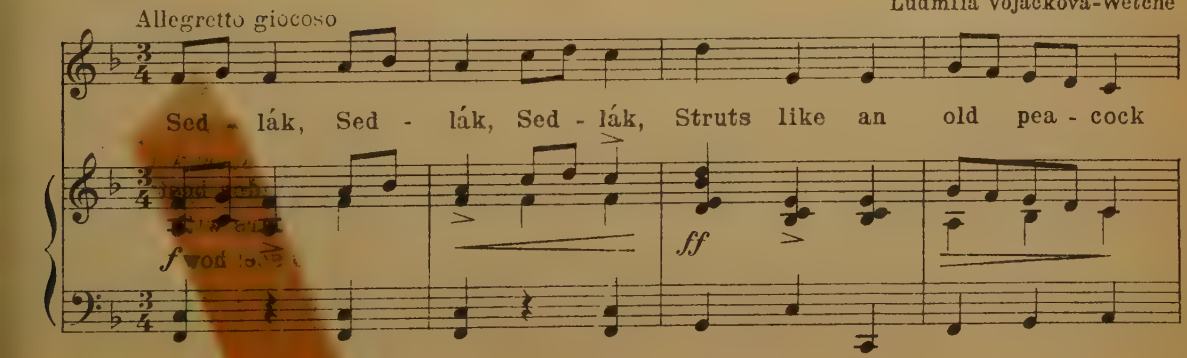
Translation by
John Mokrejs

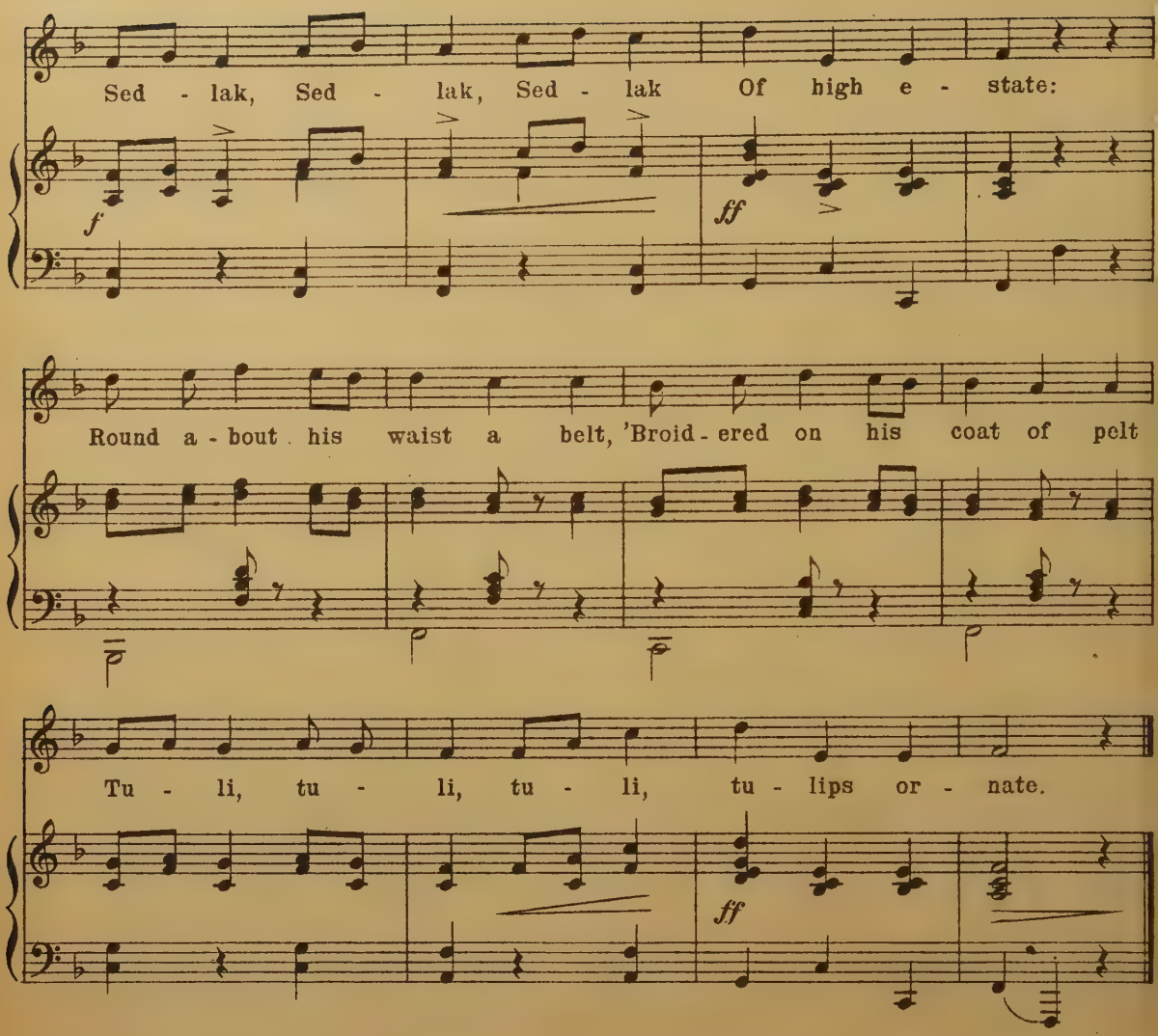
SEDLAK, SEDLAK.

(The Farmer)

Translation by
John Mokrejs

Folk Dance
Arranged by
Ludmila Vojáčkova-Wetche




Sed - lak, Sed - lak, Sed - lak Of high e - state:
f
ff
Round a - bout his waist a belt, 'Broid - ered on his coat of pelt
Tu - li, tu - li, tu - li, tu - lips or - nate.
ff

Sedlák, Sedlák

Sedlák, sedlák, sedlák, ještě jeduou sedlák,
sedlák, sedlák, sedlák, je velkej pán:
von má pás na bříše, a na svém kožiše
tuli, tuli, tuli, tu, tulipán.

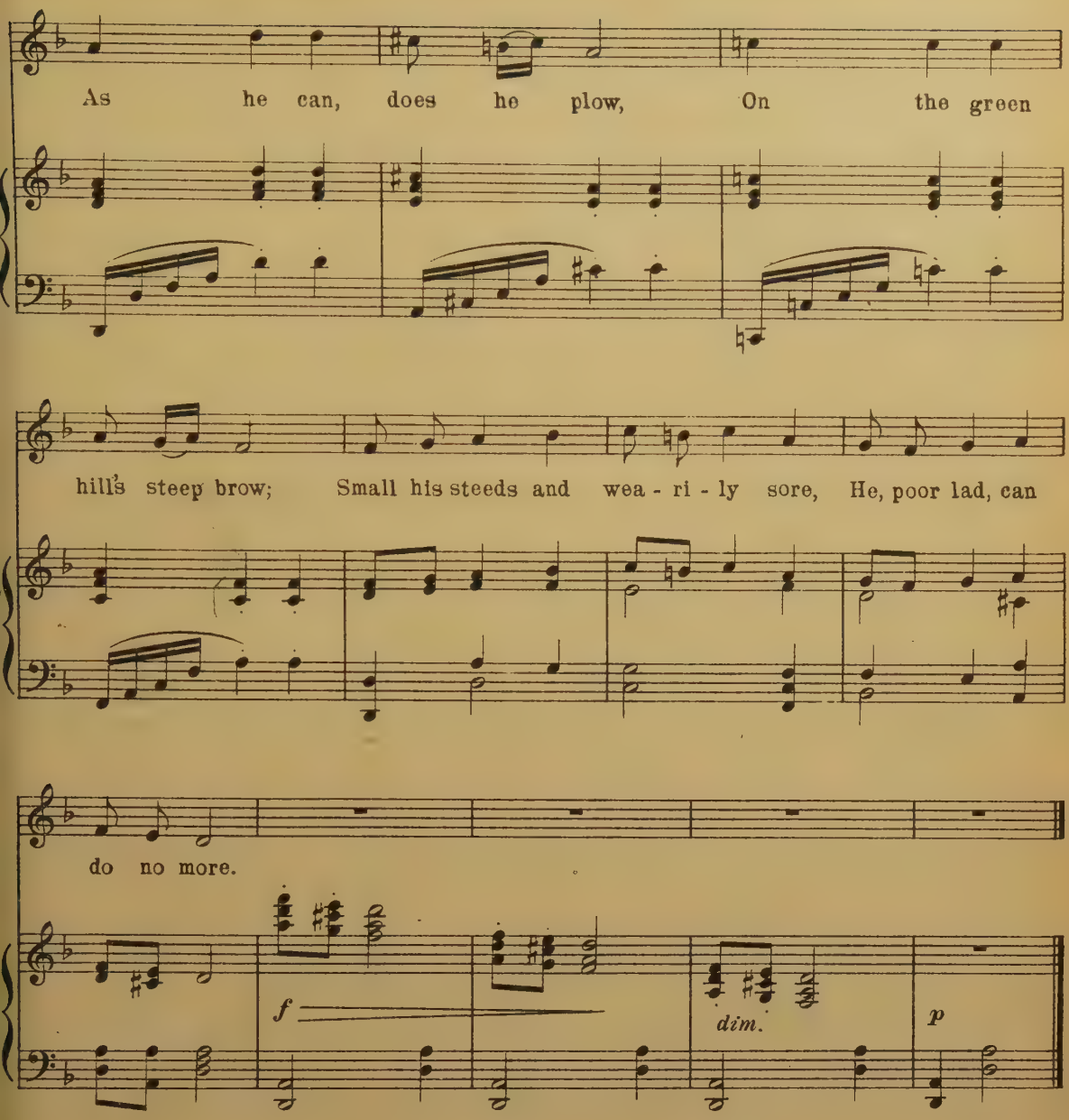
Koukej, koukej, koukej jak je sedlák hloupej,
koukej, koukej, koukej jak je hloupej:
von jede na pole, má hodinky dvoje,
koukej, koukej, koukej jak je hloupej!

Sedlak, Sedlak

Sedlak, Sedlak, Sedlak
Struts like an old peacock,
Sedlak, Sedlak, Sedlak
Of high estate:
Round about his waist a belt,
'Broidered on his coat of pelt
Tuli, tuli, tuli, tulips ornate.

O see! O see! O see!
How foolish he can be;
O see! O see! O see!
How foolish he!
To his field he rides bestride,
Two watches wears with pride,
O see! O see! O see! how foolish he!

Translation by
John Mokrejs



Husička divoká

Husička divoká letěla z vysoka,
Zavoťaťa na synečka, aby oral z hlyboka.

Un oře jak může v zelenym uhoře,
Koničky mu ustavaju, a on borak němože.

Little Wild Goose

A wee goose, wild and shy,
In the sky fluttered by;
To a lad a-field she called shrill,
Deep to plow and deep to till.

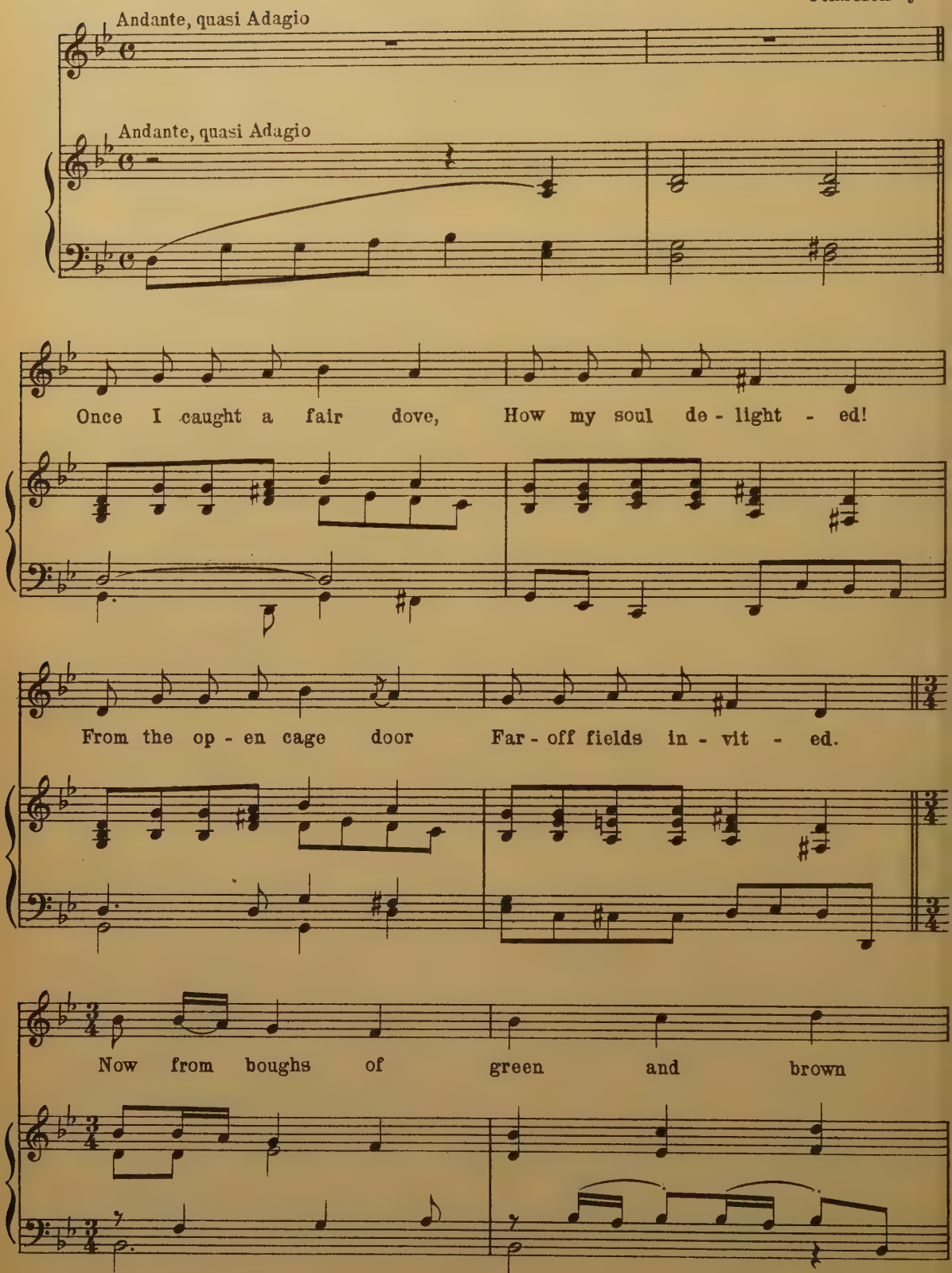
As he can, does he plow,
On the green hill's steep brow;
Small his steeds and wearily sore,
He, poor lad, can do no more.

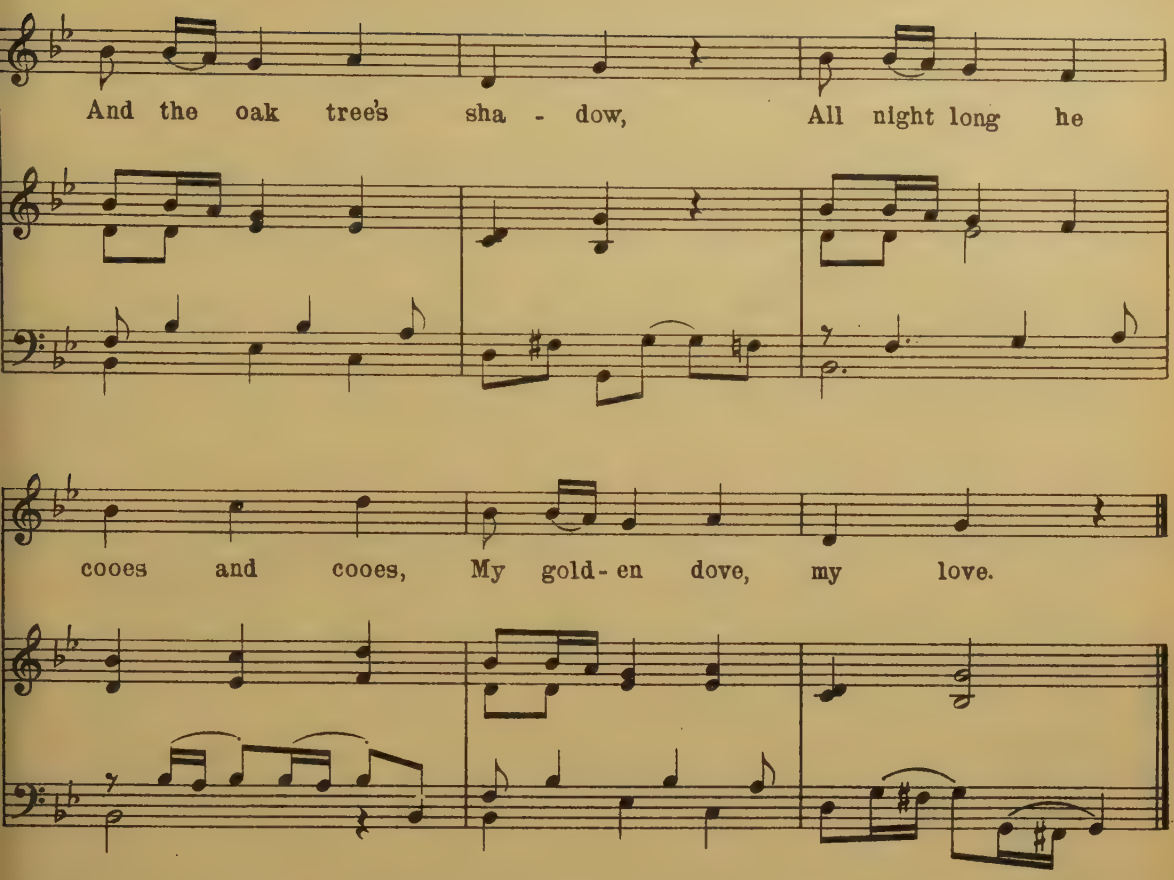
Translation by
John Mokrejs

A FAIR DOVE

Folk Song - Silesia

Paraphrased and arranged by John Mokrejs


Andante, quasi Adagio
Andante, quasi Adagio
Once I caught a fair dove, How my soul de - light - ed!
From the op - en cage door Far - off fields in - vit - ed.
Now from boughs of green and brown



Měla sem hołubka

Měla sem hołubka v truhle schovaneho,
A on mi vyletěť do pole šćireho,
Do pole šćireho, na zeleny dubek,
Tam sobě zahurkať můj zlaty hołubek.

Néhurkej, hołubku, na zělenem dubku,
Nědělej me miłe většího zarmutku;
Já ji ho neděłam, děła sě ho sama,
Dy mě doma neni, s inšimi pohrava.

A Fair Dove

Once I caught a fair dove,
How my soul delighted!
From the open cage door
Far-off fields invited.

Now from boughs of green and brown
And the oak tree's shadow,
All night long he cooes and cooes,
My golden dove, my love.

Do not sing so gaily
From the high oak's shadow;
Do not bring a sad heart
Into hopeless sorrow.

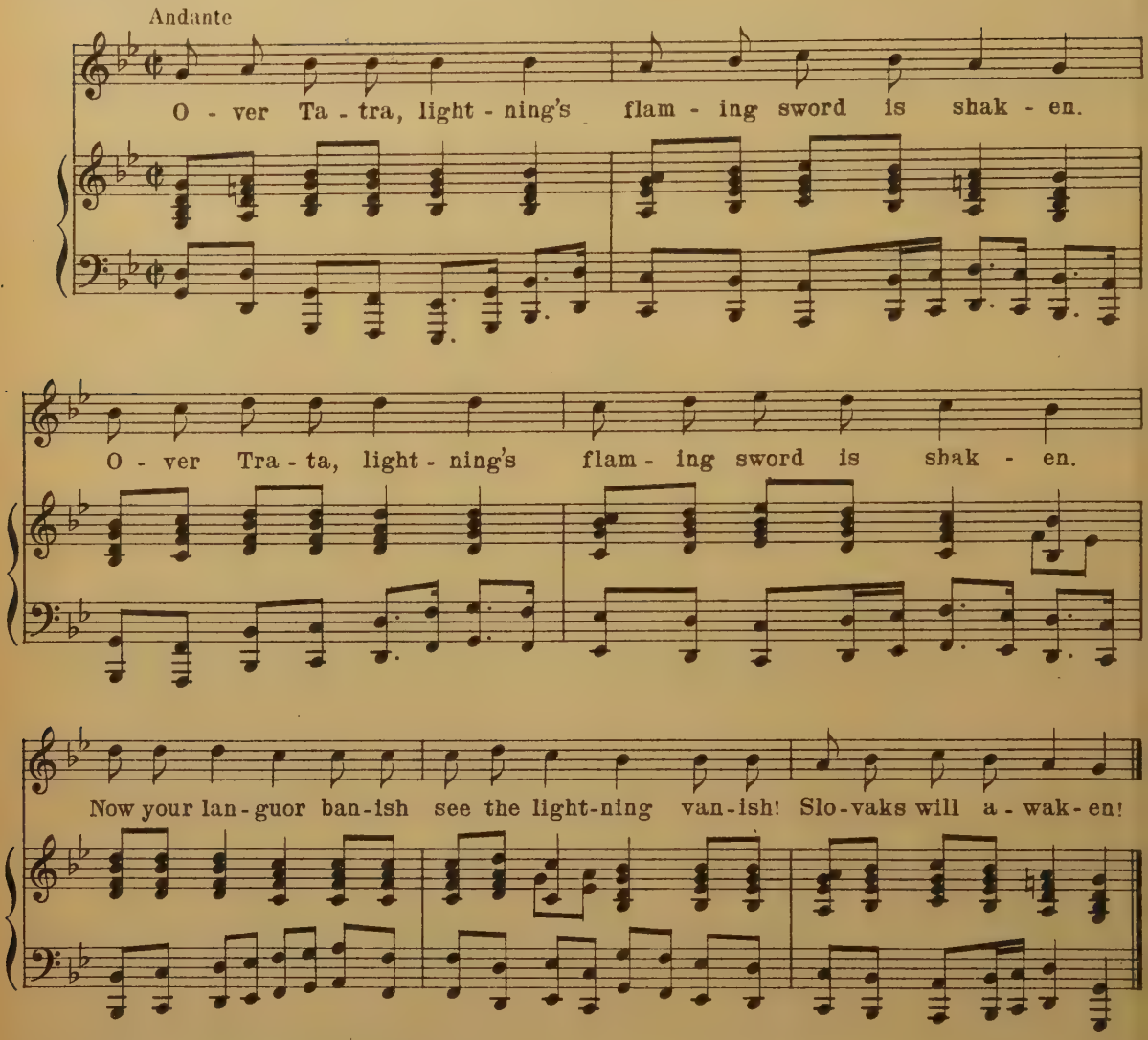
Fickle heart, you sigh in vain
For a straying lover.
He is free and you are bound
Since you loved another.

Paraphrase by
John Mokrejs

SLOVAK NATIONAL ANTHEM

Over Tatra

English version by
Clement Wood


Andante
O - ver Ta - tra, light - ning's flam - ing sword is shak - en.
O - ver Tra - ta, light - ning's flam - ing sword is shak - en.
Now your lan - guor ban - ish see the light - ning van - ish! Slo - vaks will a - wak - en!

Nad Tatrou sa blýská

Nad Tatrou sa blýská, hromy divo bijú,
nad Tatrou sa blýská, hromy divo bijú,
zastavme sa bratia, veď sa ony ztratia,
Slováci ožijú!

To Slovensko naše, posial tvrdo spalo,
to Slovensko naše, posial tvrdo spalo,
ale blesky hromú zbudzujú ho k tomú,
aby sa prebralo!

Už Slovensko vstává, putá si strhává,
už Slovensko vstává, putá si strhává,
hej, rodina milá! hodina odbila,
žije matka Sláva!

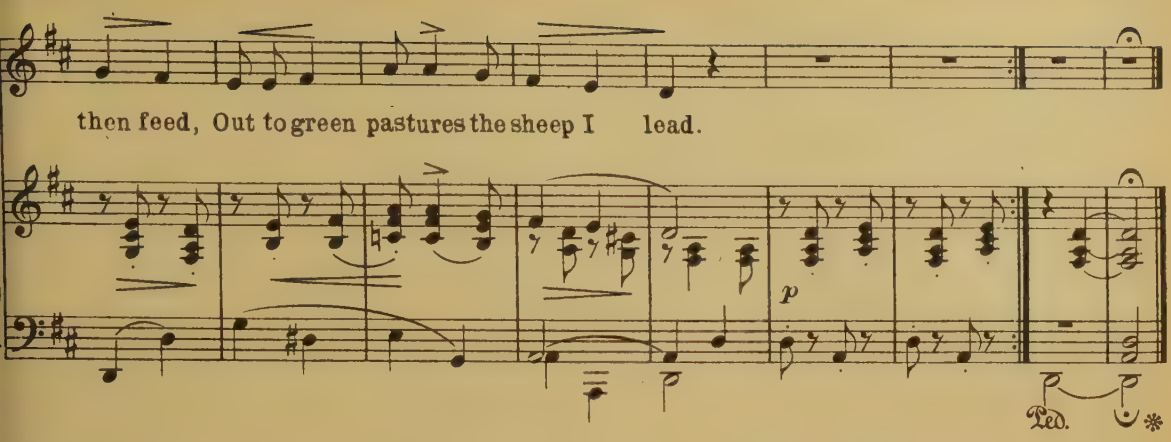
Slovak National Anthem

Over Tatra, lightning's flaming sword is shaken.
Over Tatra, lightning's flaming sword is shaken.
Now your languor banish--see the lightning vanish!
Slovaks will awaken!

Until now Slovakia has been soundly drowsing.
Until now Slovakia has been soundly drowsing.
But the lightning flashing and the thunder crashing
Come to her, arousing!

Now Slovakia, rising, hurls her bonds behind her.
Now Slovakia, rising, hurls her bonds behind her.
Holy Slavia, mother--she is living, brother,
And no chains can bind her!

English version by
Clement Wood



Pridi ty šuhajko!

Pridi ty, šuhajko, ráno k nám,
Uvidíš, čo ja to robievam:
Ja ráno vstávam, kravy napájam,
Ovečky na pole vyháňam.
Ja ráno vstávam, kravy napájam,
Ovečky na pole vyháňam.

A keď si tú prácu vykonam,
Potom si veselo zaspievam,
A pri tom speve, ako pri práci,
Zavše len na teba myslievam.
A pri tom speve, ako pri práci,
Zavše len na teba myslievam.

Come You Here, Laddie

Come you here, laddie, when morn's in dew,
You shall see what I, myself can do:
Daybreak I e'er heed, the cows then I feed,
Out to green pastures the sheep I lead.
Daybreak I e'er heed, the cows then I feed,
Out to green pastures the sheep I lead.

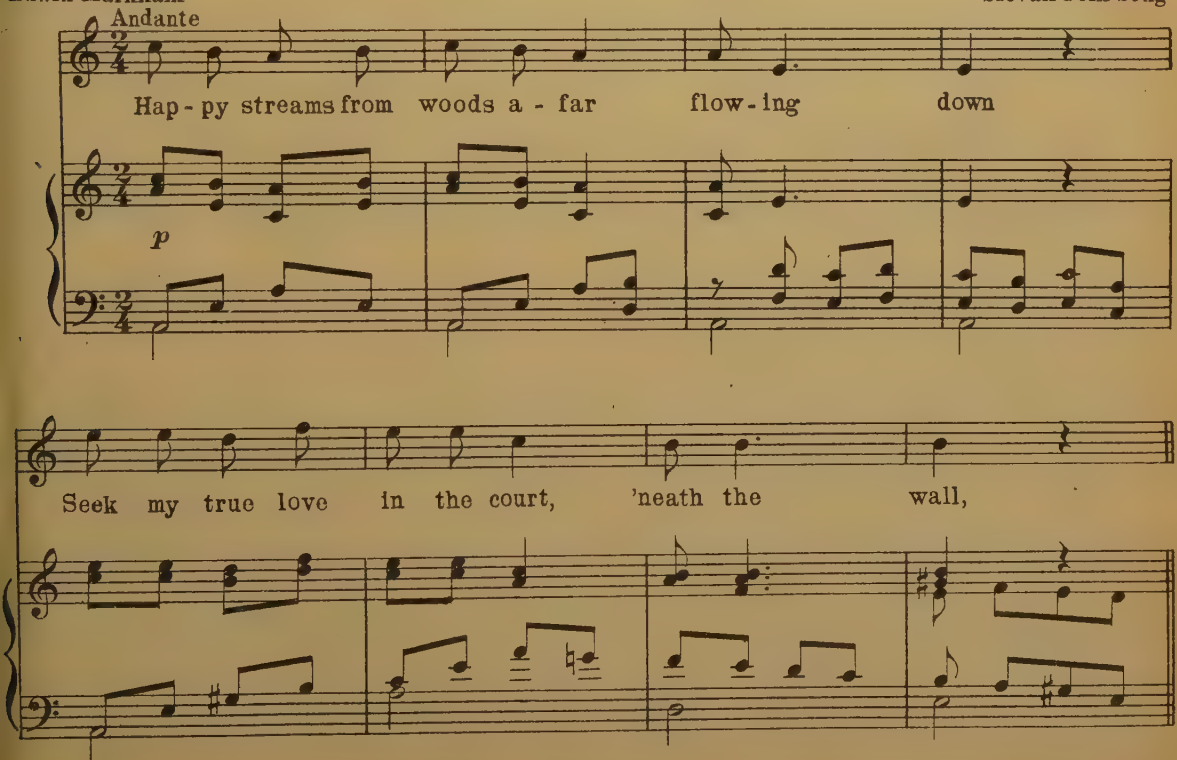
Listen, my laddie, when work is long,
Ever more merrily goes my song;
The one I sing best, the one I love best,
That song, my laddie, is all for you.
The one I sing best, the one I love best,
That song, my laddie, is all for you.

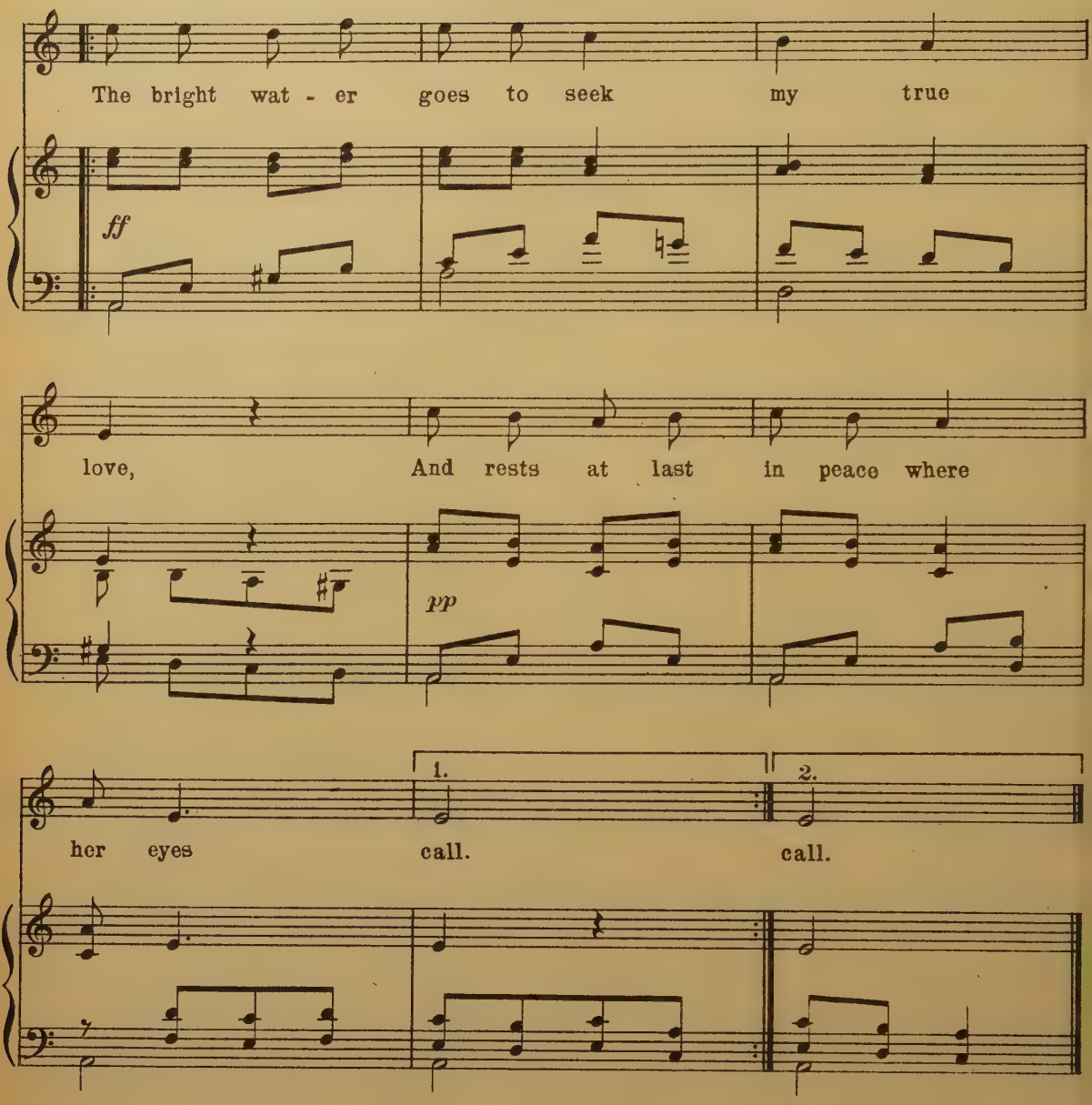
Translation by
John Mokrejs

FLOWING WATER

Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham

Slovak Folk Song





Tečie voda z javora

Tečie voda z javora, z javora,
Mojej milej do dvora, do dvora;
Tečie voda, aj potok, aj potok,
Mojej, milej pod oblok, pod oblok.

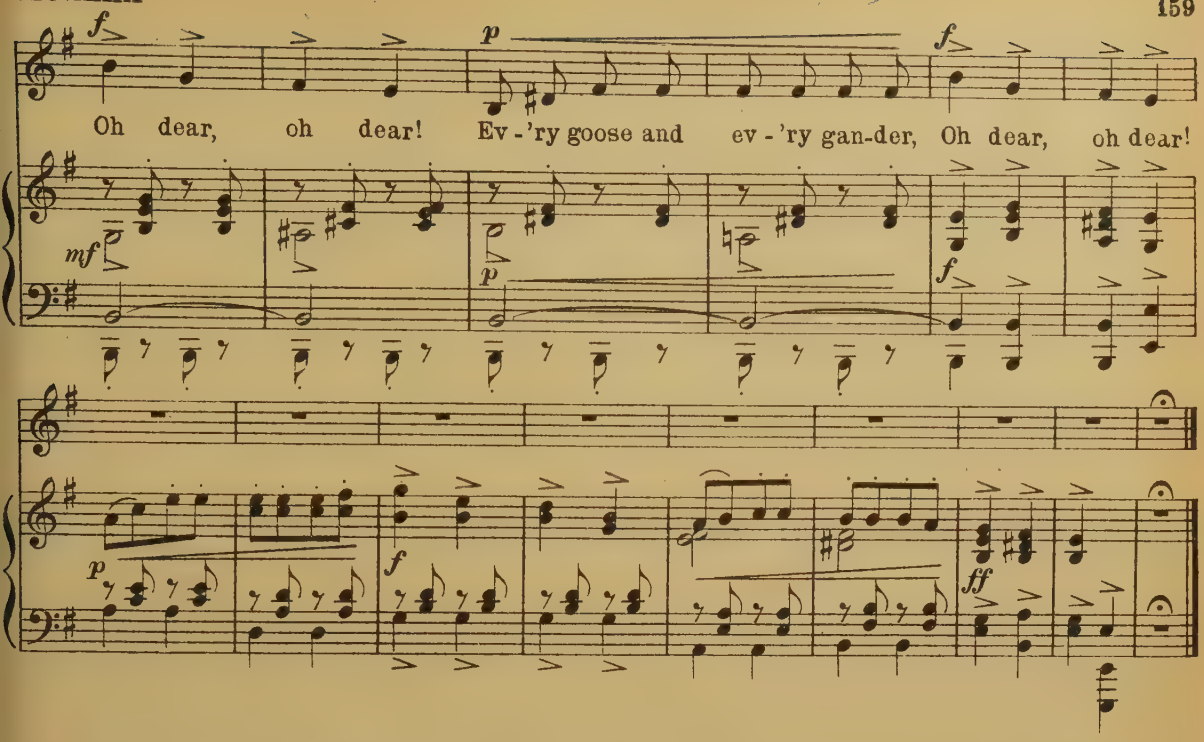
Pod oblóčkom piska ju, piska ju,
Von tá milá vola jú, vola jú:
"Podže mila, podže von, podže von
Máš milého pred domom, pred domom."

Flowing Water

Happy streams from woods afar flowing down
Seek my true love in the court, 'neath the wall,
The bright water goes to seek my true love,
And rests at last in peace where her eyes call.

Your sworn lover, sweetheart mine, comes forth now,
Comes to seek you in the court, the rest place.
Love calls to you, come out sweet, sweet come out,
I wait 'neath your window, wait your dear face.

Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham



Aničkа mlynárova

Aničkа mlynárova, mášli ty húsky doma, mášli, mášli?
Aničkа mlynárova, mášli ty húsky doma, mášli, mášli?
Veď ty ony za vodičku zašly, zašly,
Veď ty ony za vodičku zašly, zašly.

Zašly ti za vodienku zmáčal som košelienku, zmáčal, zmáčal,
Zašly ti za vodienku zmáčal som košelienku, zmáčal, zmáčal,
Keď som si ja k mojej milej kráčal, kráčal,
Keď som si ja k mojej milej kráčal, kráčal.

Annie, the Miller's Daughter

Annie, O miller's daughter,
Living beside the water,
Annie, Annie!
Far off your flock is straying,
While you were gone a-maying,
Annie, Annie!
O'er the mill-stream they meander,
Oh dear, oh dear!
Ev'ry goose and ev'ry gander,
Oh dear, oh dear!

Annie, your faithful lover
Soon will your flock recover,
Annie, Annie!
I'll swim the rushing river,
Yes, for your sake I'll shiver,
Annie, Annie!
Chilly water I am loathing,
Oh dear, oh dear!
Dripping wet my Sunday clothing,
Oh dear, oh dear!

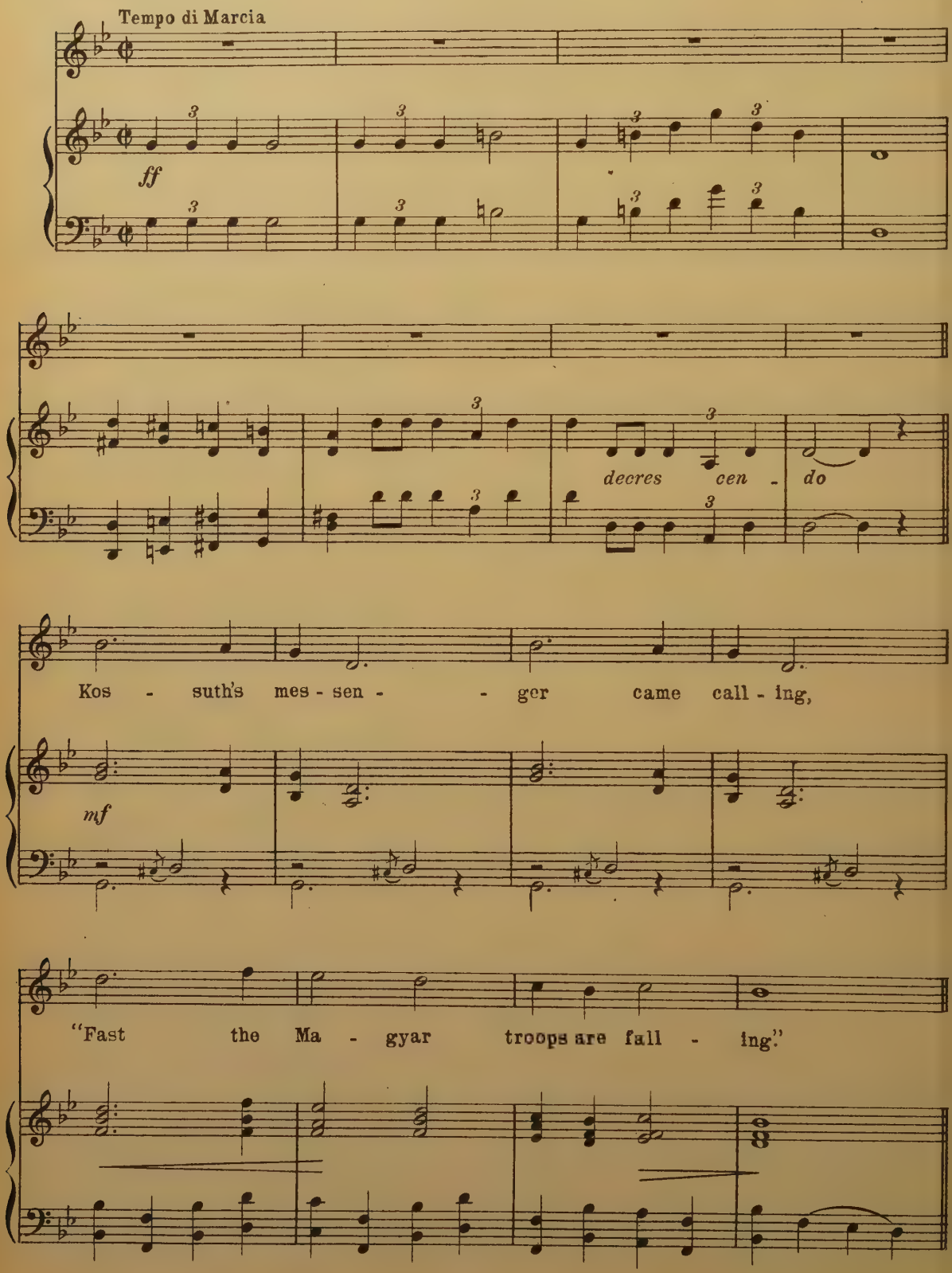
Now, with your flock before you,
Proving that I adore you,
Annie, Annie!
Listen while I am telling
How deep in love I'm dwelling,
Annie, Annie!
Do not let me drown in sorrow,
Oh dear, oh dear!
Say you'll marry me to-morrow,
My dear, so dear!

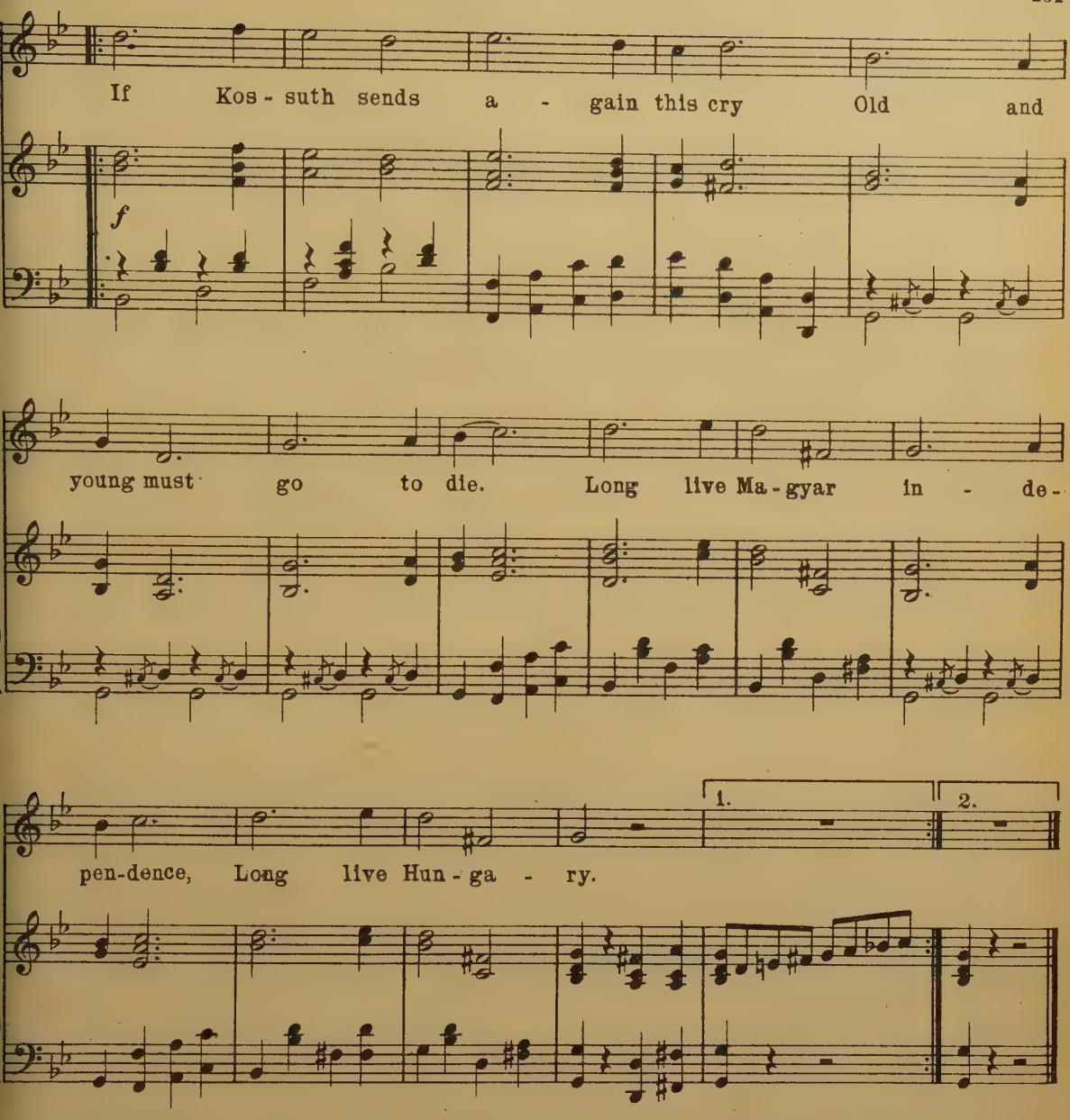
Paraphrase by
Anna Mathewson

LOUIS KOSSUTH

English version by
Edwin Markham

Arranged by
Lajos Serly





Kossuth Lajos azt üzente

Kossuth Lajos azt üzente:
Elfogyott a regimentje!
Ha még egyszer azt üzeni,
Mindnyá junknak el kell menni!
Éljen a magyar szabadság!
Éljen a haza.

Esik esö karikára,
Kossuth Lajos kalapjára.
Valahány csepp esik rája
Annyi álda's szálljon rája!
Éljen a magyar szabadság!
Éljen a haza.

Louis Kossuth

Kossuth's messenger came calling,
"Fast the Magyar troops are falling."
If Kossuth sends again this cry
Old and young must go to die.
Long live Magyar independence,
Long live Hungary.

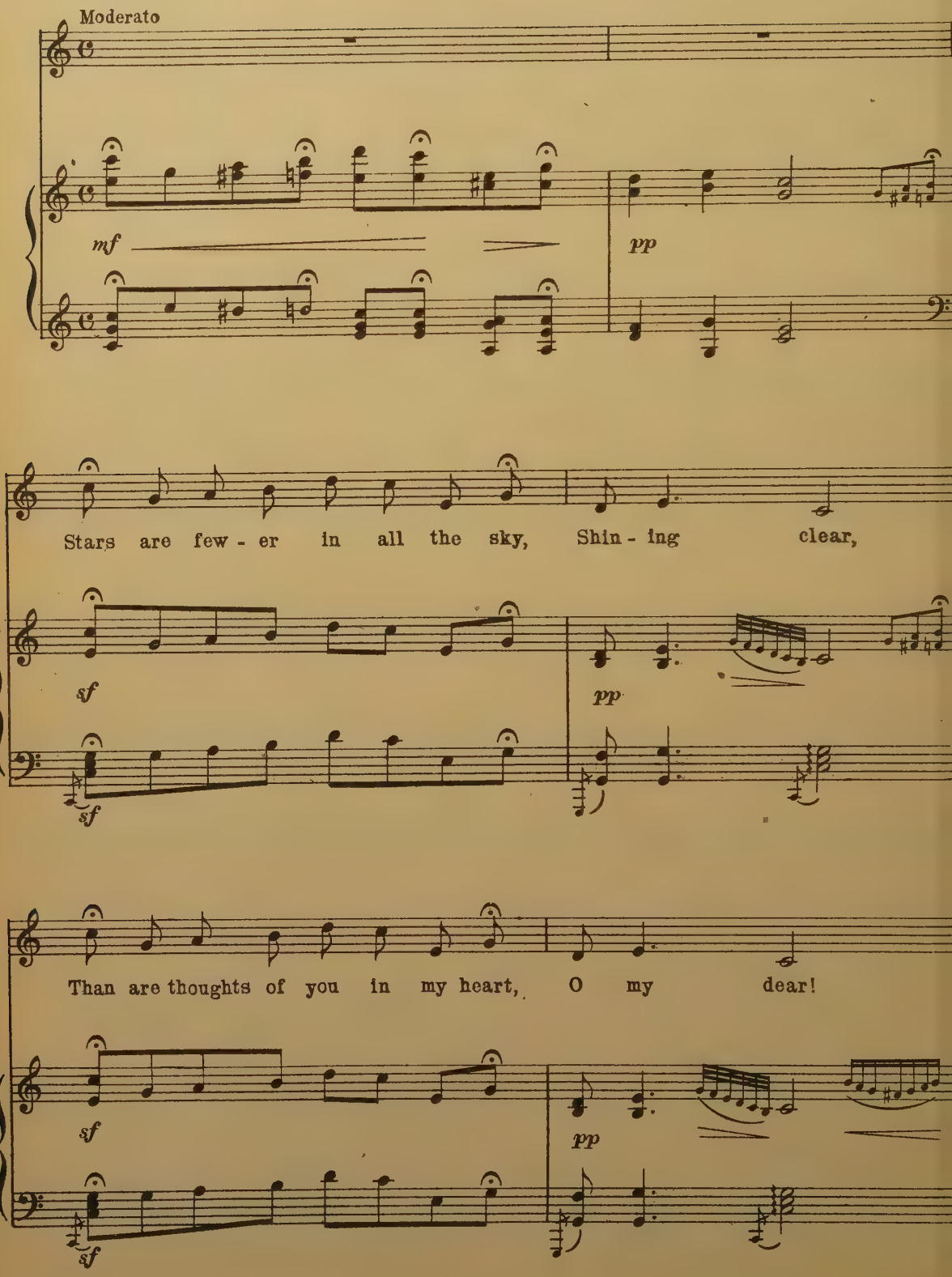
Fast are rain drops now descending
There on Kossuth's head unbending.
Thick as raindrops are downpouring
Blessings on him we're imploring.
Long live Magyar independence,
Long live Hungary.

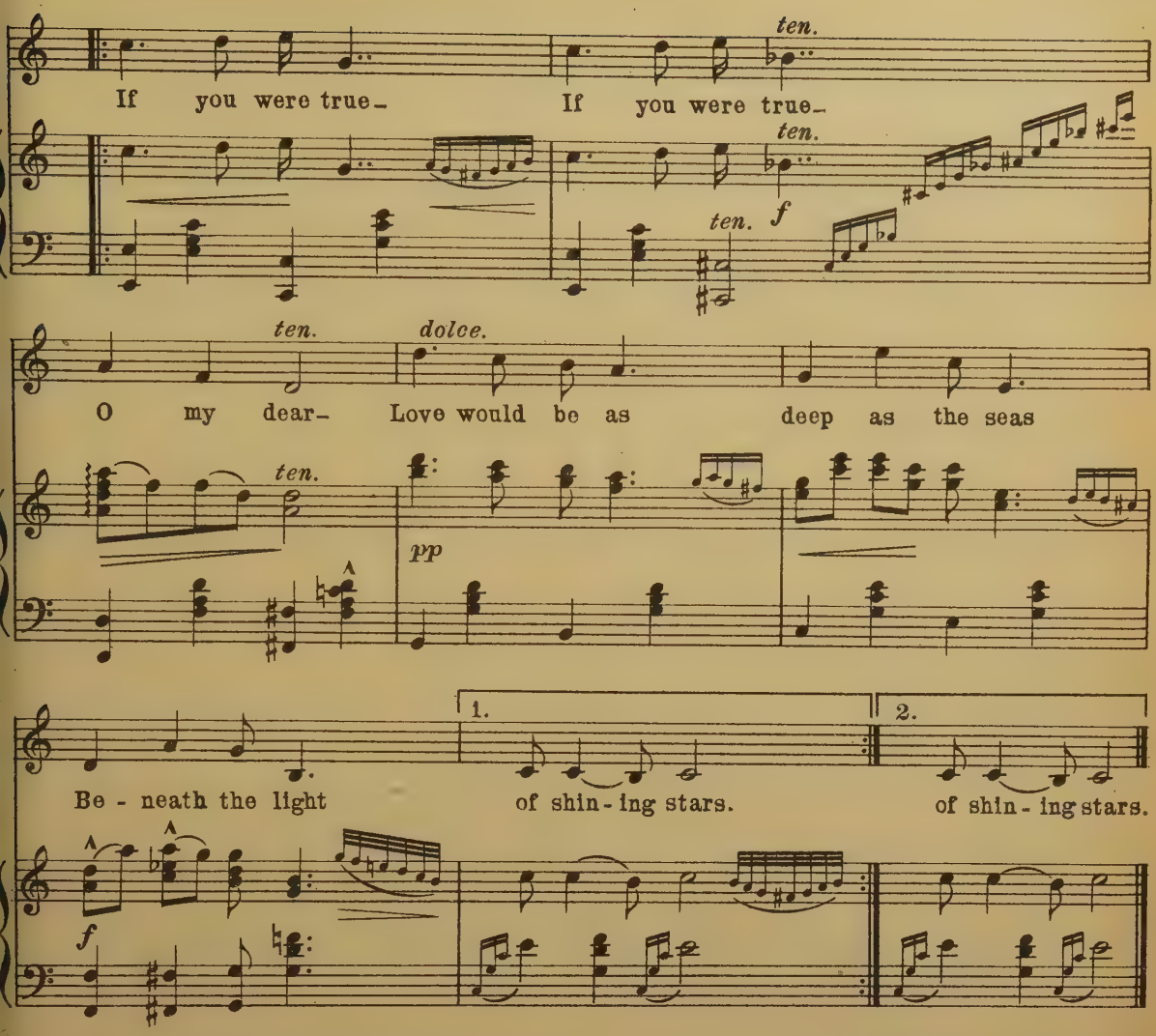
English version by
Edwin Markham

SEA OF STARS

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Arranged by
Lajos Serly





Nincsen annyi tenger csillag

Nincsen annyi tenger csillag az égen
Mint a hányszor eszembe vagy te nékem.
Ha te engem szint oly hiven szeretnél;
Mélyebb lenne szerelmünk a tengernél.

Édes anyám leányának neveznek,
Nem tehetek róla, hogy így szeretlek
Azt az egyet kötötte a lelkemre;
Ne öleljek, ne szoritsak, csalfa legényt keblemre.

Sea of Stars

Stars are fewer in all the sky,
Shining clear,
Than are thoughts of you in my heart,
O my dear!
If you were true–
If you were true–
O my dear–
Love would be as deep as the sea
Beneath the light of shining stars.

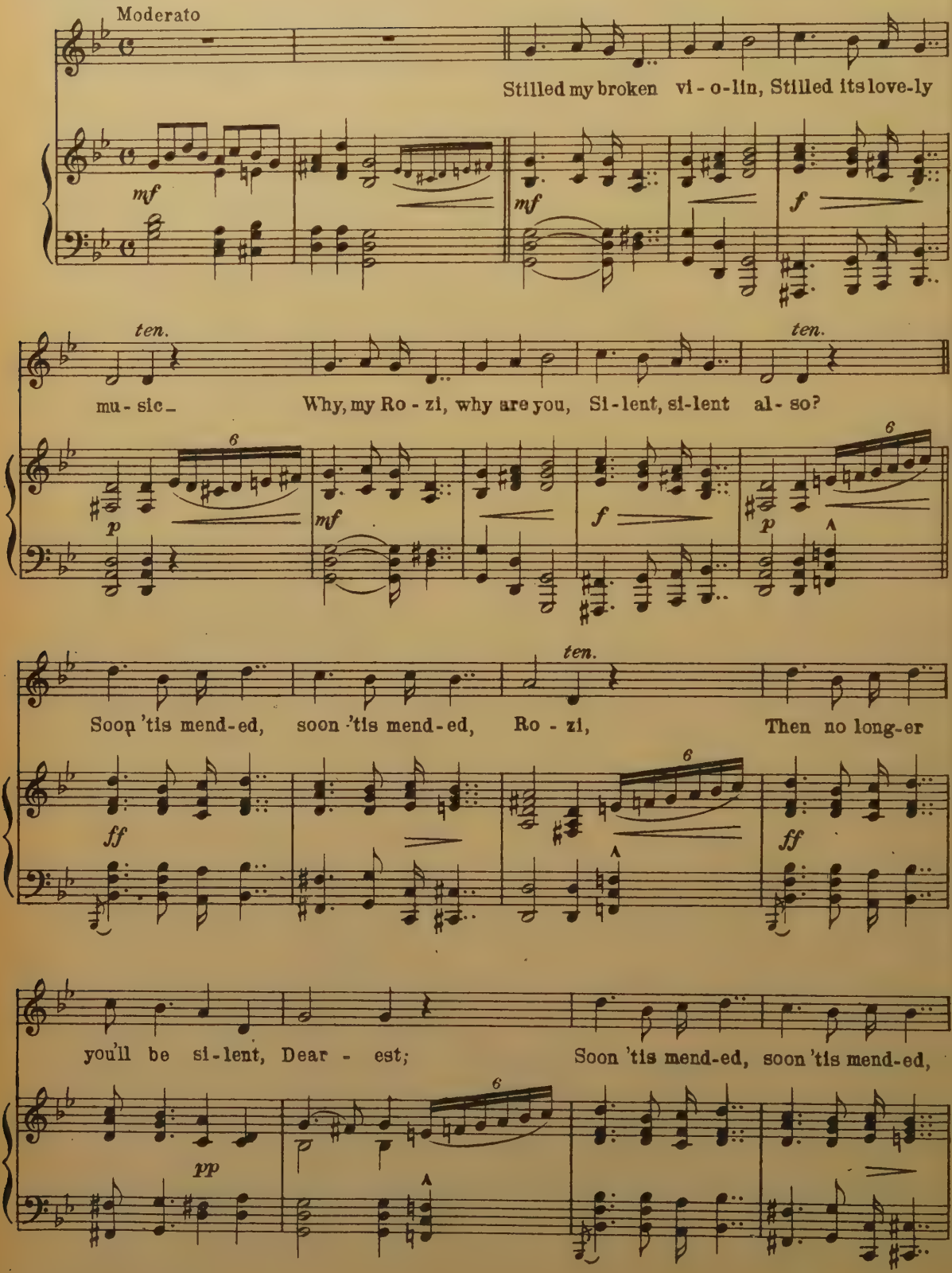
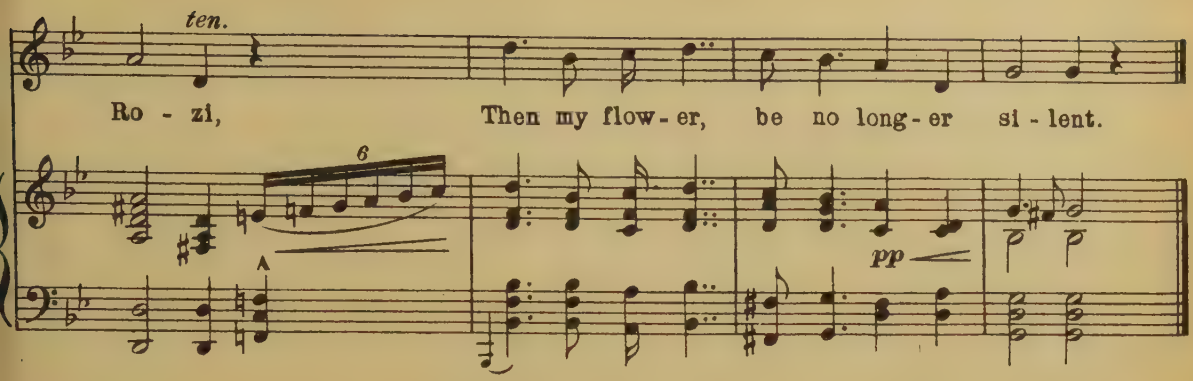
Love I cannot hinder nor help,
O my dear;
But my mother bade me beware–
Bade me fear!
I must not kiss,
I must not clasp,
O my dear,
One who's light as flying foam
Beneath the light of constant stars.

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

BROKEN IS MY VIOLIN

English version by
David Morton

Pisto Danko
Arranged by Lajos Serly


Moderato
Stilled my broken vi - o - lin, Stilled its love-ly
mu - sic – Why, my Ro - zi, why are you, Si - lent, si - lent al - so?
Soon 'tis mend-ed, soon 'tis mend-ed, Ro - zi, Then no long-er
you'll be si - lent, Dear - est; Soon 'tis mend-ed, soon 'tis mend-ed,
ten.
mf
f
p
ff
pp

Eltörött a hegedüm

Eltörött a hegedüm nem akar szólani,
Rózsi Rózsi mi bajod mért nem akarsz szólni?

A hegedüm majd megreperálom,
Szólalj meg hát rubintos virágom.

Broken Is My Violin

Stilled my broken violin,
Stilled its lovely music–
Why, my Rozi, why are you,
Silent, silent also?

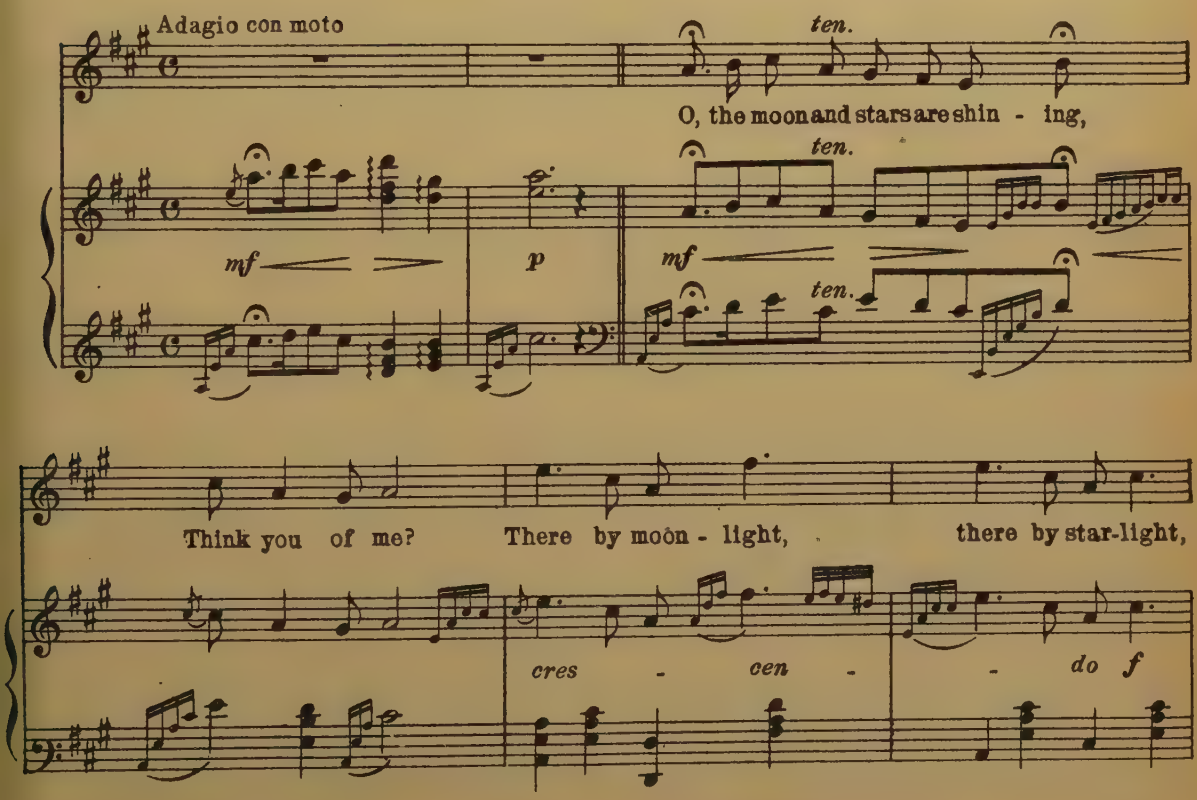
Soon 'tis mended, soon 'tis mended, Rozi,
Then no longer you'll be silent, Dearest;
Soon 'tis mended, soon 'tis mended, Rozi,
Then, my flower, be no longer silent.

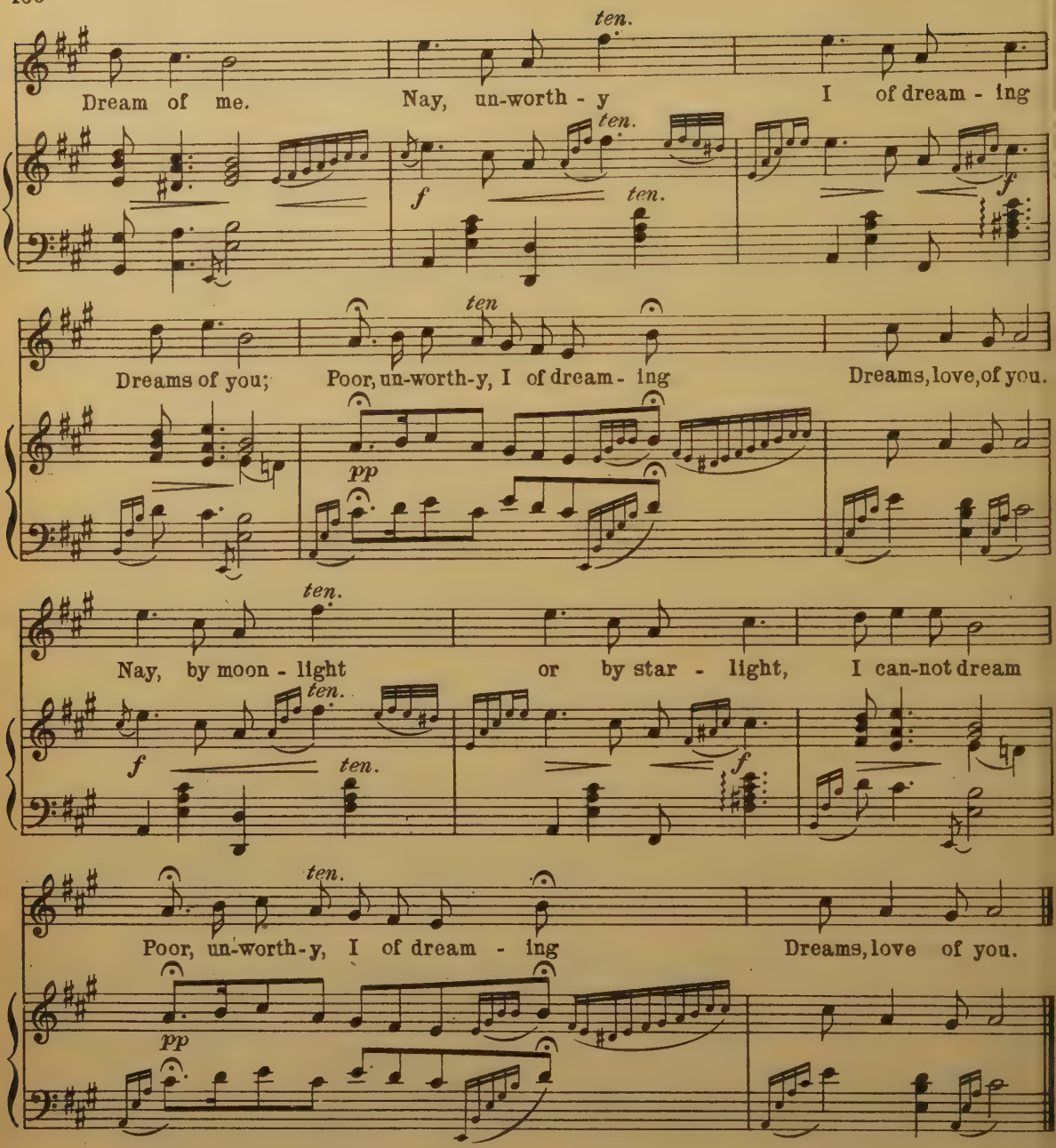
English version by
David Morton

MOONLIGHT AND STARRY NIGHT

Paraphrase by
David Morton

Arranged by Lajos Serly




Dream of me. Nay, un-worth - y I of dream - ing
Dreams of you; Poor, un-worth-y, I of dream - ing Dreams, love, of you.
Nay, by moon - light or by star - light, I can-not dream
Poor, un-worth-y, I of dream - ing Dreams, love of you.
ten.
f
pp

Holdvilágos csillagos az éjszaka

Holdvilágos csillagos az éjszaka.
Látlak-e még kedves rózsám valaha?
De minek is gondolnék én te reád;
Szegény vagyok nem illek én te hozzád.

Moonlight and Starry Night

O, the moon and stars are shining,
Think you of me?
There by moonlight, there by starlight,
Dream of me.
Nay, unworthy, I of dreaming
Dreams of you;
Poor, unworthy, I of dreaming
Dreams, love, of you.
Nay, by moonlight or by starlight,
I cannot dream,
Poor, unworthy, I of dreaming
Dreams, love, of you.

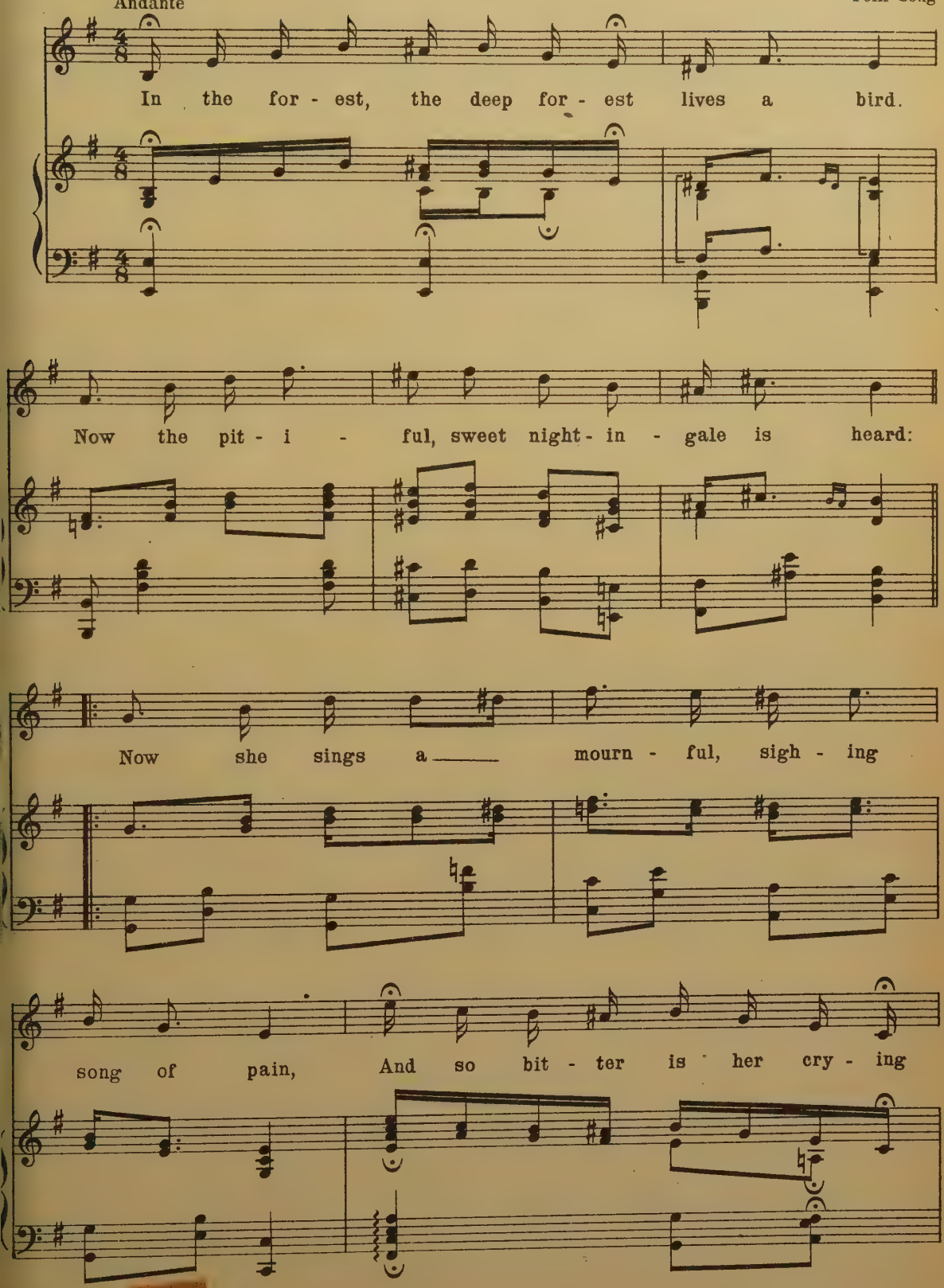
Paraphrase by
David Morton

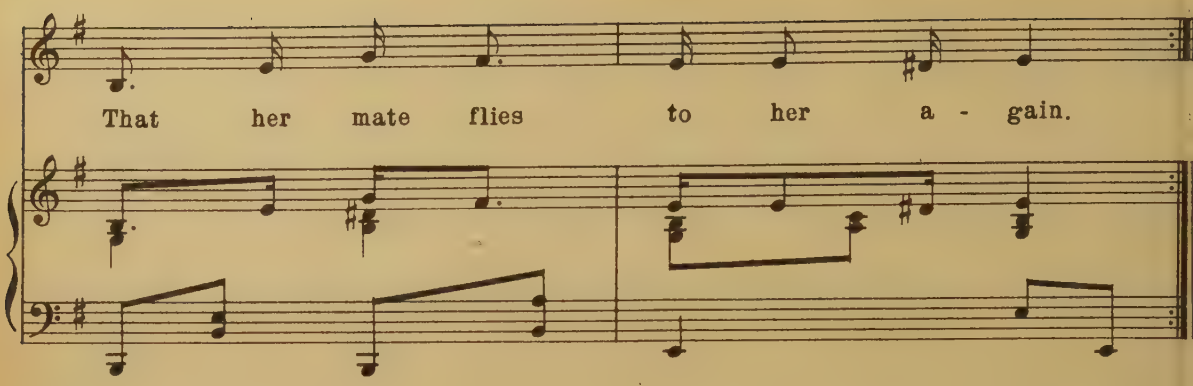
IN THE FOREST

English version by
Walter Adolphe Roberts

Andante

Folk Song


In the for - est, the deep for - est lives a bird.
Now the pit - i - ful, sweet night - in - gale is heard:
Now she sings a mourn - ful, sigh - ing
song of pain, And so bit - ter is her cry - ing



Erdő, erdő, sürű erdő

Erdő, erdő, sűrű erdő árnyában,
Fülemüle búsan dalol magában
Búsan dalól, keservesen könnyezik,
Fajdalmára, bús dalára
Párja vissza érkezik.

In the Forest

In the forest, the deep forest, lives a bird.
Now the pitiful, sweet nightingale is heard.
Now she sings a mournful, sighing song of pain,
And so bitter is her crying
That her mate flies to her again.

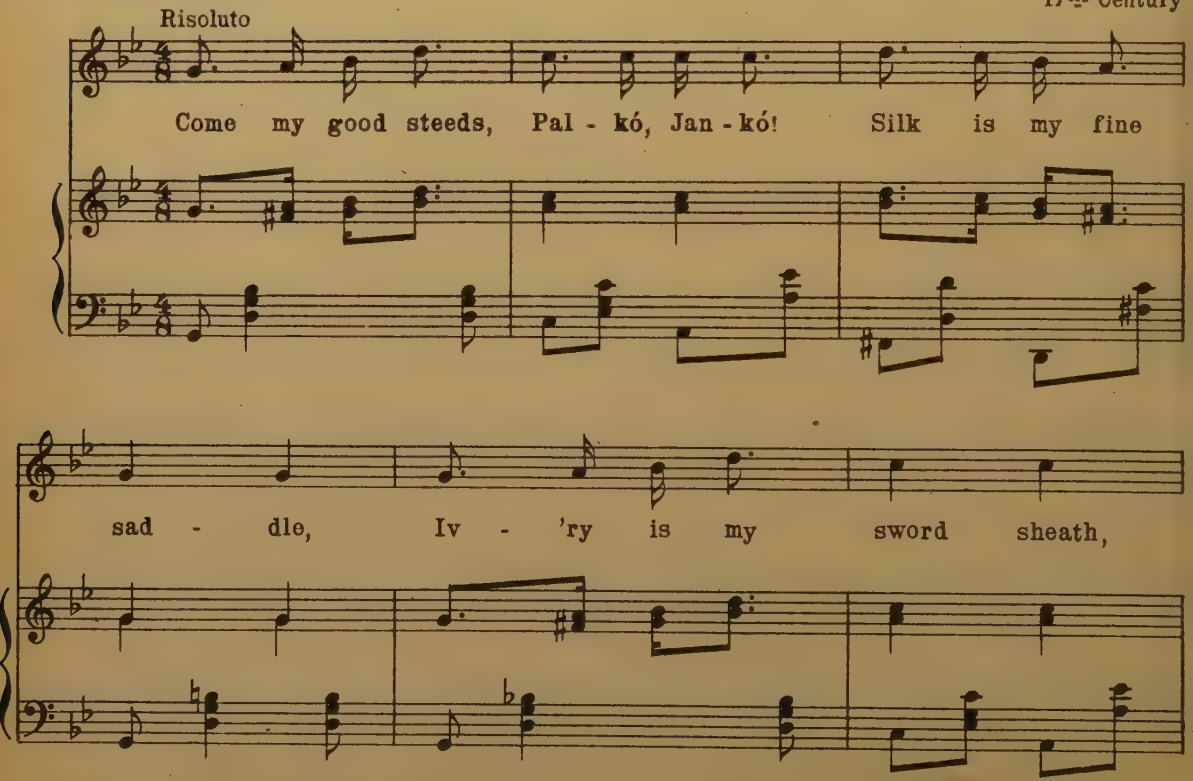
English version by
Walter Adolphe Roberts

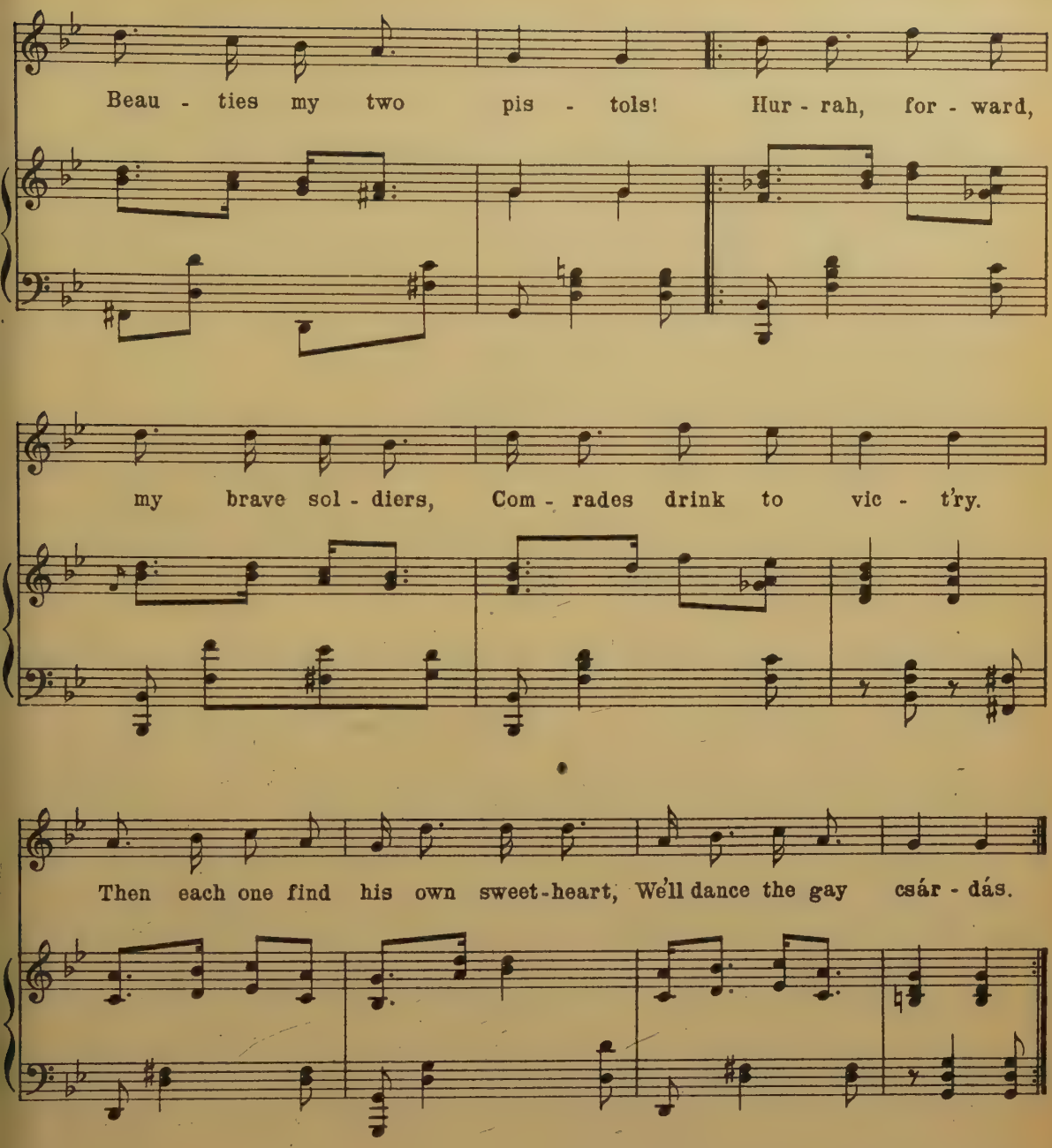
PALKÓ, JANKÓ

(The name of two horses)

English version by
Anna Catherine Markham

Folk Song
17th Century




Beau - ties my two pis - tols! Hur - rah, for - ward,
my brave sol - diers, Com - rades drink to vic - t'ry.
Then each one find his own sweet-heart, We'll dance the gay csár - dás.

Csinom Palkó, Csinom Jankó

Csinom Palkó Csinom Jankó Csontos Kalabérom
Szép selymes lodingom dali pár pisztolyom
Nossza rajta jó katonák Igyunk egészséggel
Menjen tánczba ki ki köztünk Az ö jegyesével.

Palkó, Jankó

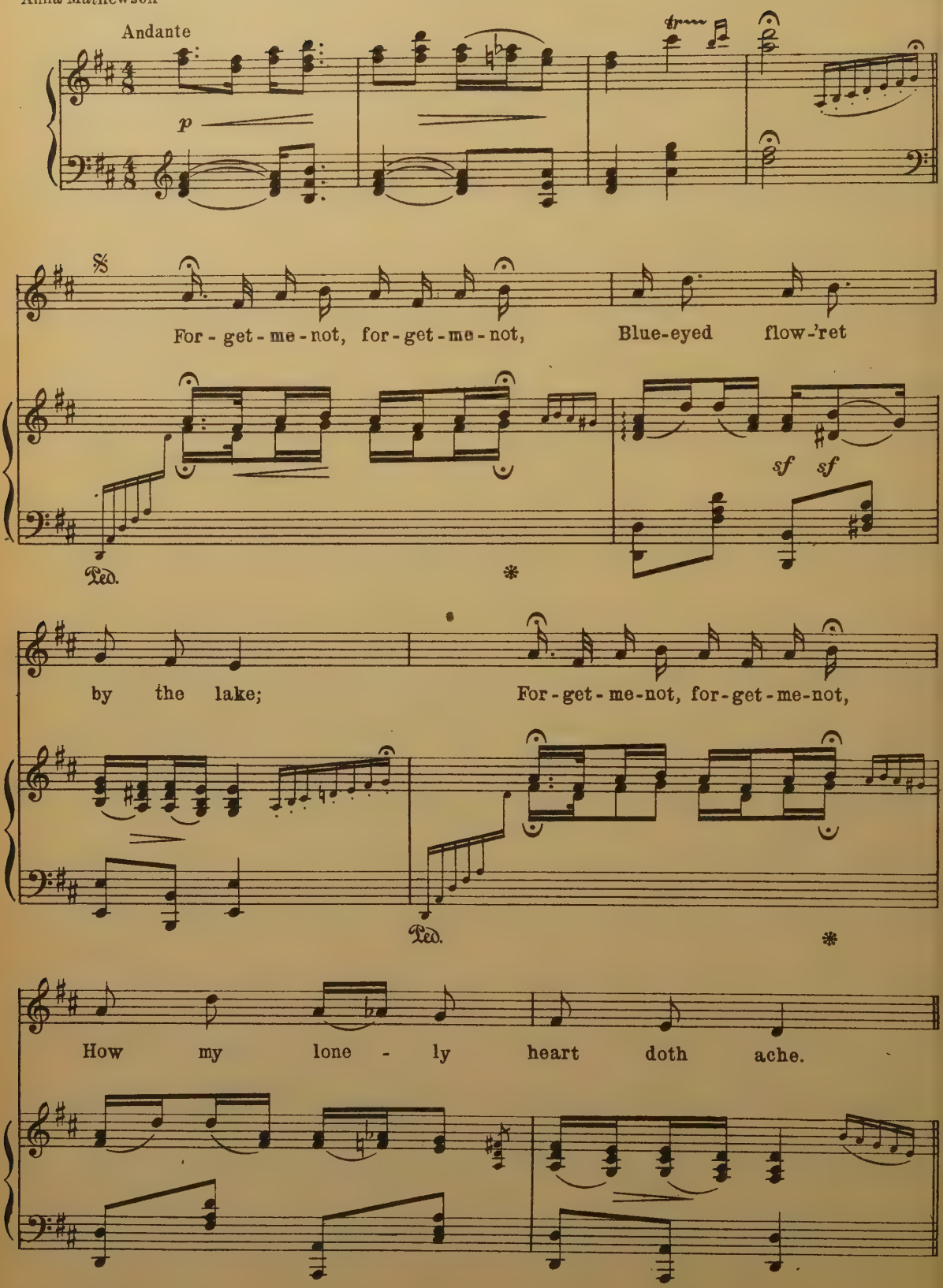
Come, my good steeds, Palkó, Jankó!
Silk is my fine saddle,
Ivory is my sword sheath,
Beauties my two pistols!
Hurrah, forward, my brave soldiers,
Comrades, drink to victory.
Then each one find his own sweetheart,
We'll dance the gay csárdás.

Paraphrase by
Anna Catherine Markham

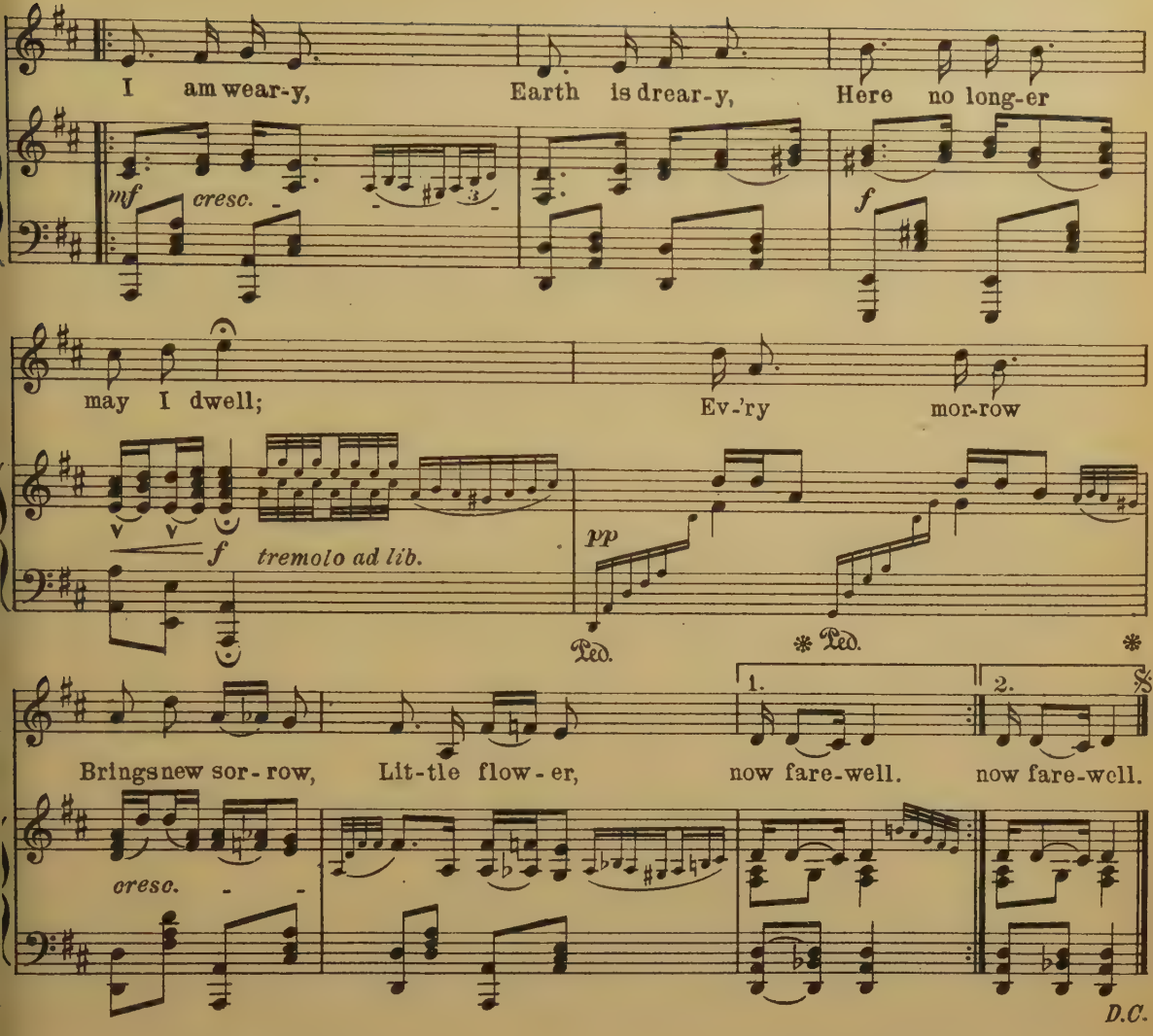
FORGET-ME-NOT

English version by
Anna Mathewson

Lajos Serly


Andante
p
For - get - me - not, for - get - me - not, Blue-eyed flow-'ret
sf sf
Ped.
*
by the lake; For - get - me - not, for - get - me - not,
Ped.
*
How my lone - ly heart doth ache.

By kind permission



Kék nefelejts

Kèk nefelejts, kèk nefelejts, virágzik a viz tükrén
Öreg vagyok, beteg vagyok, nem sokáig élek én.
Hanem azért, hanem azért, koszorut ha meghalok;
A siromra, sirhalmomra nefelejtsböl fonjatok.

Ha azt tartod én felölem, hogy oly madár le hetnék
Egy szavadra, hivásodra mindjárt hozzád repülnék.
Bár csináltass, bár kínálgass, szép aranyos kaliczkát;
De én azért szabadságom mégsem kötném te hozzád.

Forget-Me-Not

Forget-me-not, forget-me-not,
Blue-eyed flow'ret by the lake;
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not,
How my lonely heart doth ache!
I am weary,
Earth is dreary,
Here no longer may I dwell;
Ev'ry morrow
Brings new sorrow,–
Little flower, now farewell.

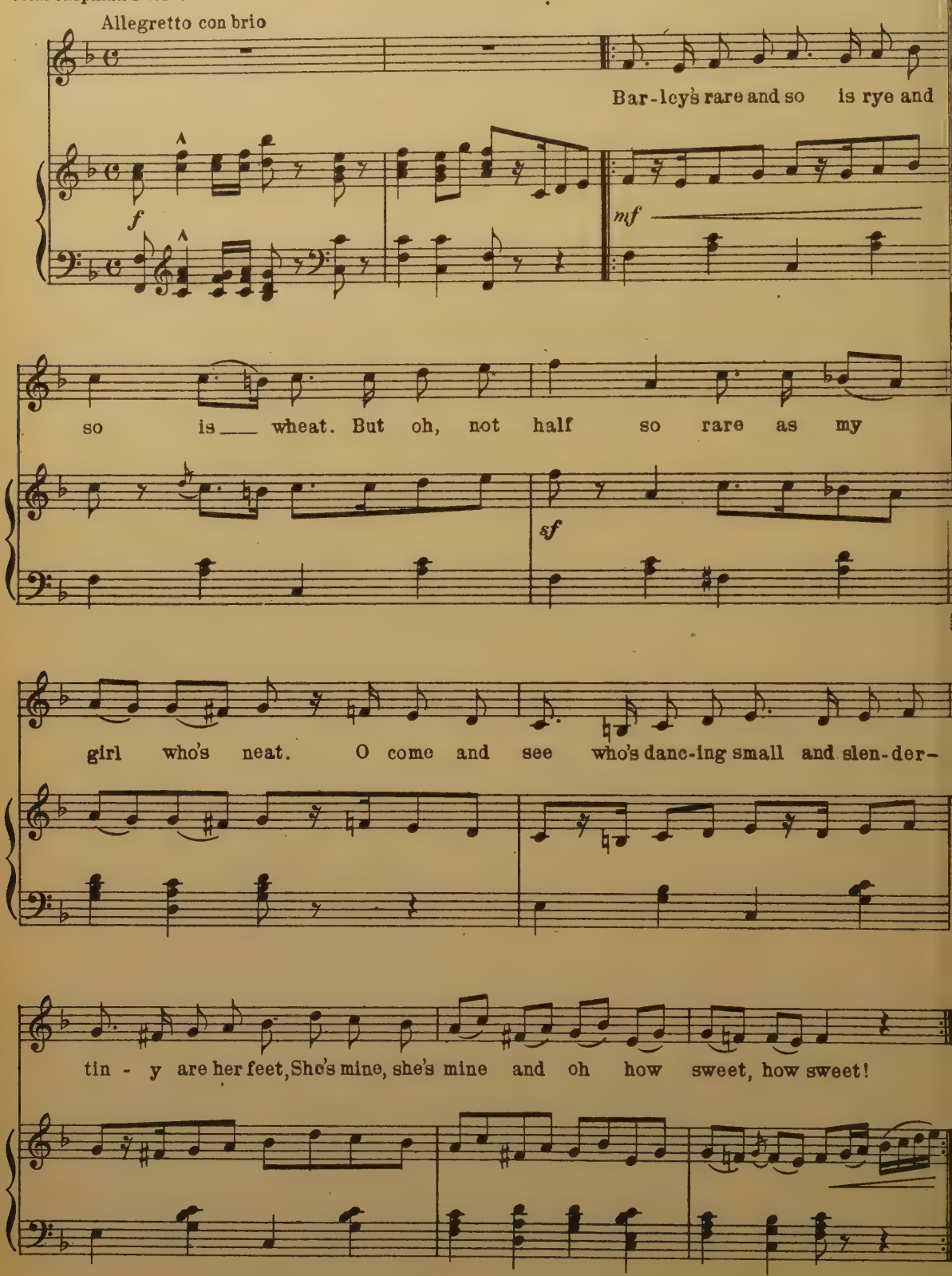
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not,
Tiny blossom, blithe and brave;
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not,
Bloom in beauty on my grave.
No more weeping,
I'll be sleeping
In some quiet, holy spot;
So be near me,
Still to cheer me,–
Darling flower, forget me not!

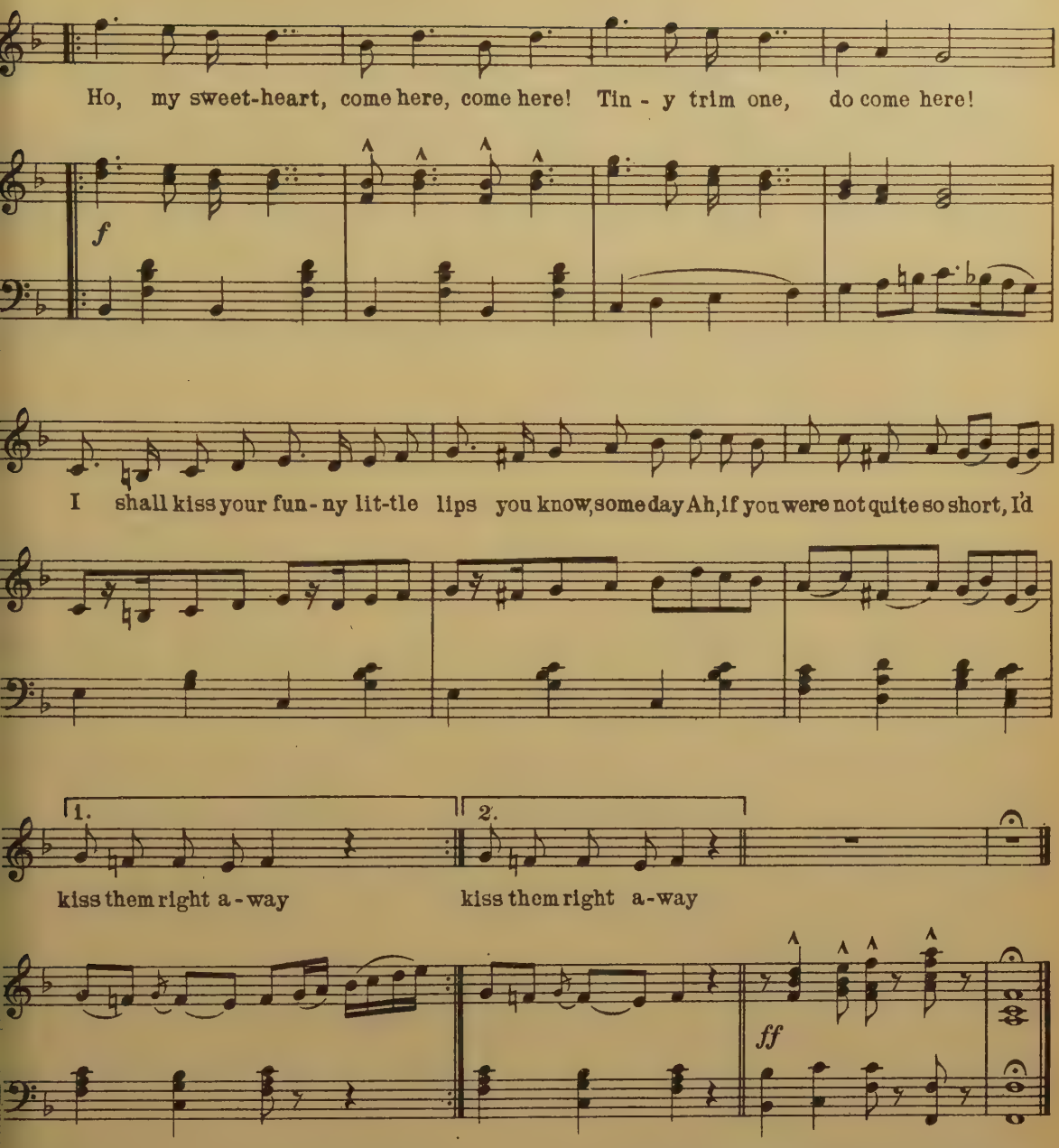
English version by
Anna Mathewson

RARE THE BARLEY, RARE THE RYE, RARE THE WHEAT

English version by
John Chipman Farrar

Arr. by Lajos Serly


Allegretto con brio
Bar-ley's rare and so is rye and
f
mf
so is wheat. But oh, not half so rare as my
sf
girl who's neat. O come and see who's danc-ing small and slen-der-
tin - y are her feet, She's mine, she's mine and oh how sweet, how sweet!


Ho, my sweet-heart, come here, come here! Tin - y trim one, do come here!
f
I shall kiss your fun - ny lit-tle lips you know, some day Ah, if you were not quite so short, I'd
1.
2.
kiss them right a - way
kiss them right a - way
ff

Ritka buza, ritka árpa, ritka rozs

Ritka buza, ritka árpa, ritka rozs,
De ritka, ritka, ritka kis lány takaros, takaros.
Lám az enyém, lám az enyém, lám az enyém takaros.
Kicsit alacsony, nem magas.

Hej te kis lány barna kis lány!
Eszem azt a kis szádat
Ha egy kicsit nagyobb volnál, ha egy kicsit nagyobb volnál
Mindjárt megcsokolnálak.

Rare the Barley, Rare the Rye, Rare the Wheat

Barley's rare and so is rye and so is wheat.
But oh, not half so rare as my girl who's neat.
Oh come and see who's dancing small and slender—
tiny are her feet,
She's mine, she's mine and oh how sweet, how sweet!

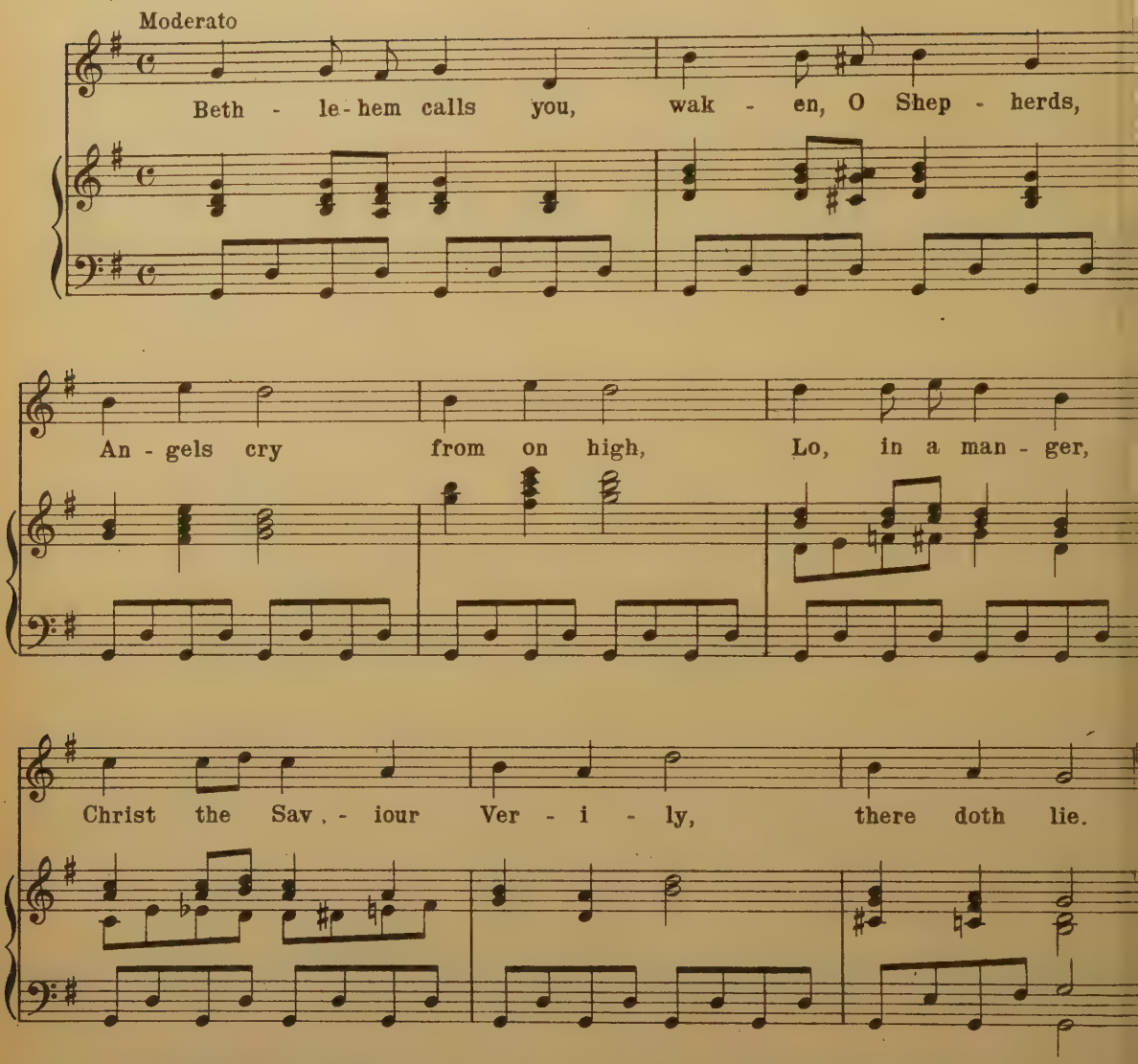
Ho, my sweetheart, come here, come here!
Tiny trim one, do come here!
I shall kiss your funny little lips you know, some day
Ah, if you were not quite so short, I'd kiss them right away!

English version by
John Chipman Farrar

CHRISTMAS CAROL

English version by F.C.

Arranged by Lajos Serly


Moderato
Beth - le-hem calls you, wak - en, O Shep - herds,
An - gels cry from on high, Lo, in a man - ger,
Christ the Sav - iour Ver - i - ly, there doth lie.

Menyből az angyal

Menyből az angyal lejött hozzátok
Pásztorok, pásztorok
Hogy Bethlehembe sietve menvén
Lássátok, lássátok.

Istennek fia, aki született
Jászolban, jászolba.
Ö leszen nektek üdvezitötök
Valóban, valóban.

Mellette vagyon az édes anyja
Mária, Mária.
Barmok közt fekszik, jászolban nyugszik
Szent fia, szent fia.

Christmas Carol

Bethlehem calls you, waken, O Shepherds,
Angels cry from on high.
Lo, in a manger, Christ the Saviour
Verily, there doth lie.

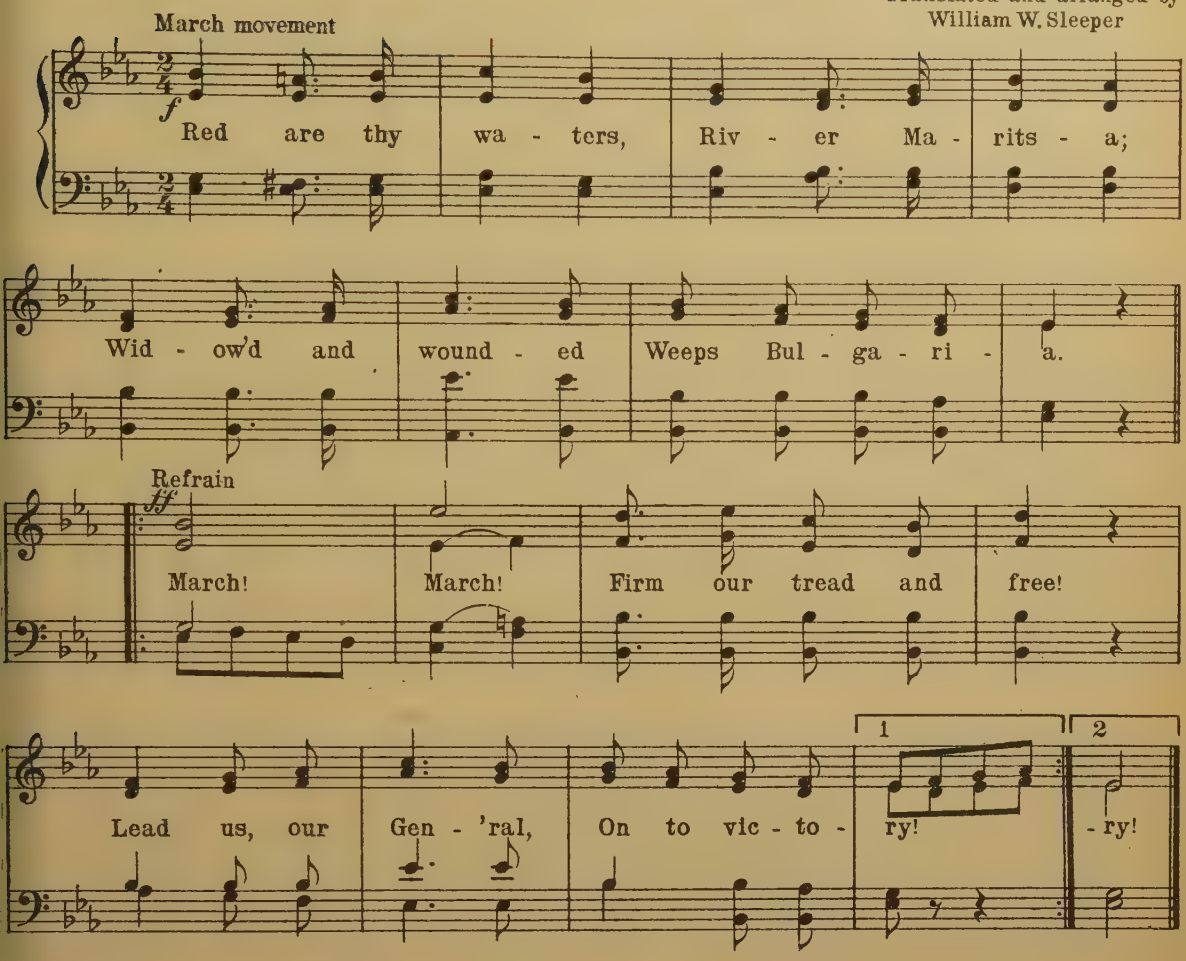
There you shall see the blessed Maria
On this morn, Christmas morn.
Let all the world shout loud Hosannas,
Christ is born, Christ is born.

English version by F. C.

SHUMI MARITSA

Bulgarian National Hymn

Translated and arranged by
William W. Sleeper


March movement
f
Red are thy wa - ters, Riv - er Ma - rits - a;
Wid - ow'd and wound - ed Weeps Bul - ga - ri - a.
Refrain
ff
March! March! Firm our tread and free!
1
2
Lead us, our Gen - 'ral, On to vic - to - ry! - ry!

I. ШУМИ МАРИЦА.

Шуми Марица,
Окървавена.
Плаче вдовица,
Люто ранена.

Маршъ, маршъ,
Генерале нашъ.
Разъ, два, три,
Маршъ войници.

Войници мили,
Напрѣдъ да вървимъ,
Съсъ всички сили
Балканъ да минемъ.

Маршъ, маршъ,
Генерале нашъ.
Разъ, два, три,
Маршъ войници.

Юнака Донски
Намъ е водитель,
С' прѣпорецъ Левски
Вождъ побѣдитель.

Маршъ, маршъ,
Генерале нашъ.
Разъ, два, три,
Маршъ войници.

Shumi Maritsa

Red are thy waters,
River Maritsa;
Widowed and wounded
Weeps Bulgaria.

Refrain
March! March!
Firm our tread and free!
Lead us, our General,
On to victory!

Soldiers belovéd,
Forward our pathway;
Over the Balkans
We will march to-day.
Refrain

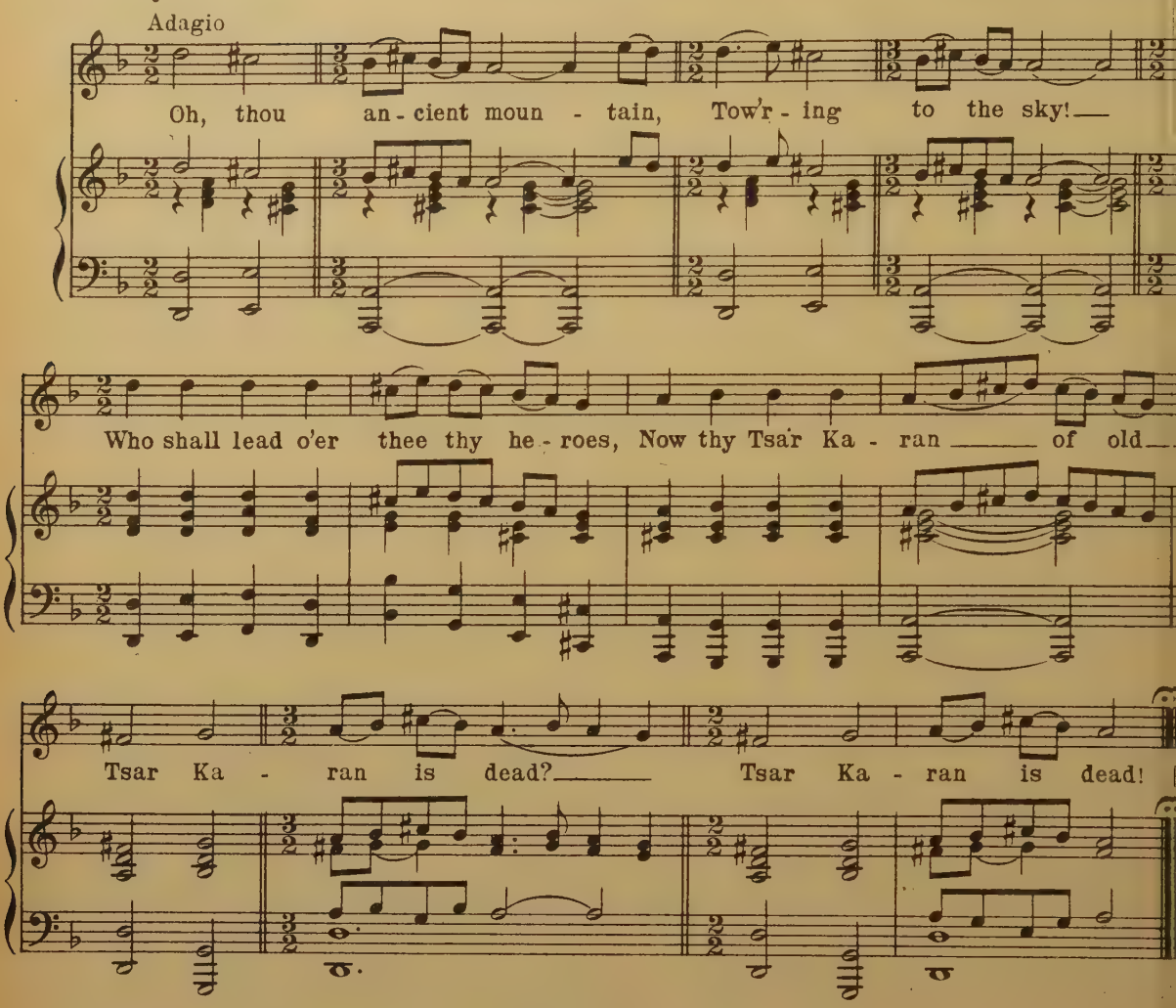
Translation by
William W. Sleeper

OH, THOU ANCIENT MOUNTAIN

Stara Planina

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

Arranged by
William W. Sleeper


Adagio
Oh, thou an - cient moun - tain, Tow'r - ing to the sky!
Who shall lead o'er thee thy he - roes, Now thy Tsar Ka - ran of old
Tsar Ka - ran is dead? Tsar Ka - ran is dead!

СТАРА ПЛАНИНА.

Стара Планино — Стара Планино,
Кой ще въ тебе войска води,
Като нѣма царя гордий, —
Царя Карана, Карана,
Царя Карана!

Старий Преславе, старий Преславе,
Кой ще тебе, Преславъ, пази
Като нѣма вѣрни войски
Н'царя Бориса?
Н'царя Бориса?

Ружо румяна, ружо румяна,
Кой ще тебе сега бере
Като нѣма наша Райна,
Райна Княгиня?
Райна Княгиня?

Oh, Thou Ancient Mountain

Oh, thou ancient mountain,
Tow'ring to the sky!
Who shall lead o'er thee thy heroes,
Now thy Tsar Karan of old–
Tsar Karan is dead?
Tsar Karan is dead!

Prèslav, ancient city,
Prèslav, once so proud,
Who shall guard thee, age-old fortress,
Now the armies of Tsar Boris
Lie in silent dust?
Lie in silent dust!

Blushing rose, whose hand
Now shall pluck thy bloom,
When the heart of Princess Ràïna
Moulders through the silent ages?
Ràïna is no more,
Ràïna is no more!

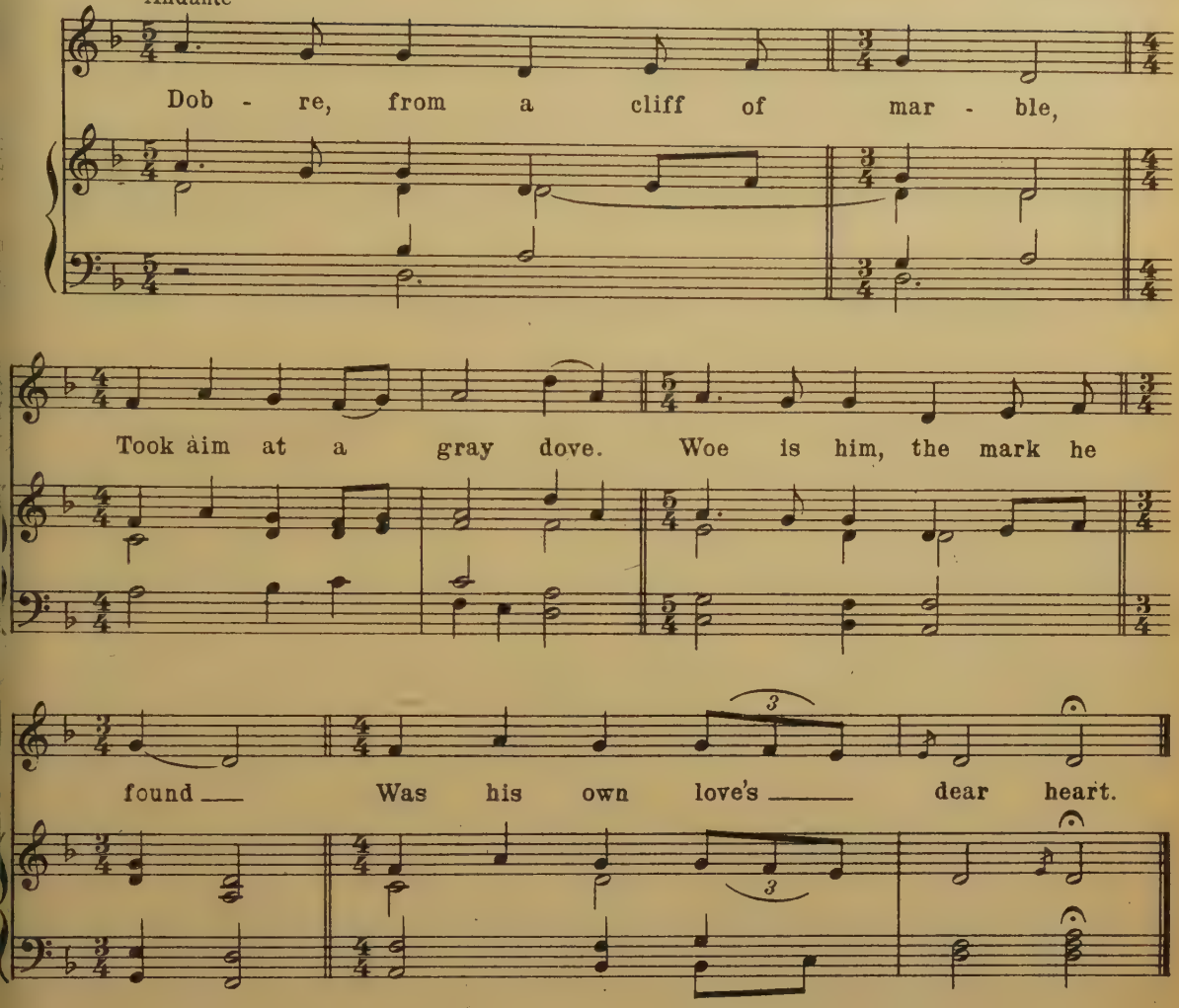
Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

THE GRAY DOVE

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

Andante

Folk Song



СТАПИЛЪ ДОБРЕ.

Стапилъ Добре, стапилъ Добре
На бѣлъ мермеръ камикъ;
Та замѣря, та замѣря
Сива гълъбица.

Викна Добре, викна Добре,
Викна та заплака:
На глава ми, на глава ми
Черква съградете;

На сърдце ми, на сърдце ми
Чешма построете;
Да се молятъ и да пиятъ
Все на „Богъ да прости".

The Gray Dove

Dobre, from a cliff of marble,
Took aim at a gray dove.
Woe is him, the mark he found
Was his own love's dear heart.

Dobre wept in bitter sorrow,
Wept and cried in anguish:
"On her heart I'll build an altar,
There to pray for pity.

Where her sweet head now lies cold
Will I build a fountain,
Those who drink at eve or morning
Will pray - 'Peace to her soul'."

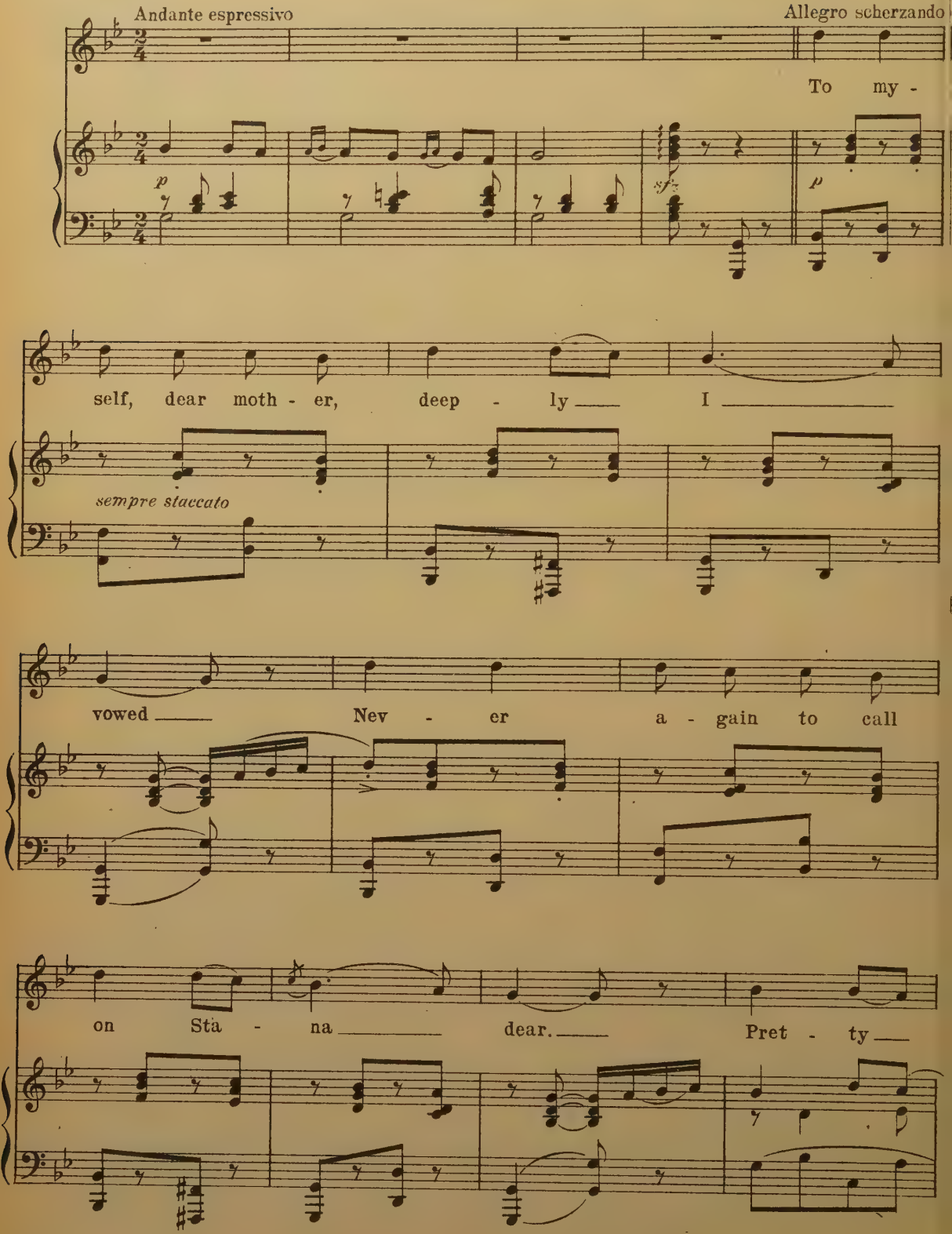
Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

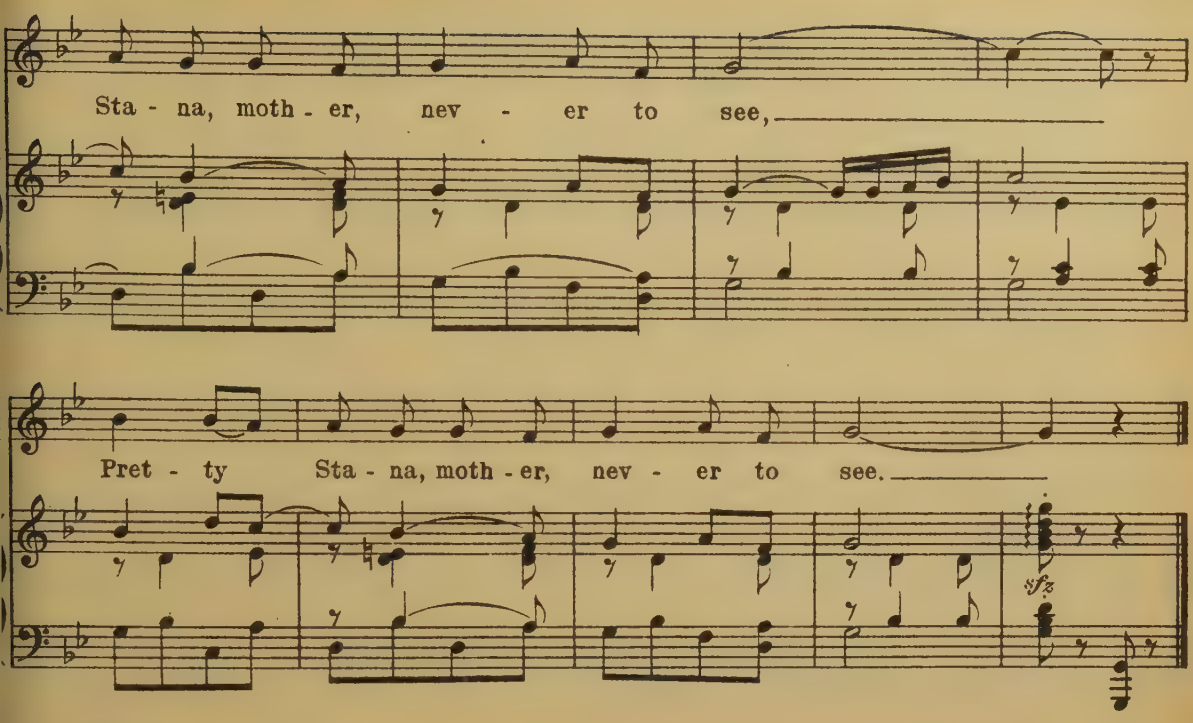
VOWS

Folk Song

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

Arranged by
Dobre Hristoff





ЗАРЕКОХЪ СЕ, МАМО.

Зарекохъ се, мамо, заканихъ,
Да не ходя, мамо, у Станкини:

Гюзелъ Станка, мамо, да не виждамъ.
Гюзелъ Станка, мамо, да не виждамъ.

Не ходихъ тамъ, мамо, само три дня,
Не видѣхъ я, мамо, само три дня.

Стори ми се, мамо, три години,
Стори ми се, мамо, три години.

Снощи минахъ, мамо, край Станкини,
Азъ и рекохъ, мамо, „добъръ вечерь",

Тя ми рече, мамо: „дойди вечерь",
Тя ми рече, мамо: „дойди вечерь".

Vows

To myself, dear mother, deeply I vowed
Never again to call on Stana dear.
Pretty Stana, mother, never to see,
Pretty Stana, mother, never to see.

For three days, O mother, I saw her not–
Three days that seemed to me just like three years.
Those three days, O mother, were like three years–
Years, taken, mother darling, out of my life.

Last night, mother dear, I passed by her gate;
I said, "O good-evening." Said she, "Come in."
I only was civil; but Stana smiled,
She blushed and said to me; "Won't you come in?"

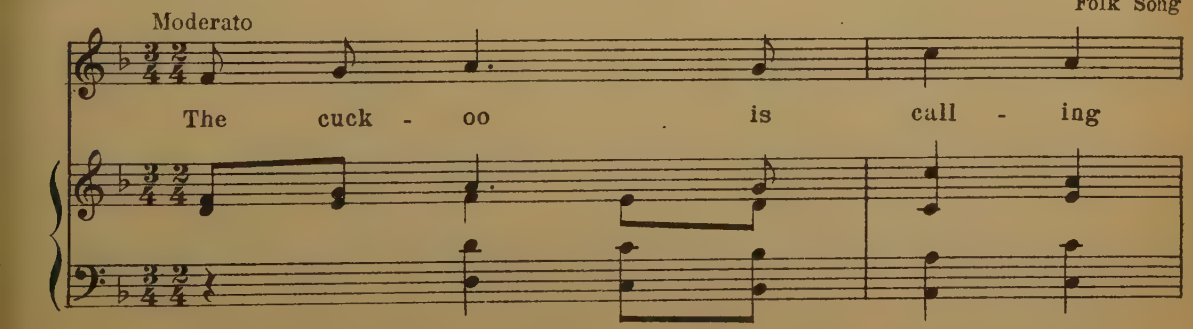
Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

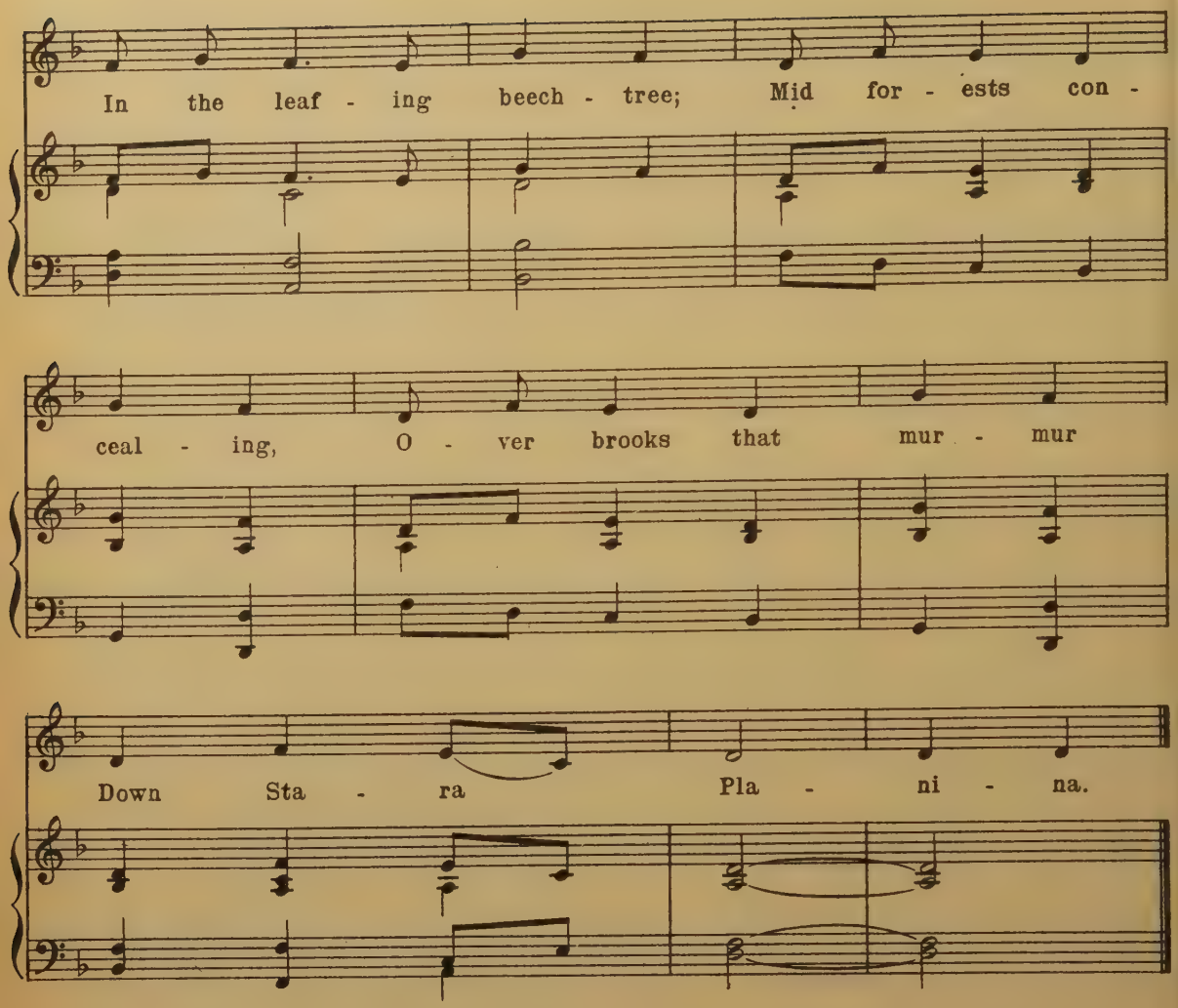
THE CUCKOO IS CALLING

(Stara Planina)

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

Folk Song





КУКУВИЦА КУКА.

Кукувица кука
На зелена бука.
Горольо зелена,
Ти водо студена,

Ти Стара Планино.
Войници се пишать,
Изъ войнишко село.
Горольо зелена,
Ти водо студена,
Ти Стара Планино.

The Cuckoo Is Calling

The cuckoo is calling
In the leafing beech-tree;
Mid forests concealing,
Over brooks that murmur
Down Stara Planina.

The cuckoo is calling
To the scattered heroes,
Calling them to battle–
Calling them to conquer
The ancient oppressor.

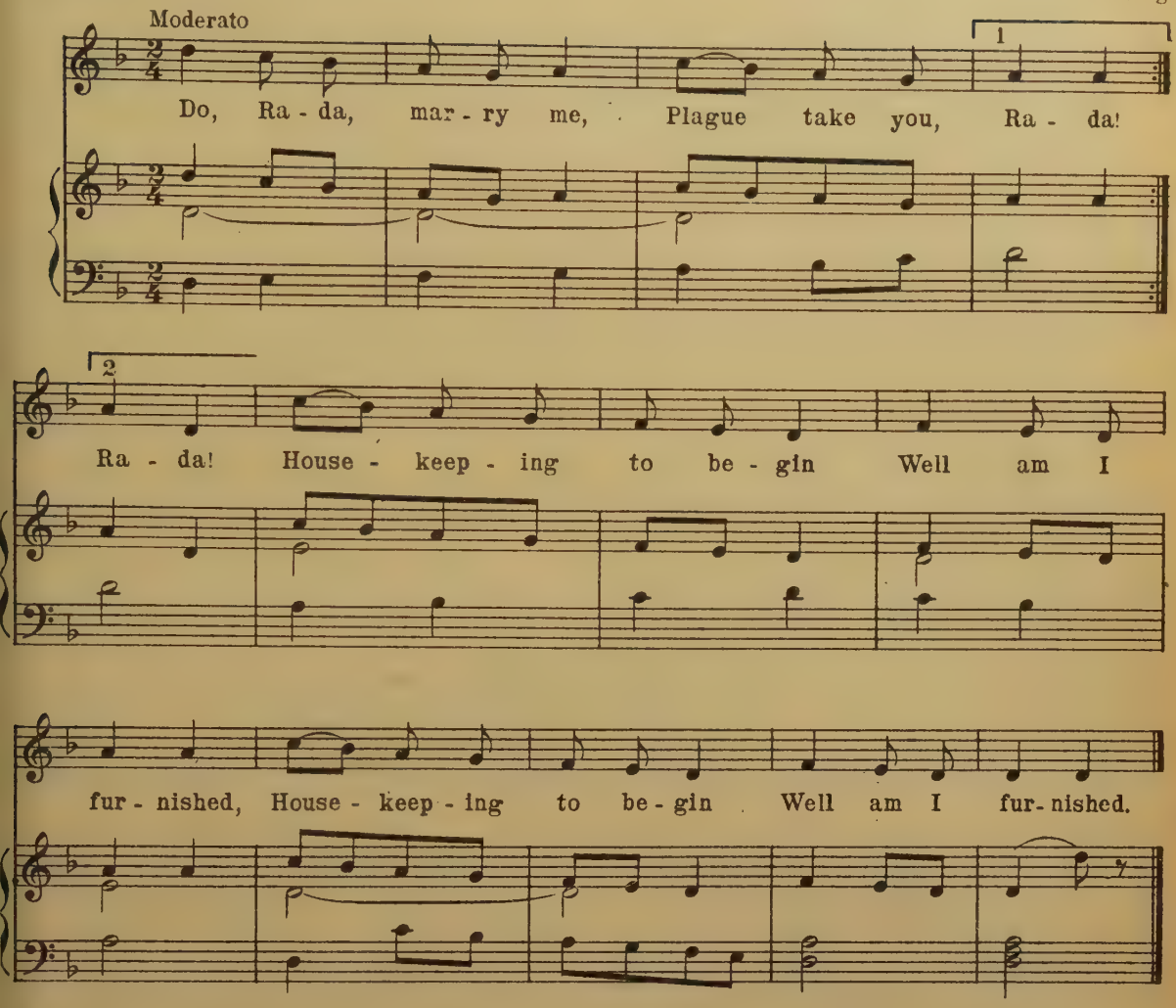
The cuckoo is sighing
Over warriors fallen;
Calling, with the forest
And the brooks and peaks:
"Where art thou, O Freedom!"

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

RADA

Translation by
Adelaide Imogene Locke

Folk Song


Moderato
1
Do, Ra - da, mar - ry me, Plague take you, Ra - da!
2
Ra - da! House - keep - ing to be - gin Well am I
fur - nished, House - keep - ing to be - gin Well am I fur - nished.

РАДА.

Земи ма, Радо,
Узела те чума! 2

Чеази си имамъ
Цѣла покащнина: 2

Отъ мишъ мешина,
Пълна съ сиренце. 2

Отъ жаба крачецъ
Цѣла пъстармица. 2

Отъ орѣхъ черушка
Пълна съсъ брашенце. 2

Rada

Do, Rada, marry me,
Plague take you, Rada!
Do, Rada, marry me,
Plague take you, Rada!
Housekeeping to begin
Well am I furnished,
Housekeeping to begin
Well am I furnished.

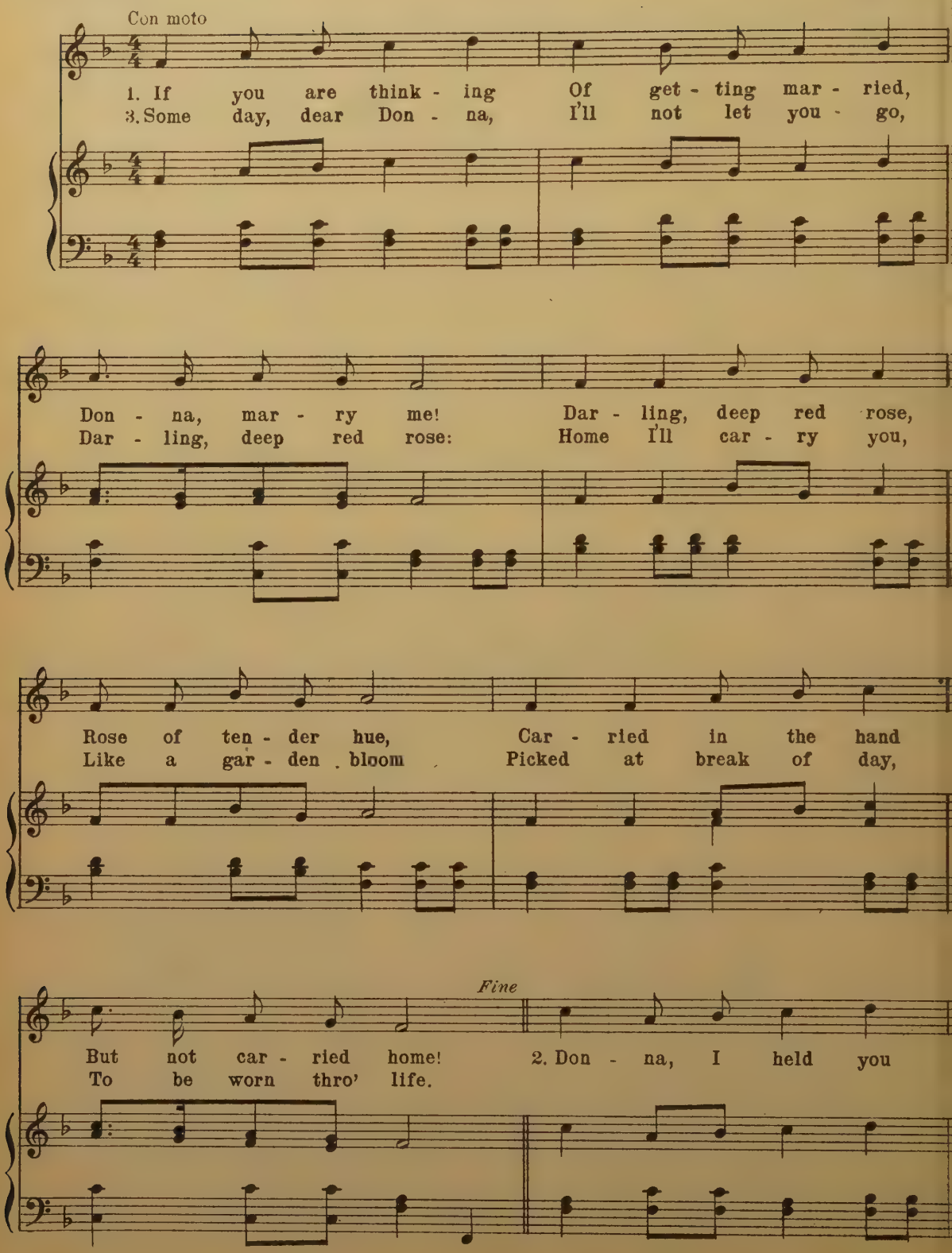
There's a mouse's den
Cramfull of cheeses,
All of a froggie's leg
Plenty of meat, dear,
Whole of a nutshell
Brimfull of flour, dear!
Whole of a nutshell
Brimfull of flour, dear!

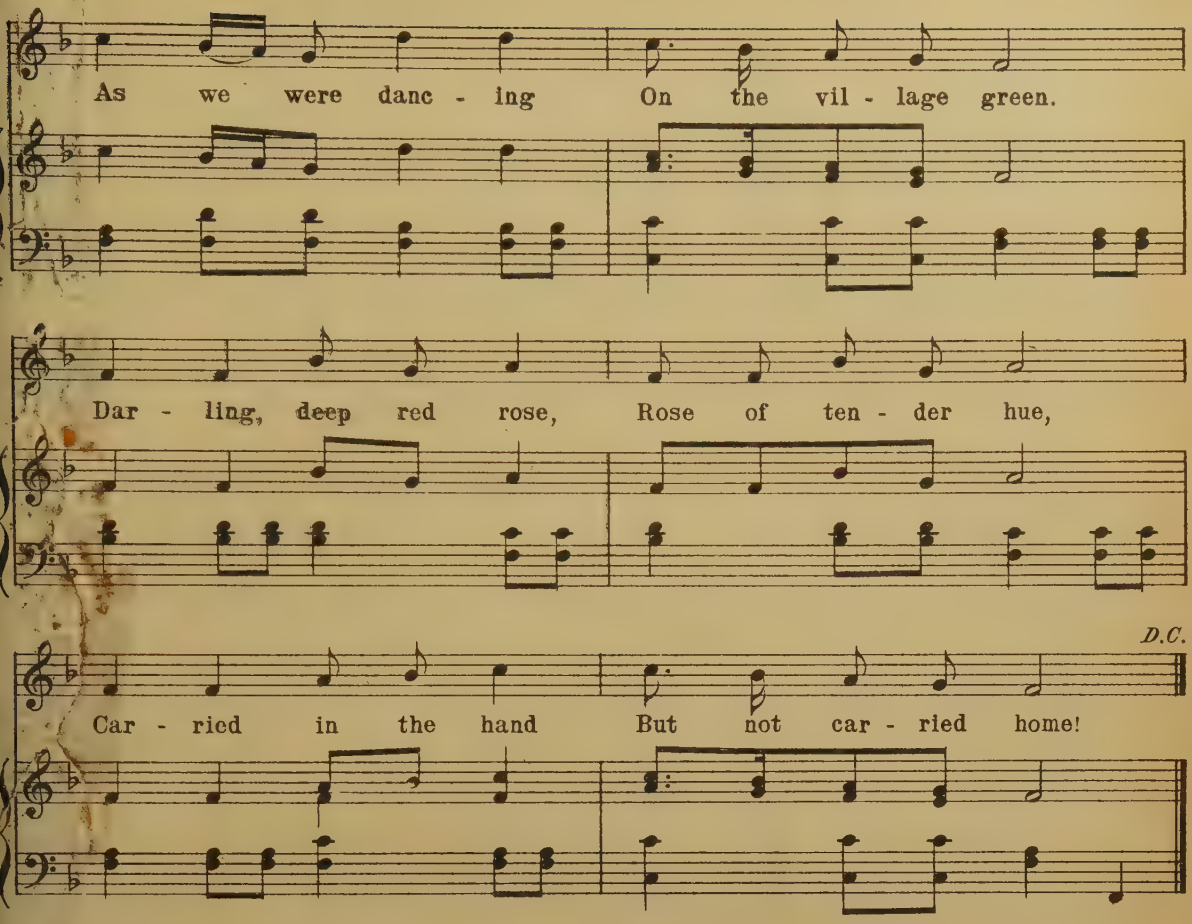
Translation by
Adelaide Imogene Locke

DONNA

Paraphrase by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

Folk Dance


Con moto
1. If you are think - ing Of get - ting mar - ried,
3. Some day, dear Don - na, I'll not let you - go,
Don - na, mar - ry me! Dar - ling, deep red rose,
Dar - ling, deep red rose: Home I'll car - ry you,
Rose of ten - der hue, Car - ried in the hand
Like a gar - den bloom Picked at break of day,
Fine
But not car - ried home! 2. Don - na, I held you
To be worn thro' life.


As we were danc - ing On the vil - lage green.
Dar - ling, deep red rose, Rose of ten - der hue,
D.C.
Car - ried in the hand But not car - ried home!

АКО СЕ ЖЕНИШЪ.

Ако се женишъ
Мене да земешъ,
Доне мамина.

Каражфиче-то,
Трандафиче-то,
В'рака носено,
Не доносено.

Donna

1
If you are thinking
Of getting married,
Donna, marry me!

Darling, deep red rose,
Rose of tender hue,
Carried in the hand
But not carried home!

2
Donna, I held you
As we were dancing
On the village green.

Darling, deep red rose,
Rose of tender hue,
Carried in the hand
But not carried home!

3
Some day, dear Donna,
I'll not let you go,
Darling, deep red rose:

Home I'll carry you,
Like a garden bloom
Picked at break of day
To be worn through life.

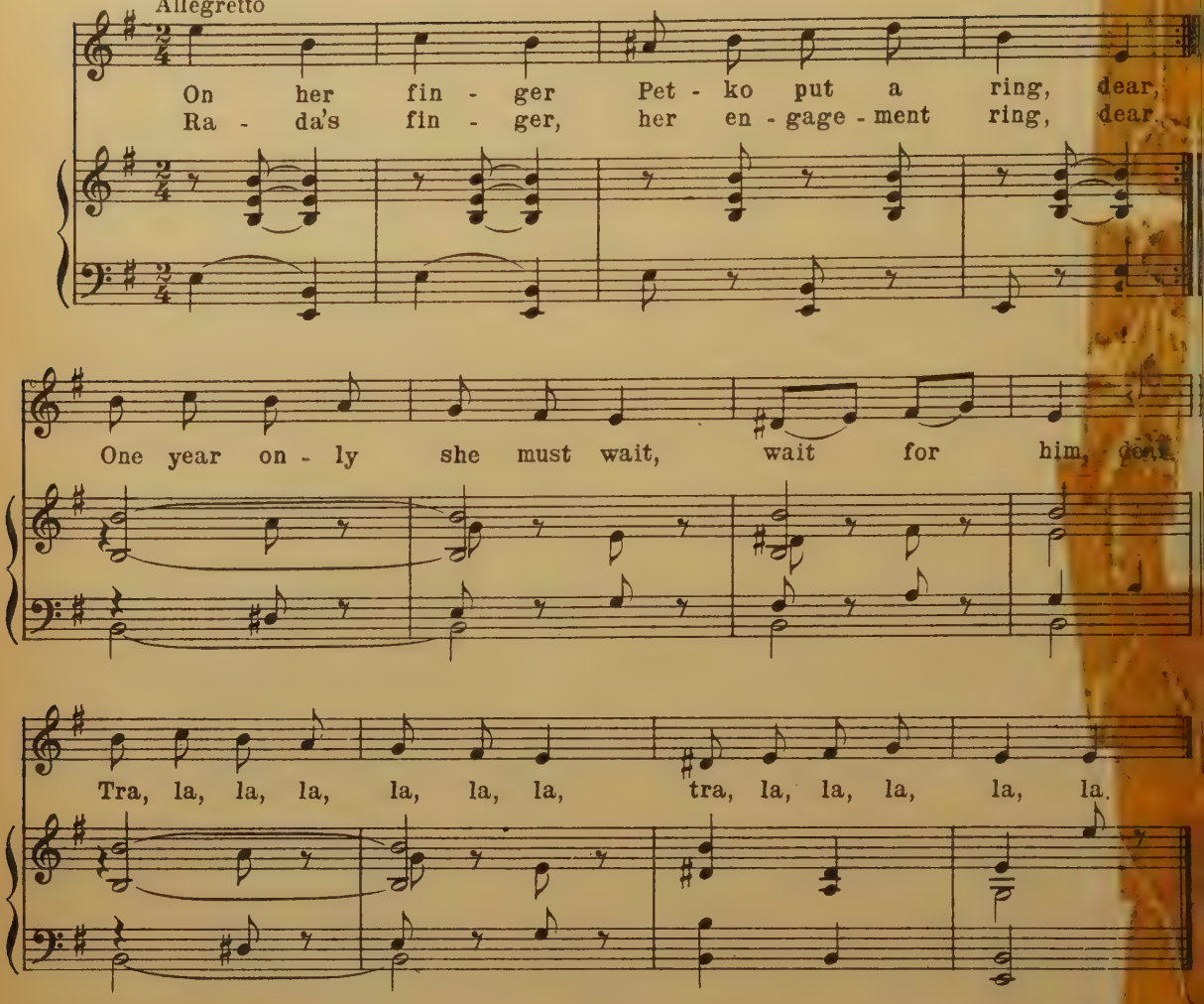
Paraphrase by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

RADA AND PETKO

Translation by
Adelaide Imogene Locke

Folk Song

Allegretto


On her fin - ger Pet - ko put a ring, dear,
Ra - da's fin - ger, her en - gage - ment ring, dear.
One year on - ly she must wait, wait for him, dear.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.

РАДА И ПЕТКО.

Петко Ради пръстенъ даде, море,
Тра ла, ла, ла, ла, ла, ла—2

Да го чака за година, море.
Чакала той день до пладне, море;

Тамамъ Рада подъ вѣнчило, море;
Петко Ради на вратата, море,

На вратата съсъ кривака, море:
„Давай, Радо, що си зела, море,

Жълтички-тѣ с'панички-тѣ, море,
Грошовци-тѣ с'кошовци-тѣ, море".

Рада Петко отговаря, море,
„Ималъ си ги, давалъ си ги, море;
Нѣмала съмъ, земала съмъ, море".

Rada And Petko

On her finger Petko put a ring, dear,
Rada's finger, her engagement ring, dear.
One year only she must wait, wait for him, dear.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.

One day only until noon she waited.
There sweet Rada, under bridal wreath stood,
Then came Petko, Petko came, cupping hands to beg, dea
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.

"Give back, Rada, costly gifts I gave you,
Pieces golden by the heaping dish-full,
Pieces silver, shining gold, by the heaping pail-full."
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.

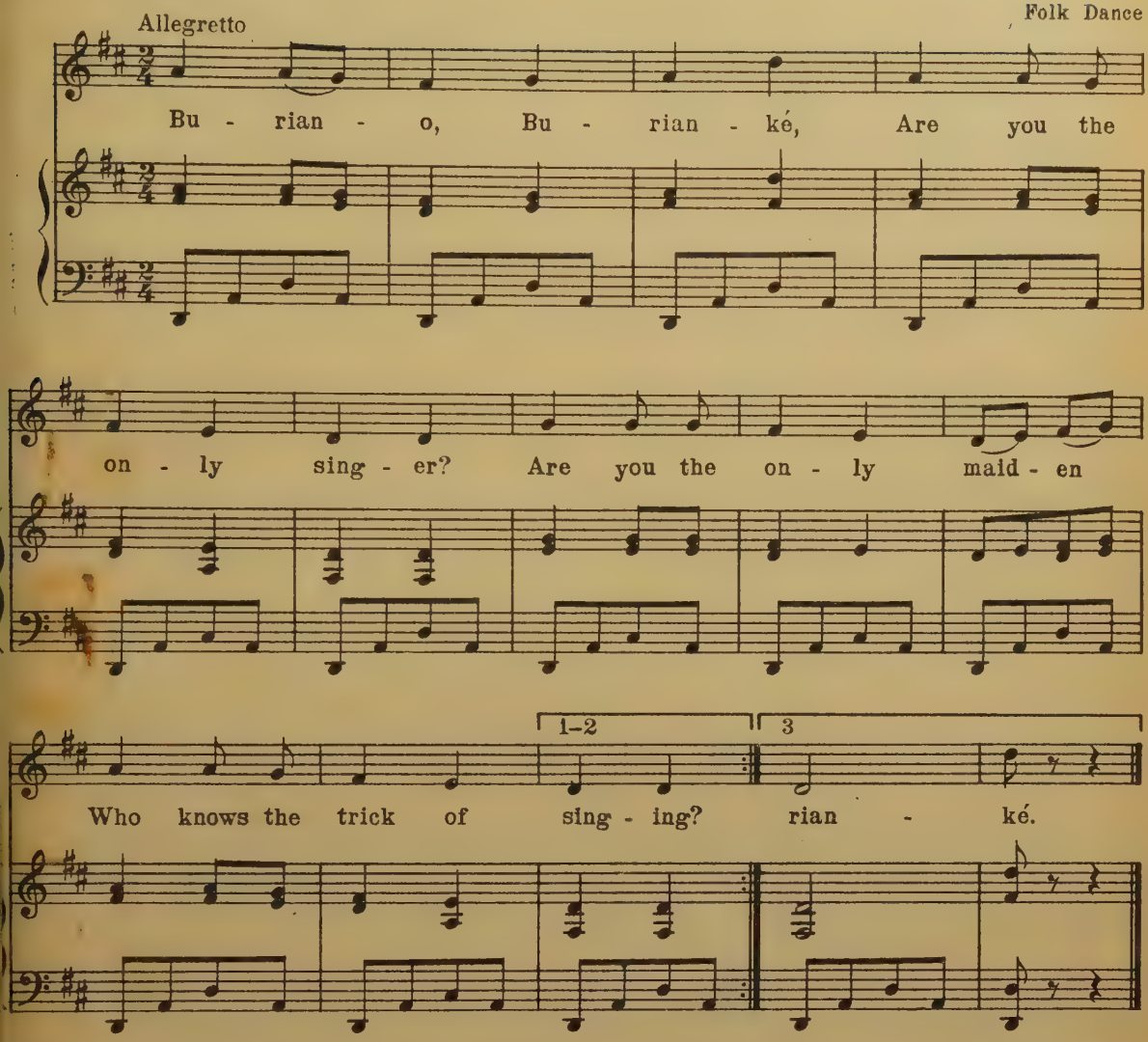
"No! No! Petko," answers little Rada,
"Riches had you, some you gave to me, Sir!
None had I, I had none, so I took from you, Sir!"
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.

Translation by
Adelaide Imogene Locke

BURIANO

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

Folk Dance



БУРЯНО.

Буряно, Бурянке,
Сал'ти ли си мома,
Сал'ти ли си мома,
Сал'ти ли знайшъ да пѣешъ?

Гдаса ти се чува
Чакъ до наш'та нива,
Чакъ до наш'та нива;
Чакъ до наш'та слива.

Пѣсень-та ти слушамъ,
Снопа си оставямъ
Съ кавалъ да засвиря,
Хоро да заводя.

Buriano

Buriano, Burianké,
Are you the only singer?
Are you the only maiden
Who knows the trick of singing?

Over the wheat-fields ringing,
Your song to me comes lilting.
I lay aside my sickle
To listen to your trilling;

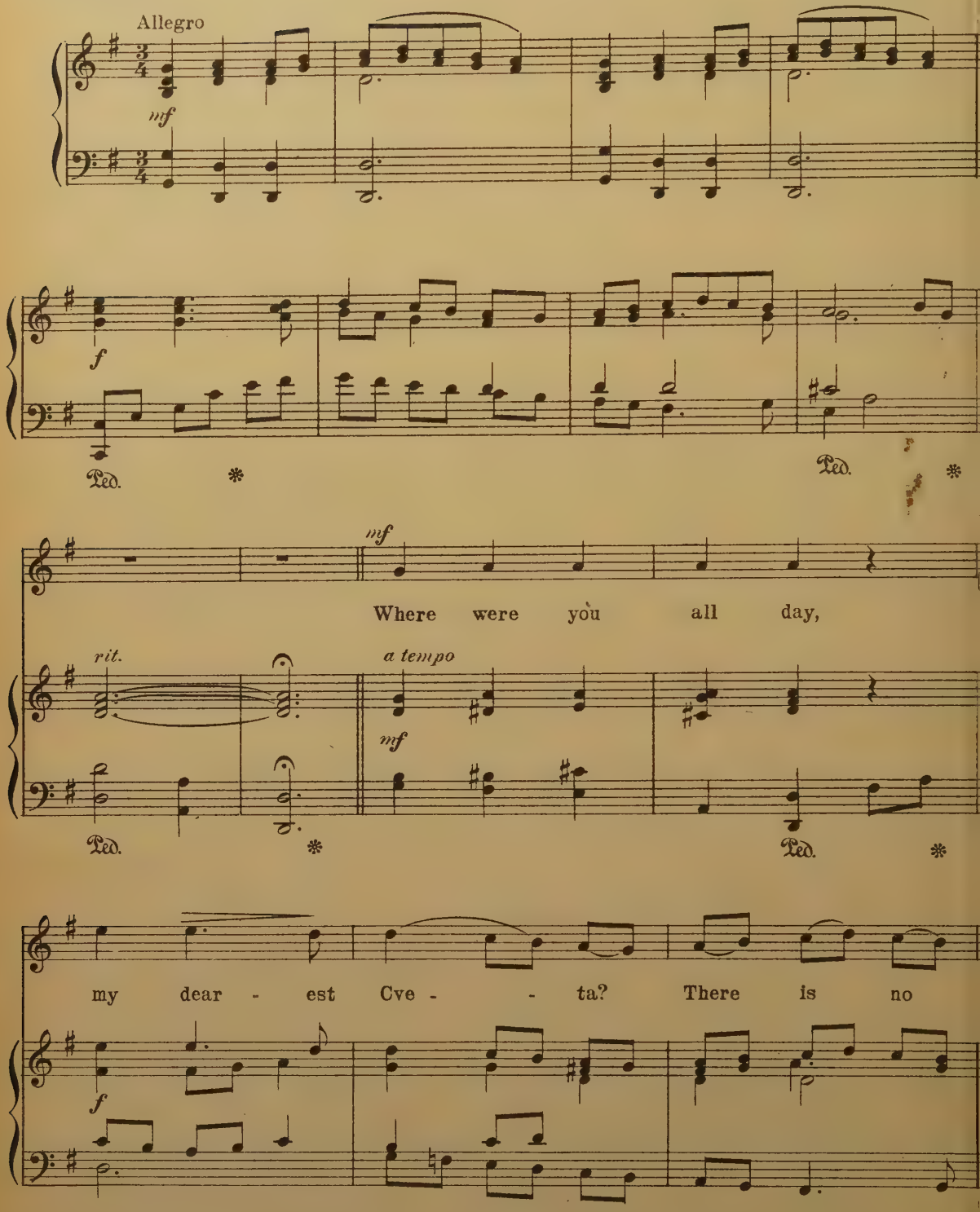
To start a dance at twilight
On shepherd's pipe a-playing;
A dance for all the maidens
With all the youths, Burianké!

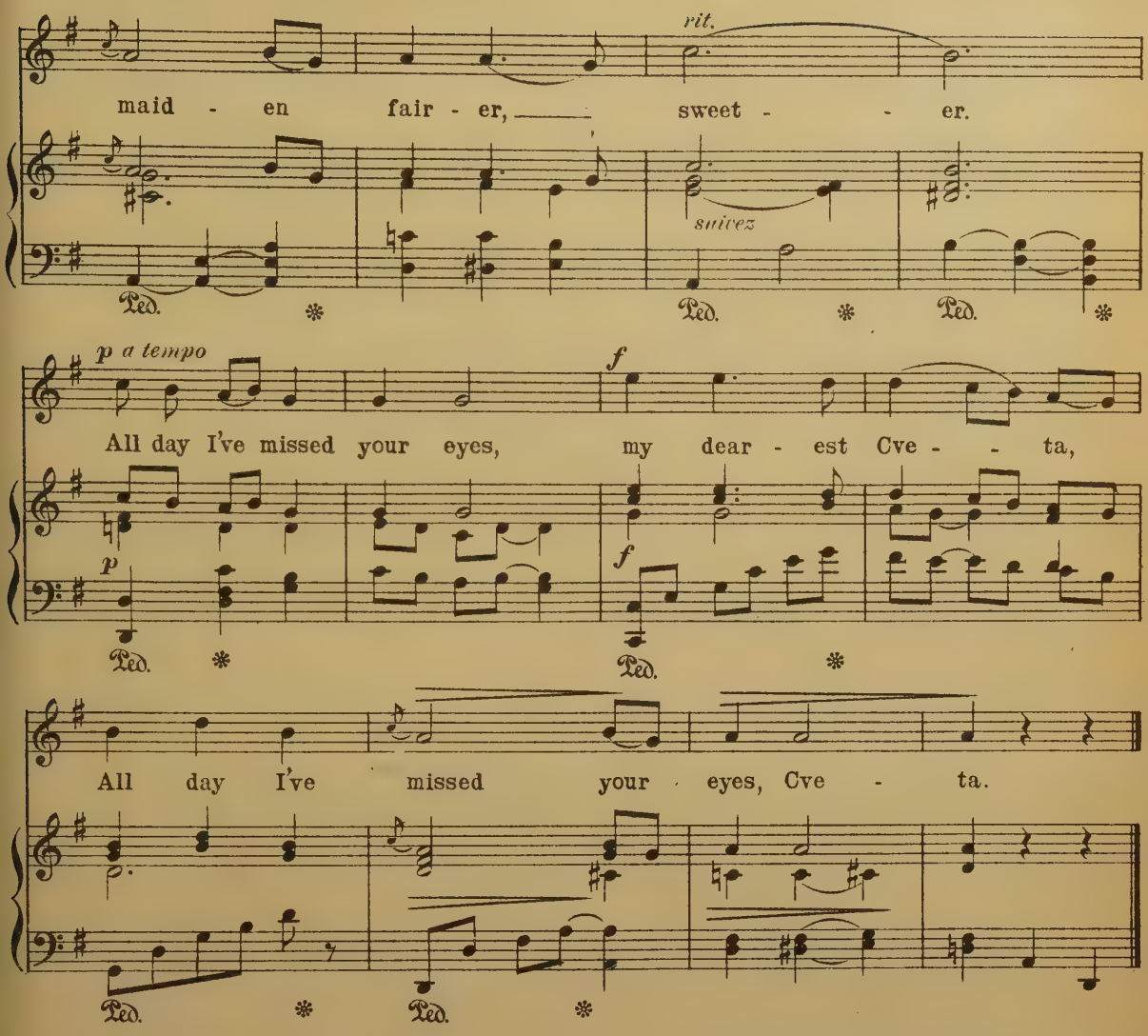
Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

WHERE WERE YOU CVETA?

Paraphrase by
William H. Hayne

Arranged by
Vlad. R. Georgevitch




rit.
maid - en fair - er, sweet - - er.
suivez
Ped.
p a tempo
f
All day I've missed your eyes, my dear - est Cve - - ta,
p
f
All day I've missed your eyes, Cve - ta.

Deka si bila

Deka si bila danaske,
Cveto,
Ves den ti oći ne vidov?

Ves den ti oći ne vidov,
Cveto,
Ni zalog leba ne jadov.

Naše sam ovce ćuvala,
Jovo,
I zlatan gjerdan zatrla.

Where Were You Cveta?

Where were you all day, my dearest Cveta?
There is no maiden fairer, sweeter.
All day I've missed your eyes, my dearest Cveta,
All day I've missed your eyes, Cveta.

Where were you all day, my dearest Cveta?
My patient heart is almost dead.
I have not touched my bread, my dearest Cveta,
I have not touched my bread, Cveta.

Where were you all day, my dearest Cveta?
I gathered grass and tender clover
To feed our lambkins, my faithful Jovo,
To feed our lambkins, my Jovo.

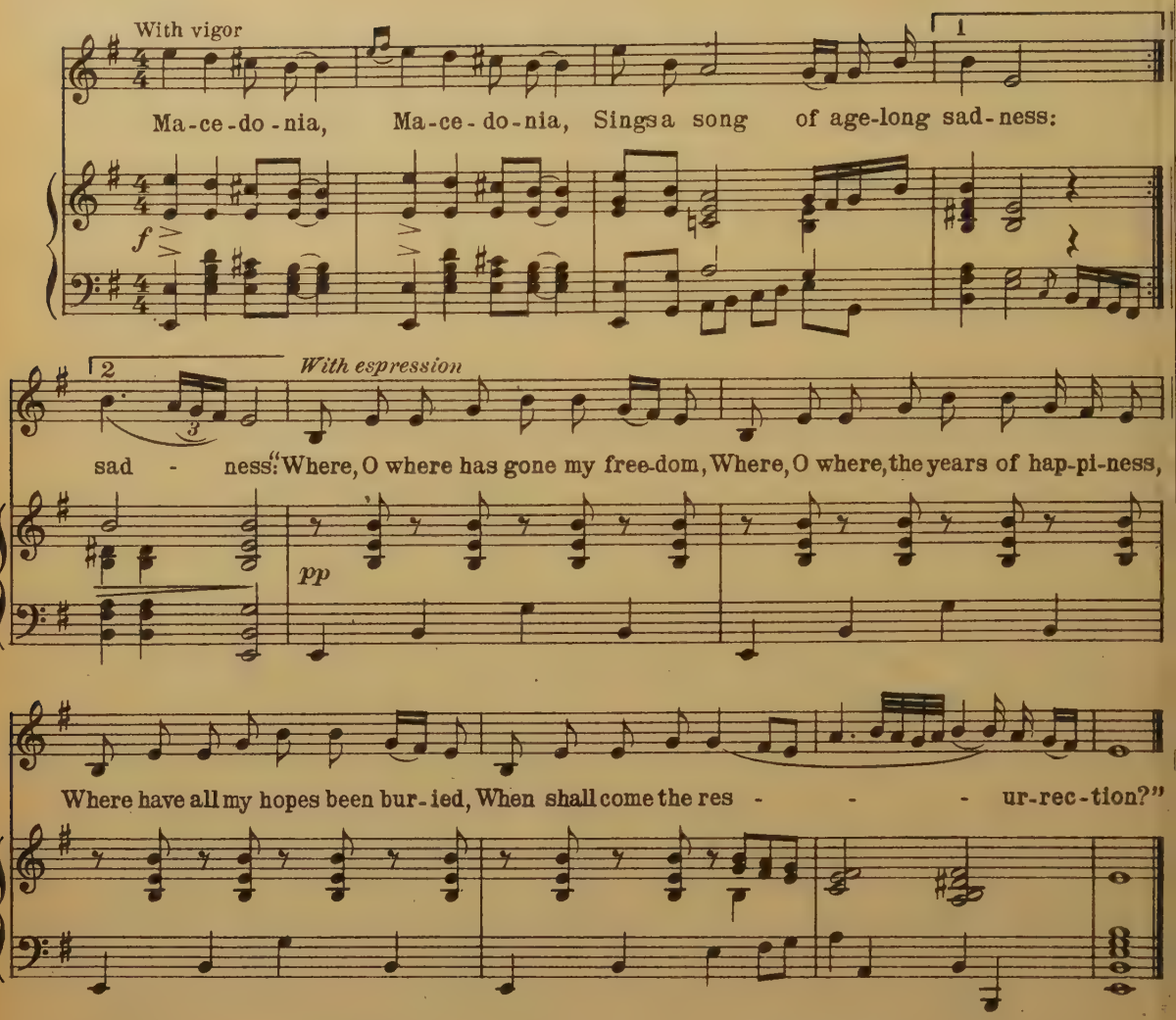
Where were you all day, my dearest Cveta?
To joy I am no more beholden.
I've lost my necklace, my necklace golden,
All joy is gone, my dear Jovo.

Paraphrase by
William H. Hayne

MACEDONIA

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

Arranged by
William W. Sleeper


With vigor
Ma-ce-do-nia, Ma-ce-do-nia, Sings a song of age-long sad-ness:
f
With espression
sad - ness: "Where, O where has gone my free-dom, Where, O where, the years of hap-pi-ness,
pp
Where have all my hopes been bur-ied, When shall come the res - - - ur-rec-tion?"

МАКЕДОНЕЦЪ.

Македонецъ, Македонецъ
Жално пѣе и говори:
„Гдѣ са волни-тѣ години“?
„Гдѣ са волни-тѣ години“?
Жално пѣе и говори:
„Гдѣ са волни-тѣ години“?

„Ой, та тебе, Българино
Братецъ мой?
Каква судба настана
Да сме роби и двама?!“
Каква судба настана
Да сме роби и двама?!“

„Българино, ти мой братецъ
Дай рука!
Съгласно да идеме
Свобода да търсиме
Съгласно да идеме—
Свобода да търсиме“.

Macedonia

Macedonia, Macedonia
Sings a song of age-long sadness:
"Where, O where, has gone my freedom,
Where, O where, the years of happiness,
Where have all my hopes been buried,
When shall come the resurrection?"

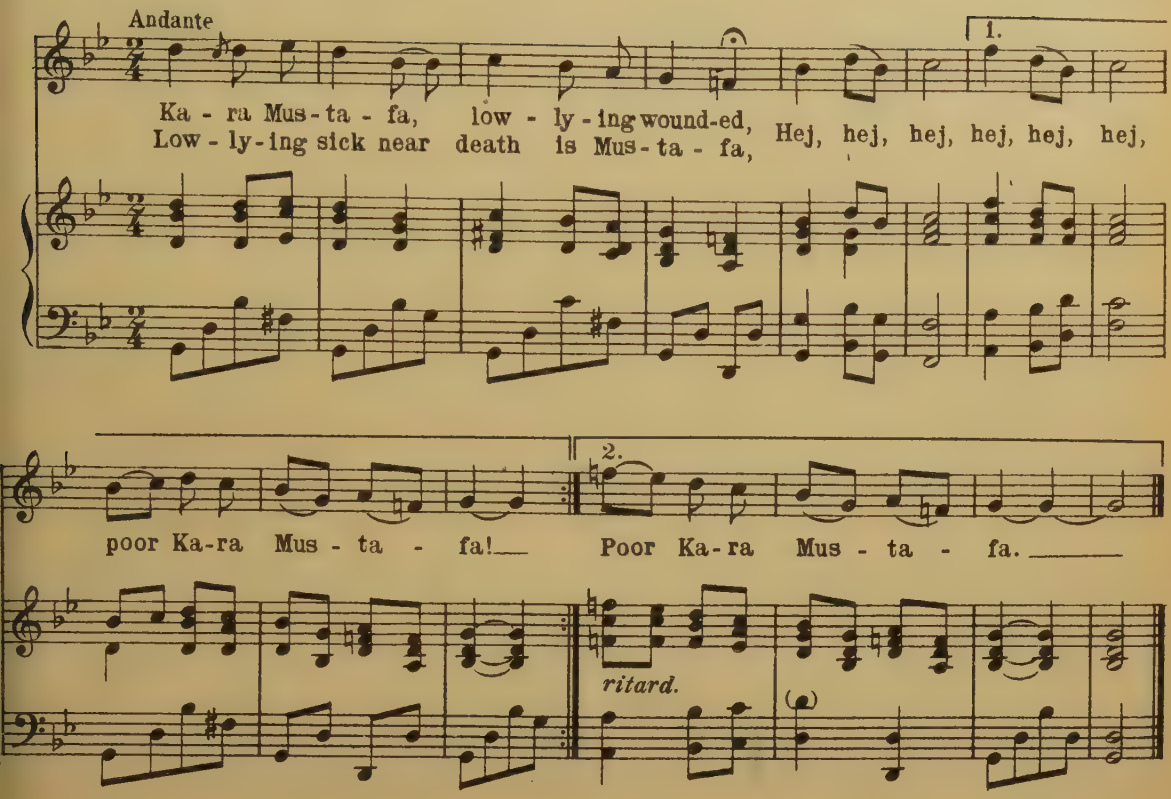
Macedonia strains at shackles,
Calls and prays in her long grieving:
"Oh, thou Bulgar, cross the border,
Cross the line that separates us,
Lift the yoke from wearied shoulders,
Help me, Bulgar, Oh, my brother!"

Translation by
Svetozar Tonjoroff

KARA MUSTAFA

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

Serbia - Bosnia
Folk Song


Andante
1.
Ka - ra Mus - ta - fa, low - ly - ing wound-ed,
Low - ly - ing sick near death is Mus - ta - fa,
Hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, hej,
2.
poor Ka-ra Mus - ta - fa!
Poor Ka-ra Mus - ta - fa.
ritard.

Kara Mustafa

Bolan mi leži Kara Mustafa,
Pripjev: Brej, djidi, deli Kara Mustafa,
Brej, djidi, deli Kara Mustafa.
Bolan mi leži, hoće da umre.
Kraj njega sjedi vierna ljubovca;
„Tko da it jaši vrana konjica?“
„„Neka ga jaši More hajduče;

Jerbo od mene bolji je junak:“
„Tko da ti paše britku sabljicu?“
„„Neka ju paše More hajduče;
Jerbo od mene bolji je junak:“
„Tko da ti ljubi vjernu ljubovcu?“
„„Nek ju ljubi More hajduče,
Jerbo od mene bolji je junak:“

Kara Mustafa

Kara Mustafa, low-lying wounded,
Hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!
Low-lying sick near death is Mustafa.
Hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!

Kara Mustafa, low-lying wounded,
Hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!
"Who'll ride my steed," said Kara Mustafa.
Hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!

"Hej, let the outlaw Velico ride him,"
Hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!
"For the great warrior has conquered Mustafa."
Hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!

"Now who will gird, will gird on thy bright sword."
Hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!
"Ah who will kiss thy true love Mustafa?"
Hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!

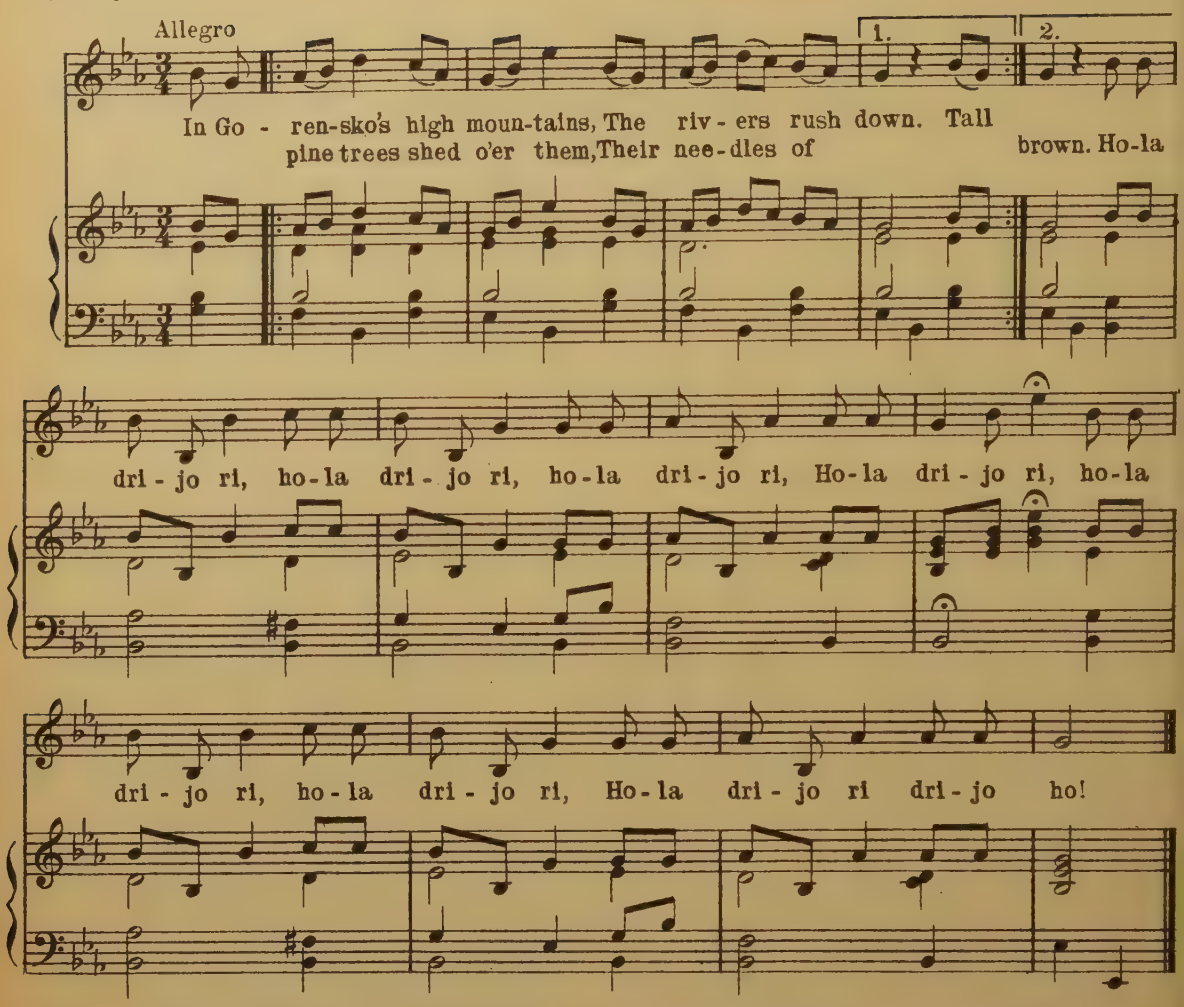
"Now gird my sword on the Serbian outlaw,"
Hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa.
"He may have all who has conquered Mustafa."
Hej, hej, hej, poor Kara Mustafa!

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevieh

IN GORENSKO

English by F. C.

Carniola
Folk Song


Allegro
1.
2.
In Go - ren-sko's high moun-tains, The riv - ers rush down. Tall pine trees shed o'er them, Their nee-dles of brown. Ho-la
dri - jo ri, ho-la dri - jo ri, ho-la dri - jo ri, Ho-la dri - jo ri, ho-la
dri - jo ri, ho - la dri - jo ri, Ho - la dri - jo ri dri - jo ho!

Na Gorenskem je fletno

Na Gorenskem je fletno,
So visoke goré
Pa bistri studenci
In bele cestė.

Na gori cvetlice
Najzalše cvetó,
In ptice preljube
Najslajše pojó.

In Gorensko

In Gorensko's high mountains,
The rivers rush down.
Tall pine trees shed o'er them,
Their needles of brown.

Hola drijo ri, hola drijo ri, hola drijo ri,
Hola drijo ri, hola drijo ri, hola drijo ri,
Hola drijo ri, drijo ho!

From Gorensko's high mountains,
Her white roads run down.
Run further and further
Away from the town.

Hola drijo ri – etc.

In Gorensko's high mountains
A golden bird sings,
To follow and catch her
Your heart must have wings.
Hola drijo ri – etc.

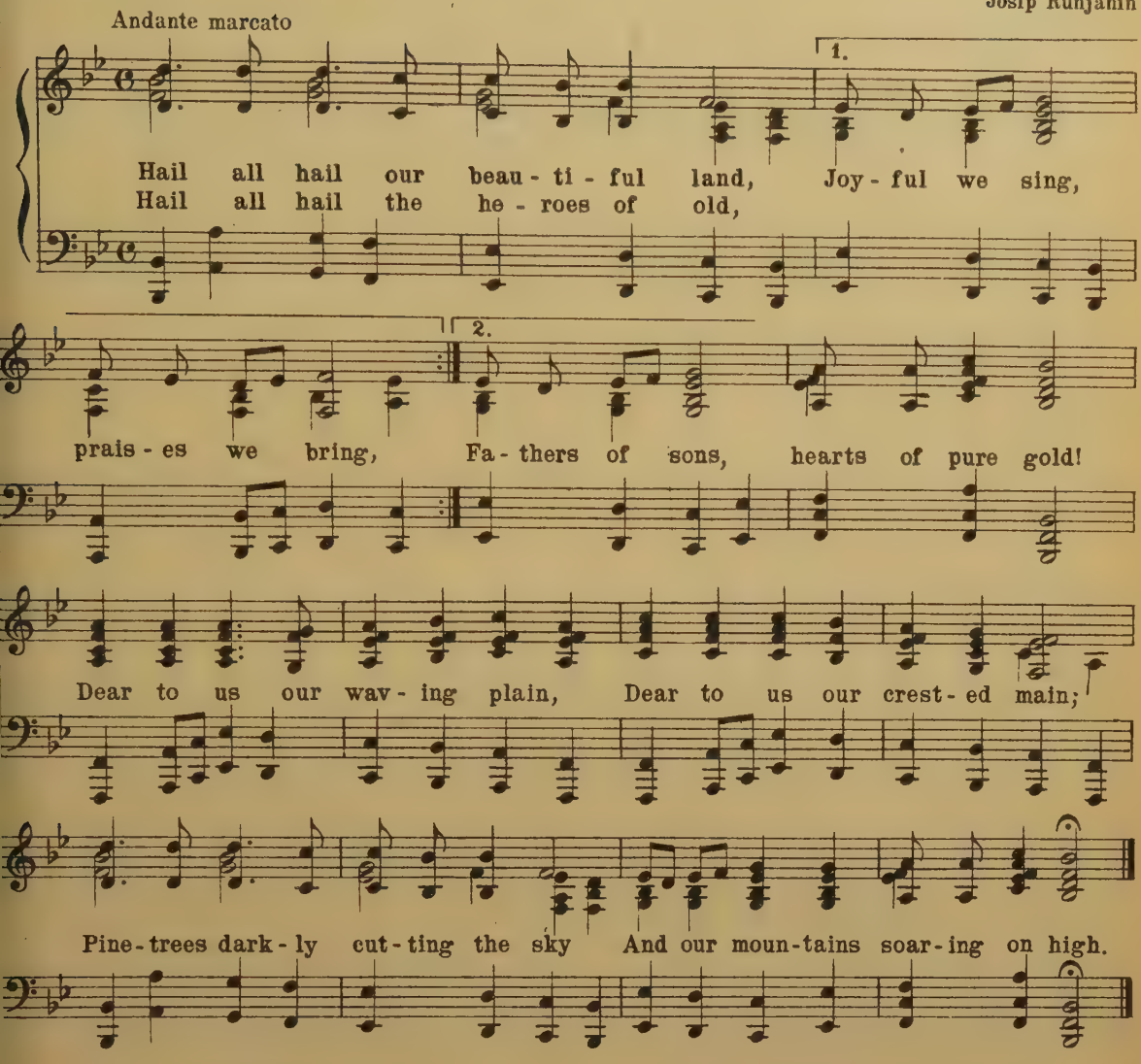
As sung by Mme. Milka Polanzer-Schneid

English by F. C.

CROATIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

Paraphrase by
Florence Wilkinson

Melody by
Josip Runjanin


Andante marcato
1.
Hail all hail our beau - ti - ful land, Joy - ful we sing,
Hail all hail the he - roes of old,
2.
prais - es we bring, Fa - thers of sons, hearts of pure gold!
Dear to us our wav - ing plain, Dear to us our crest - ed main;
Pine - trees dark - ly cut - ting the sky And our moun - tains soar - ing on high.

Hrvatska domovina

Liepa naša domovina,— o junačka zemljo mila,— stare slave djedovina,— da bi vazda čestna bila,— mila kano si nam slavna,— mila si nam tijedina,— mila kuda si nam ravna,— mila kuda si planina.

Teci Savo, Dravo teci,— nit ti Dunaj silu gubi,— kud li šumiš, svietu reci:— da svoj narod Hrvat ljubi!— Dok mu njive sunce grije,— dok mu hrašće bura vije,— dok mu tielo grob sakrije,— dok mu živo srce bije!

Croatian National Anthem

Hail, all hail, our beautiful land;
Joyful we sing, praises we bring,
Hail, all hail, the heroes of old,
Fathers of sons, hearts of pure gold!

Dear to us our waving plain,
Dear to us our crested main,
Pine trees darkly cutting the sky
And our mountains soaring on high;

Our great rivers, each brave name,
Savo swift, blue as flame,
Dravo singing to the sea,
And the Danube flashing free.

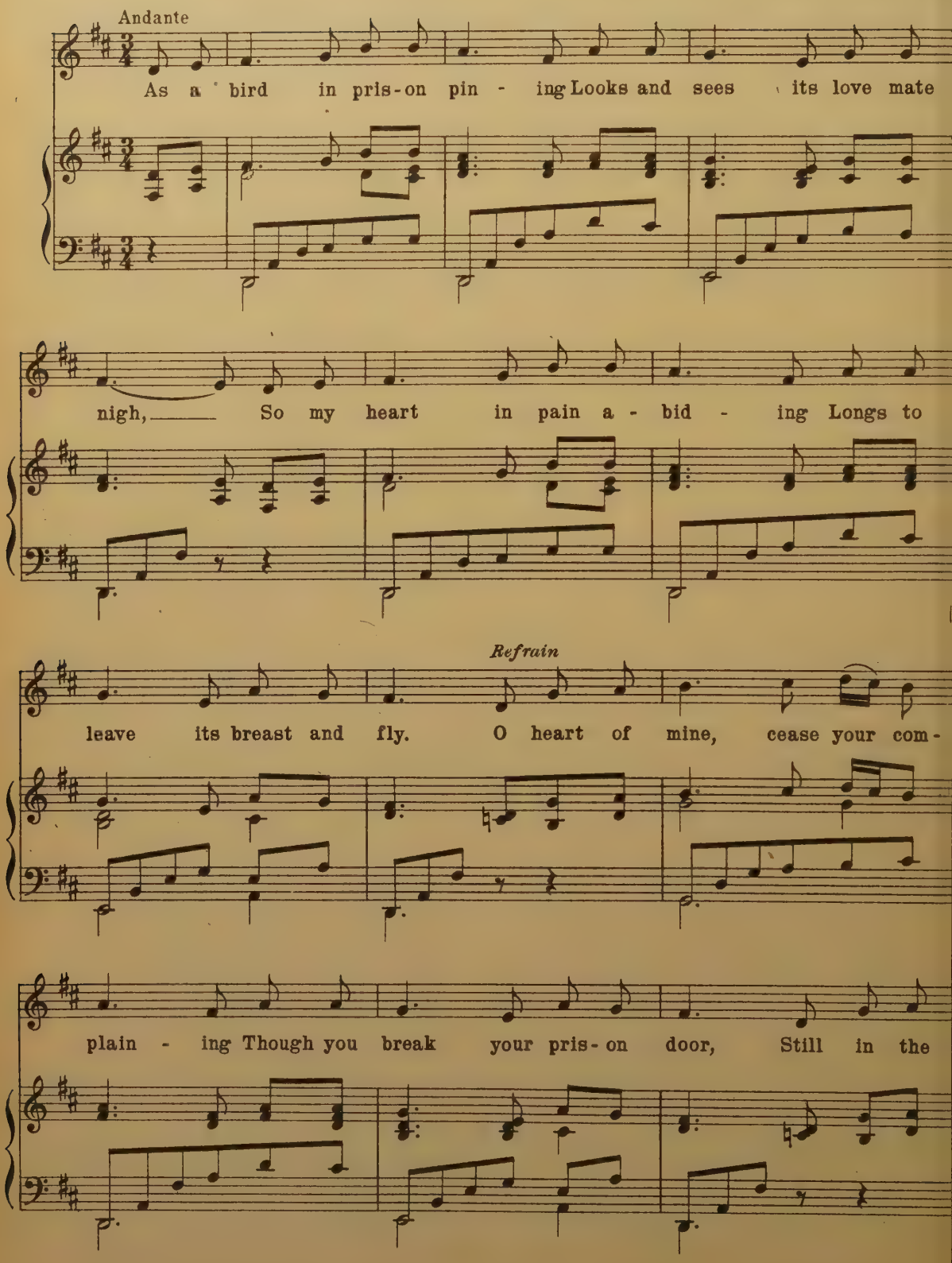
Loyal heart and serving hand,
We are thine, Croatian land,
Vernal spring and winter hoar,
Till we sleep, waking no more.

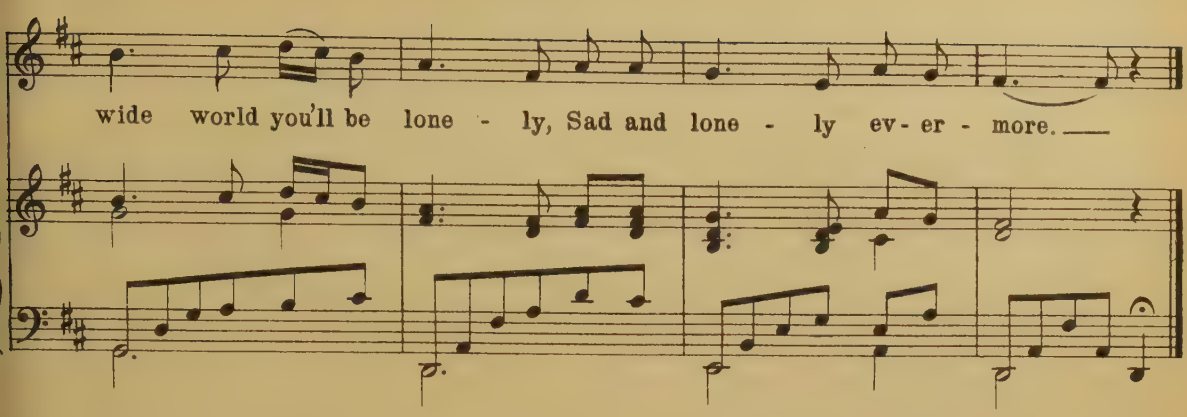
Paraphrase by
Florence Wilkinson

BE STILL MY HEART

English version by
C. H. B.

Folk Song


Andante
As a bird in pris-on pin - ing Looks and sees its love mate
nigh, So my heart in pain a - bid - ing Longs to
Refrain
leave its breast and fly. O heart of mine, cease your com-
plain - ing Though you break your pris-on door, Still in the



Miruj, miruj, srce moje

Tko je, srce, u te dirno, – da si tako sad nemirno? – kao pticu u zatvoru – za svietom te želja mori.

Nij' u svietu nebo tvoje, – miruj, miruj, srce moje, – nij' u svietu nebo tvoje, – miruj, miruj, srce moje!

Ne udaraj toli jako, – razbit možeš prsi lako; – preslabe su, izmučene, – a da puknu bez koprene, – bile b'gorke rane tvoje, – miruj, miruj, srce moje.

Ah, stisni se u tvom kutu – i pregori želju ljutu; – tople su ti ove grudi, – sebični su vani ljudi; – svaki grije srce svoje, – miruj, miruj, srce moje.

O mani se svieta, mani, – u bolesti što ćeš vani? – sviet boluje viek do vieka, – ni sam za se nema lieka, – kamo l'za bol rane tvoje, – miruj, miruj, srce moje.

Ti bi u svietu bogče bilo, – plačuć prage oblazilo, – svak bi mislio, da ti treba – za utjehu malo hljeba. – Tko b'razumio suze tvoje? – miruj, miruj, srce moje.

Znam ja, ti bi mah na vrata, – poletjelo svoga zlata; – nije Milka tvoja više, – već za drugog ona diše; – drugi uživa zlato tvoje, – miruj, miruj, srce moje.

Be Still My Heart

As a bird in prison pining
Looks and sees its love mate nigh,
So my heart in pain abiding
Longs to leave its breast and fly.

Refrain
Oh heart of mine, cease your complaining
Though you break your prison door,
Still in the wide world you'll be lonely,
Sad and lonely evermore.

They will offer bread for weeping,
None will understand your moan;
In the place where lovers gather
Men will see you walk alone.
Refrain

When you wander near a window
Where you oft have lingered long,
Will a voice of plaintive music
Echo back the old, old song?
Refrain

Not when other eyes entreat her,
Not when other lips are near,
Faithless are the vows once spoken,
Hateful now a spot once dear.
Refrain

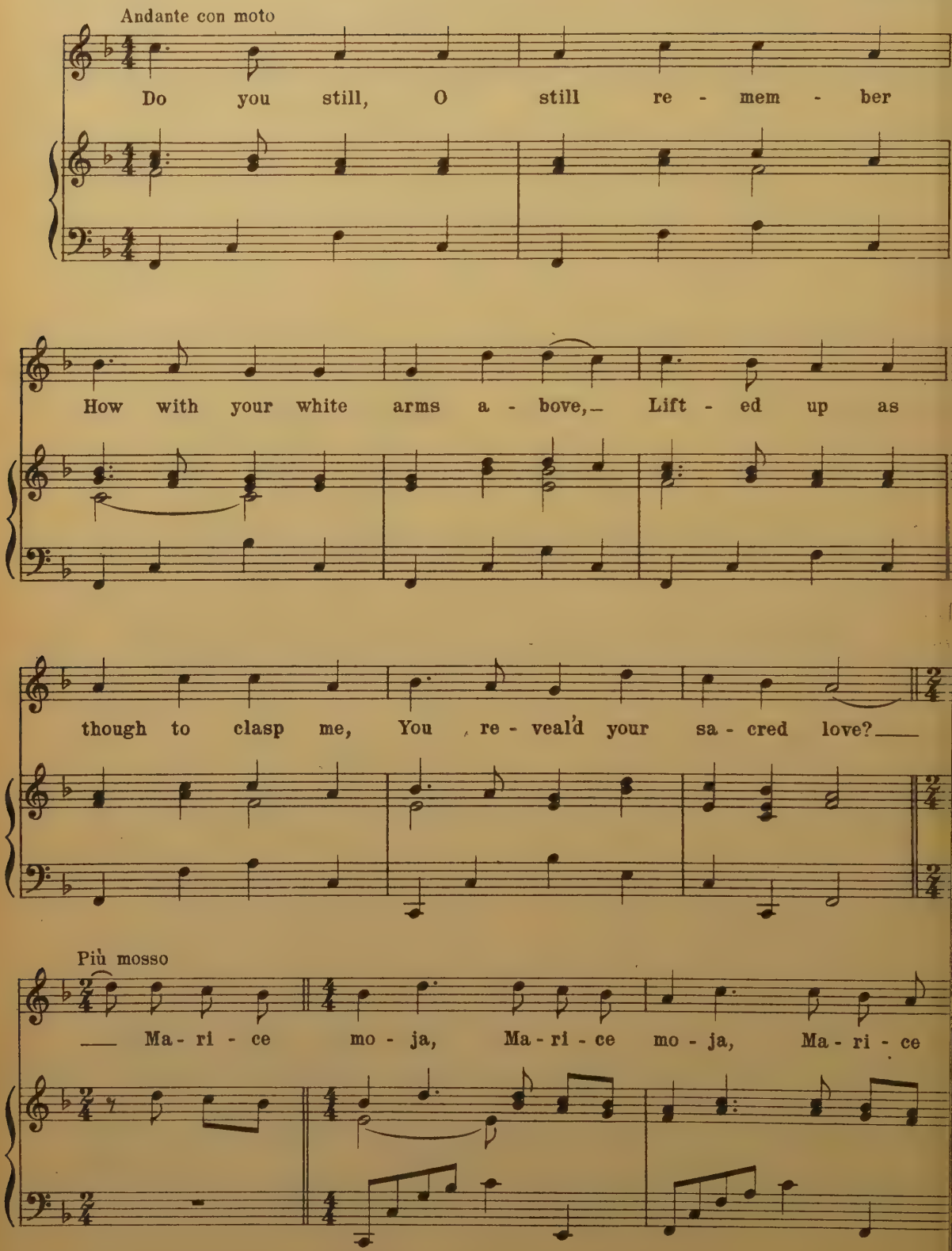
Cease to despair, nor care to wander
From this breast so close and warm;
All the world of vanished pleasure
Waits without to do thee harm.
Refrain

English version by
C. H. B.

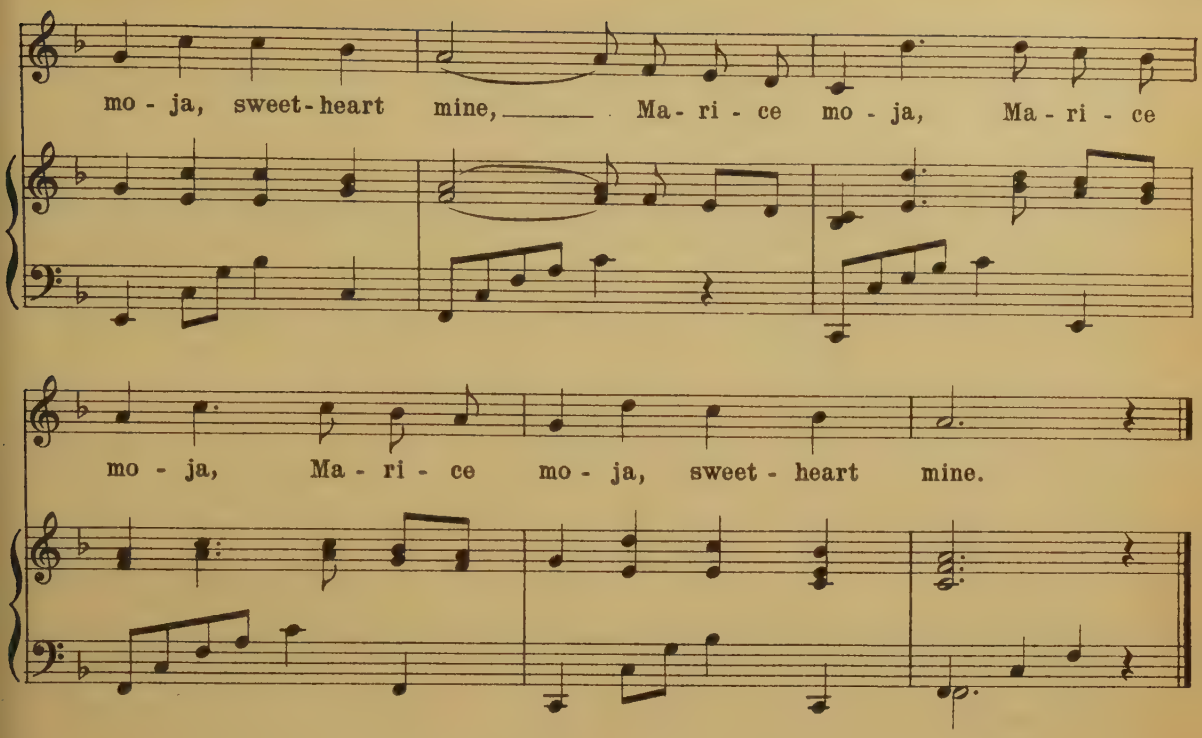
REMEMBRANCE

English version by
Clinton Scollard

Folk Song


Andante con moto
Do you still, O still re - mem - ber
How with your white arms a - bove, Lift - ed up as
though to clasp me, You re - veal'd your sa - cred love?
Più mosso
Ma - ri - ce mo - ja, Ma - ri - ce mo - ja, Ma - ri - ce

As sung by Mme. Milka Polanzer-Schneid



Sjećaš li se onog sata?

Sjećaš li se onog sata, kad si meni oko vrata,
kad si meni oko vrata biele ruke savila?

Marice moja, Marice moja,
Marice moja, ljubezna

I krijući svoje lice_|: meni skoro
nehotice:|_tajnu ljubav odkrila?

Sjećaš li se onog jada,_|: kad glas dodje
iznenada:|_kô iz vedra neba grom:

Da ja moram oldaziti,_|: tebe, draga,
ostaviti:|_i moj mili stari dom.

Suza zasja u tvom oku,_|: i otvori
preduboku:|_ranu tužnog srca mog.

Reći ništa ti ne mogoh,_|: žalost nema
rieči mnogo,:|pitaj glasak srca svog.

Odkad s tobom se oprostih,_|: odrekoh se
sve radosti,:|prazan mi je cio sviet.

Jer bez tebe nema mene,_|: kano što
bez rose vene:|_u livadi mali cviet.

Kad će opet danak doći,_|: da će moji
jadi proći,:|_odpast s moga srca led?

Kad ću opet sretan biti_|: nježnošću te
zagrliti,:|_srkat s tvojih usta med?

Spiridion Jović

Remembrance

Do you still, O still, remember
How with your white arms above,
Lifted up as though to clasp me,
You revealed your sacred love?
* Marice moja, Marice moja
Marice moja, sweetheart mine.

Tears sprang in your eyes and opened
Deep the wound within my heart;
Ask your bosom for my message
Not the word that we must part.
Marice moja, Marice moja,
Marice moja, sweetheart mine.

Since that hour of self-denial
Few my joys have been, so few;
Ever have I been without you
Like the flower that lacks the dew.
Marice moja, Marcie moja,
Marice moja, sweetheart mine.

Will the mists again be broken,
And the shadows all withdrawn,
When we seek and find together
Love's glad light within the dawn?
Marice moja, Marcie moja,
Marice moja, sweetheart mine.

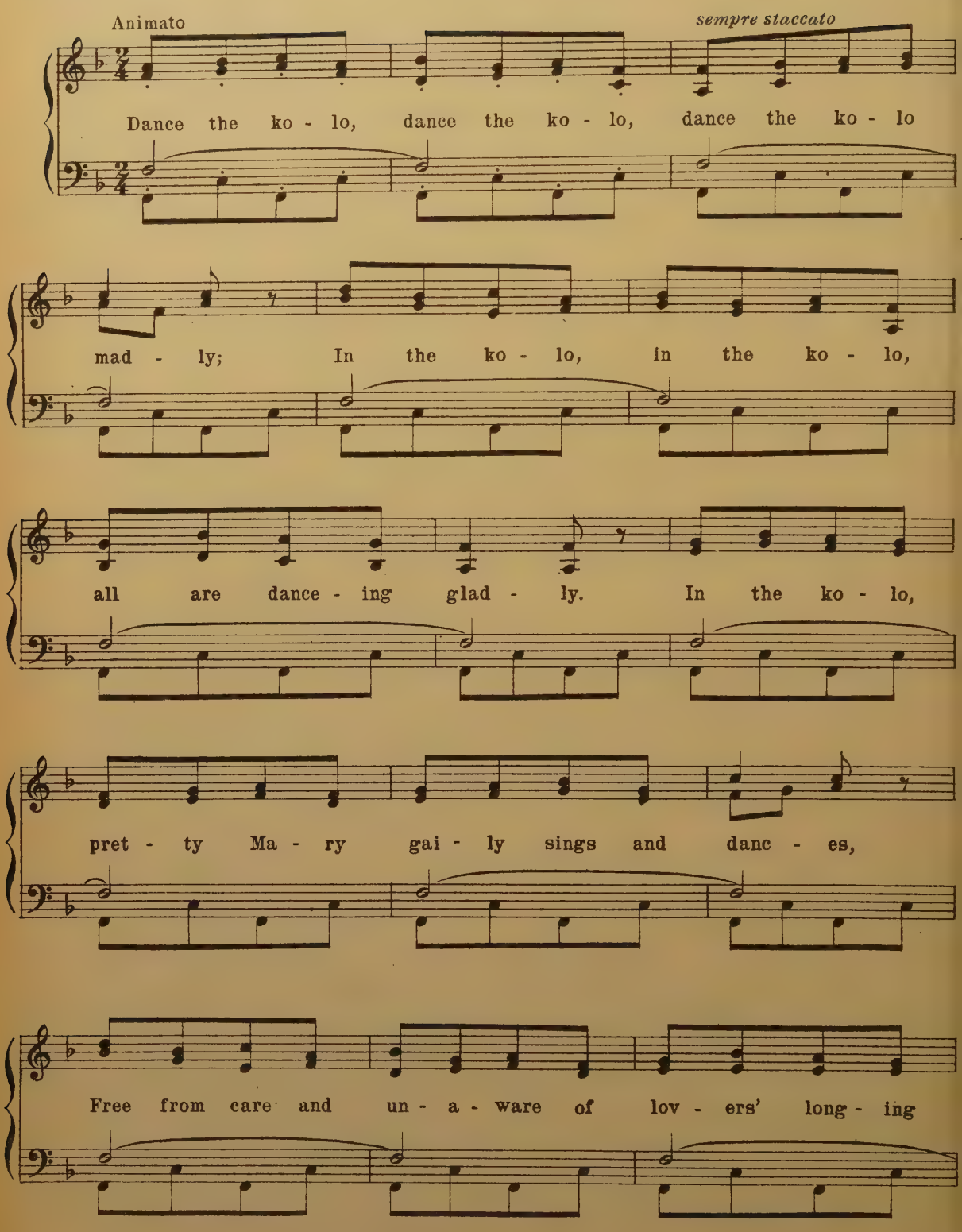
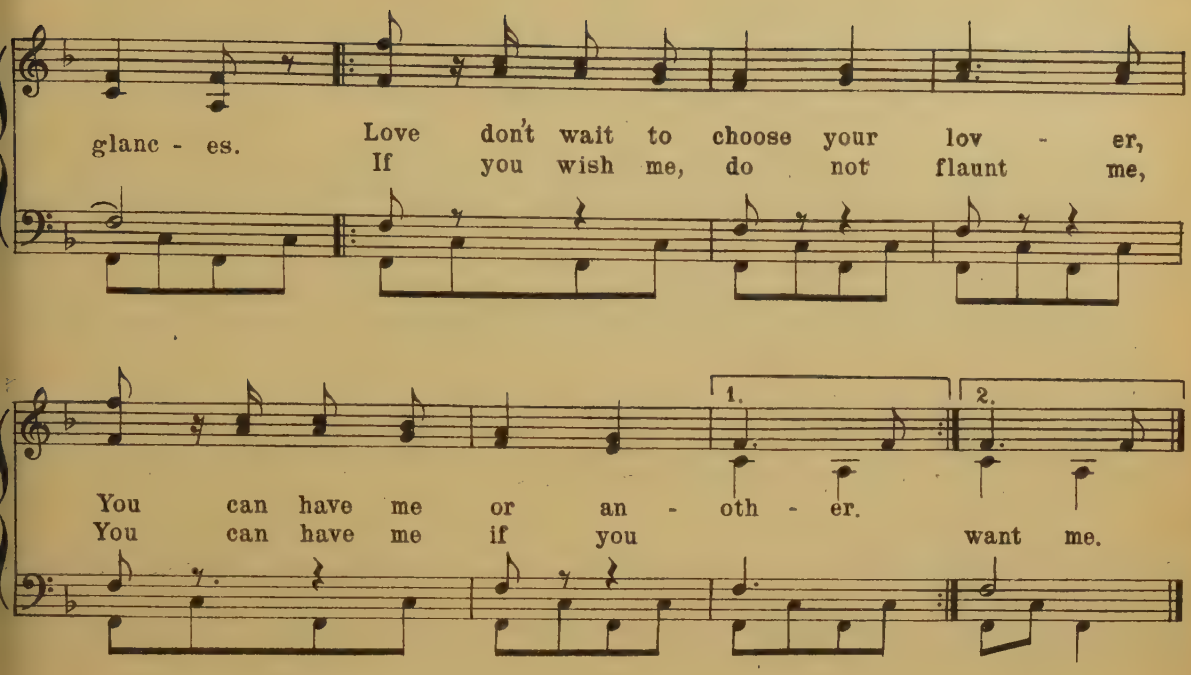
English version by
Clinton Scollard

* *Marice moja = Marice mine*
Pronounced Ma-rit-ze mo-ya

IN THE KOLO

English version by
Marian Gillespie

Dance.


Animato
sempre staccato
Dance the ko - lo, dance the ko - lo, dance the ko - lo
mad - ly; In the ko - lo, in the ko - lo,
all are dance - ing glad - ly. In the ko - lo,
pret - ty Ma - ry gai - ly sings and danc - es,
Free from care and un - a - ware of lov - ers' long - ing

glanc - es.
Love don't wait to choose your lov - er,
If you wish me, do not flaunt me,
1.
2.
You can have me or an - oth - er.
You can have me if you want me.

Igra Kolo

Igra kolo, igra kolo na dvadeset i dva!
Igra kolo, igra kolo na dvadeset i dva!
U tom kolu u tom kolu lijepa Maca igra
U tom kolu, u tom kolu lijepa Maca igra.

Ljubi, ljubi ne dan gubi,
sada možeš koga hoćeš,
ili mene il do mene
il'ak hoćeš baš i mene!

A ta Maca, a ta Maca medna usta ima!
A ta Maca, a ta Maca medna usta ima!
Da me hoće, da me hoće poljubiti snjima.
volio bih, volio bih neg carevo blago

Ljubi.....

A ta Maca, a ta Maca čarne oči ima!
A ta Maca, a ta Maca čarne oči ima!
Da me hoće, da me hoće pogledati snjima.
da me hoće, da me hoće pogledati snjima.

Ljubi.....

In the Kolo

Dance the kolo, dance the kolo, dance the kolo madly;
In the kolo, in the kolo, all are dancing gladly.
In the kolo, pretty Mary gaily sings and dances,
Free from care and unaware of lovers' longing glances.

Refrain
Love, don't wait to choose your lover;
You can have me or another.
If you wish me, do not flaunt me,
You can have me if you want me.

Mary has a rosebud mouth that's just as sweet as honey:
I would rather have her kiss than all the Emp'ror's money.
Mary's black eyes shine like stars, to Heaven's gate
they take me;
If she'd only glance my way, how happy she would make me.
Refrain

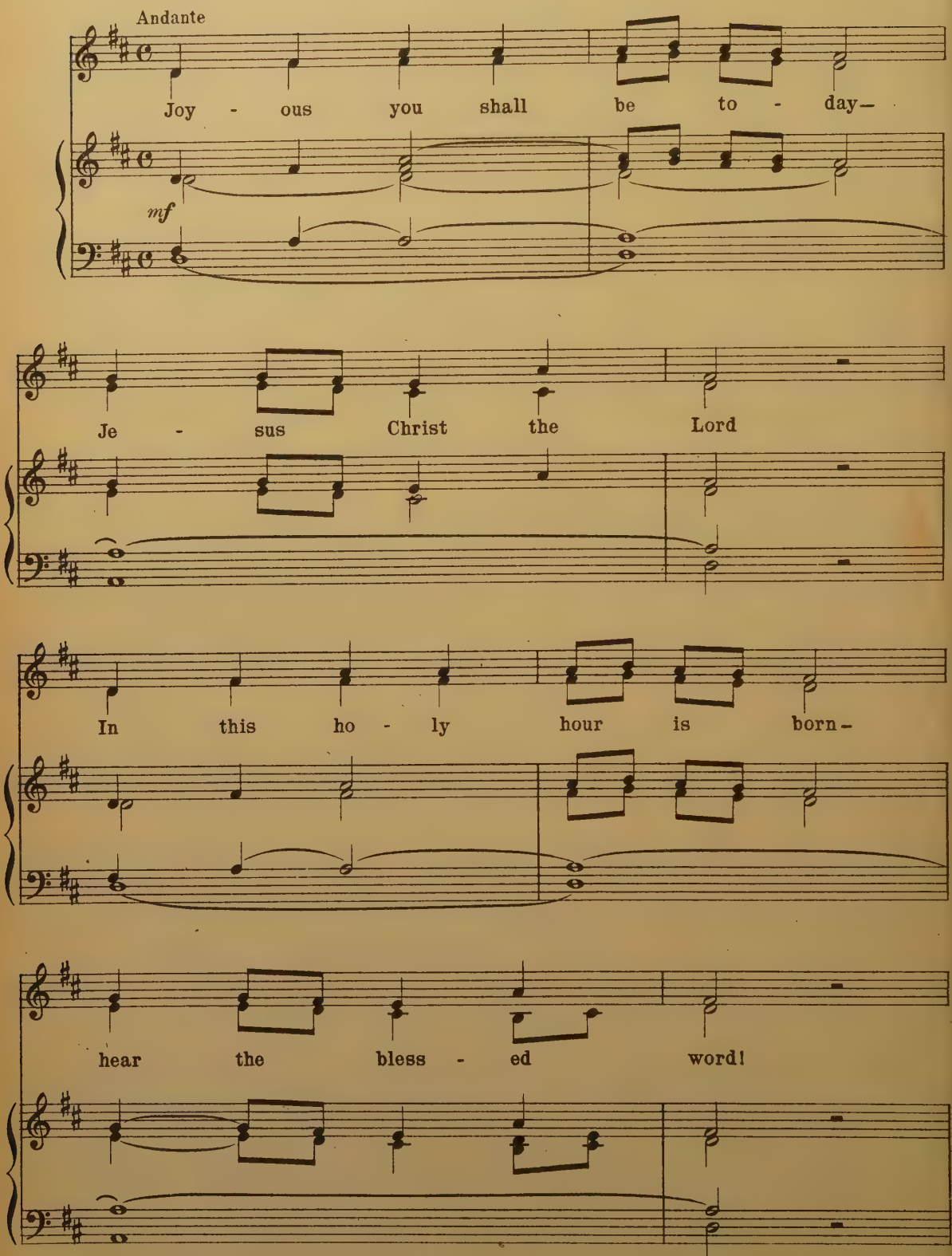
Mary is both young and pretty, she can choose her lover;
If she does not seem to care for me she'll take another.
Waste no time then, lovely Mary, for your black
eyes haunt me;
Take no other one, for you can have me if you want me.
Refrain

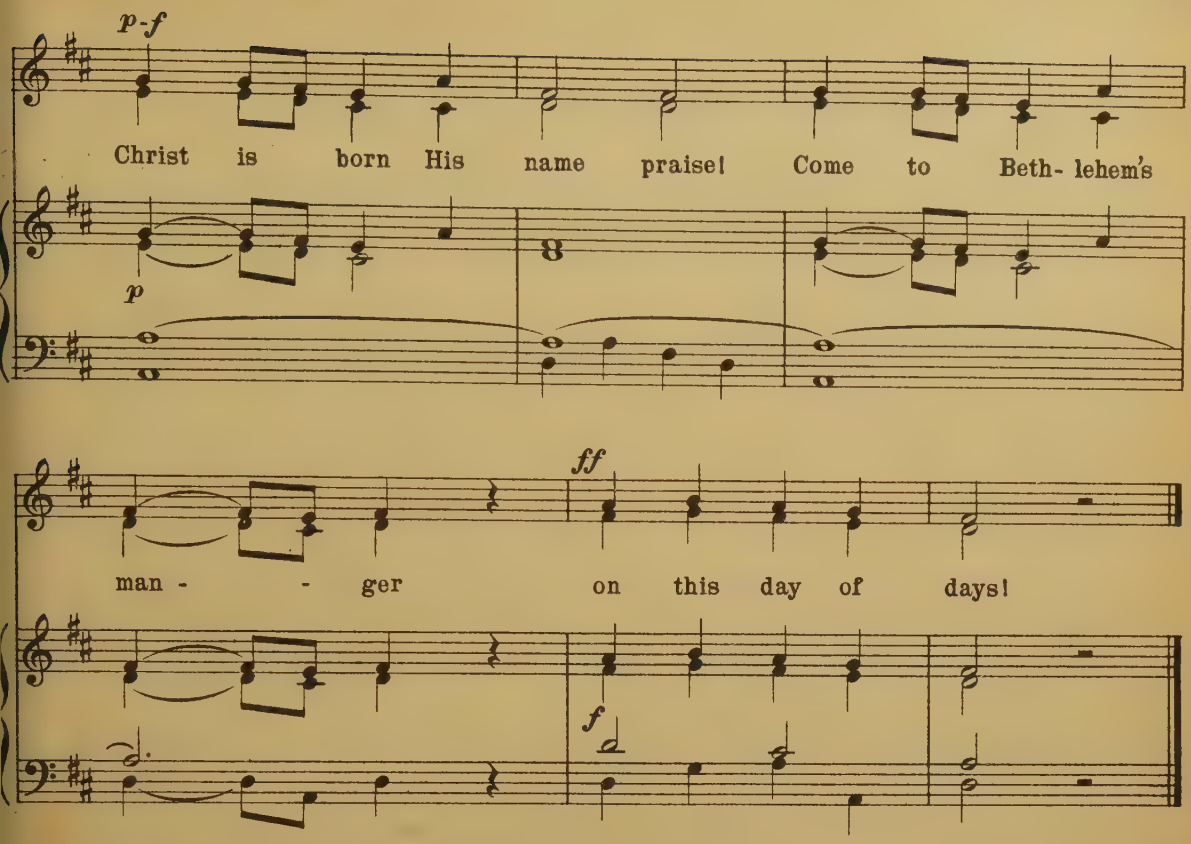
English version by
Marian Gillespie

CHRIST IS BORN - HIS NAME PRAISE!

English version by
Harriet Monroe

Croation
Carol





Radujte se narodi

Radujte se narodi, kad čujete glas,_ da se Isus
porodi u blaženi čas._ Svaki narod čuj, čuj!
i Betlehemu pristupljuj, pristupljuj!

Vidi kakvo otajstvo u podrtoj štalici_i tko
trpi uboštvo na toj tvrdoj slamici!_ To
otajstvo čuj, čuj! i k jaslicam pristupljuj!

Raduje se Marija s Josipom gledeći,_
angjeo pjeva „Gloria" po zraku leteći;
i ti svijete čitavi, Spasitelja pozdravi!

Christ Is Born–His name Praise!

Joyous you shall be to-day–Jesus Christ the Lord
In this holy hour is born–hear the blessed word!
Christ is born– His name praise!
Come to Bethlehem's manger on this day of days!

See the precious treasure there, lying on the straw.
Cold and naked is the Lord–blessed be his law!
Christ is born– His name praise!
Come to Bethlehem's manger on this day of days!

Maiden Mary now is crowned; Joseph smiles with pride.
Loud Hosannas angels sing through heaven's spaces wide.
Christ is born–His name praise!
Come to Bethlehem's manger on this day of days!

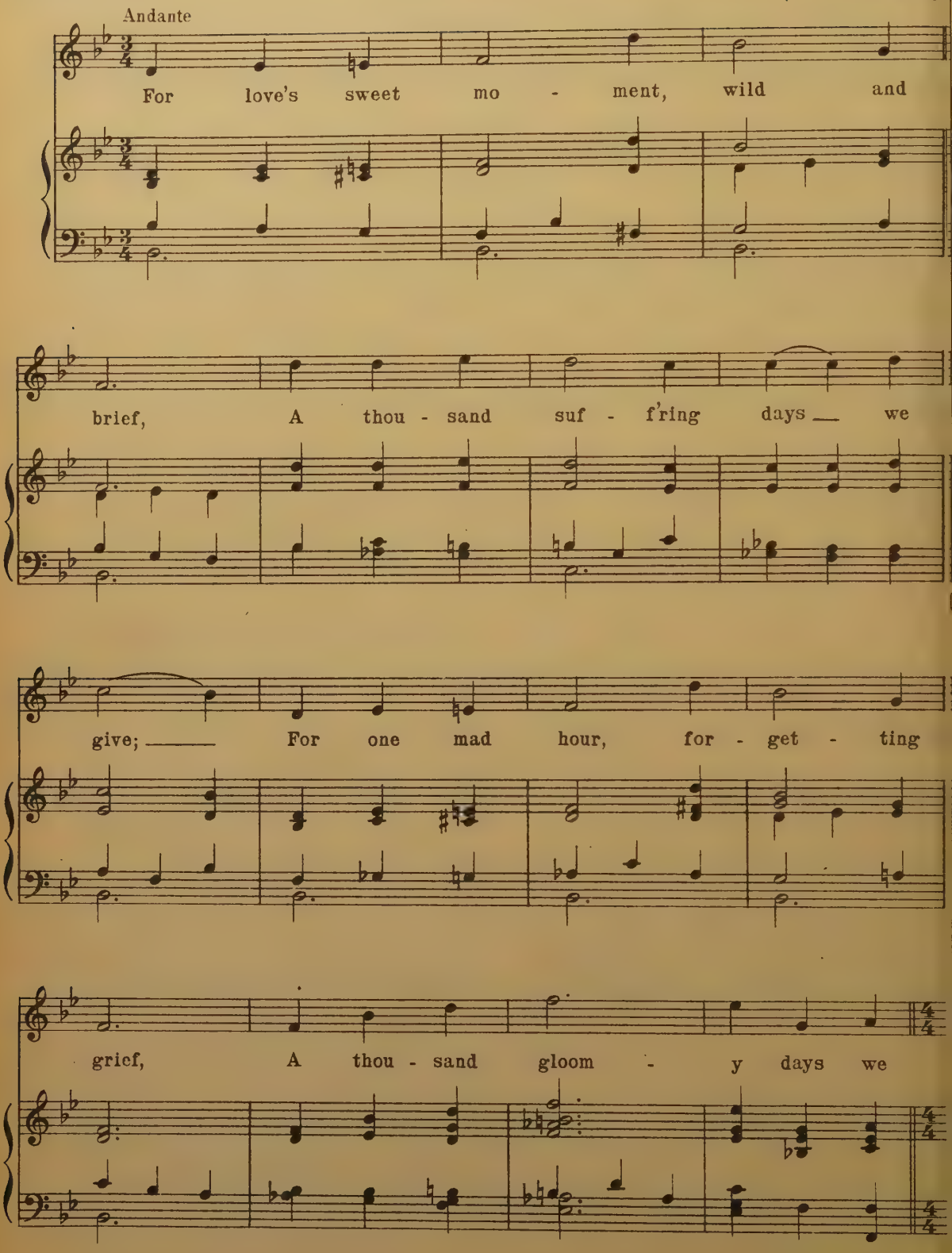
Lay your gifts before the Babe–with the angels sing!
Come and greet your Savior here– bless your little King!
Christ is born– His name praise!
Come to Bethlehem's manger on this day of days!

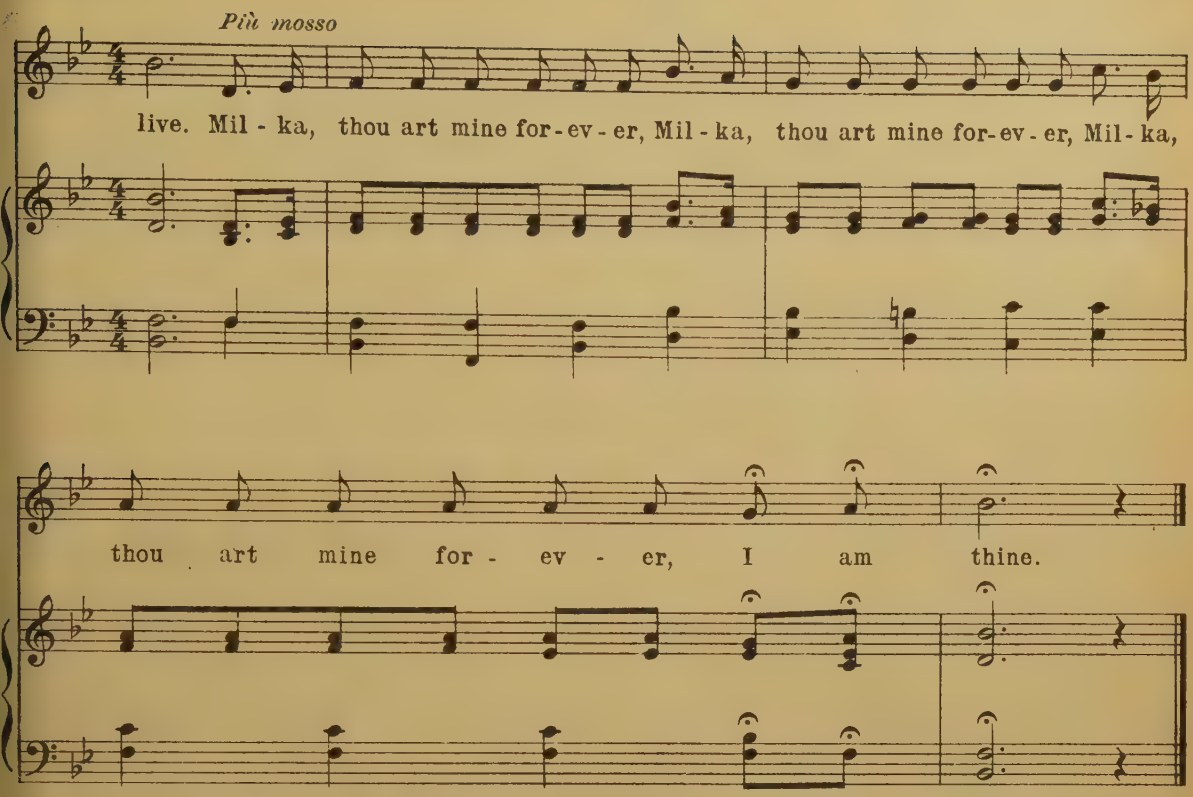
English version by
Harriet Monroe

ONE MOMENT

Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham

Folk Song


Andante
For love's sweet mo - ment, wild and
brief, A thou - sand suf - f'ring days we
give; For one mad hour, for - get - ting
grief, A thou - sand gloom - y days we



Za Jedan Časak

Za jedan časak radosti
Hiljadu dana žalosti.

Ti si, Milka, moja moja,
Ti si, Milka, moja moja,
Ti si, Milka, moja moja,
Ja sam tvoj.

Za jedan pogled oka tvog
Dao bi dušo život svoj.

Ti si, Milka, i. t. d.

Bez Tebe draga ljubezna
Ne mogu živjet, moram mriet.

Ti si, Milka, i. t. d.

Za Tobom dušo umriet ću
U hladan grob ja leći ću.

Ti si, Milka, i. t. d.

One Moment

For love's sweet moment, wild and brief,
A thousand suffering days we give;
For one mad hour, forgetting grief,
A thousand gloomy days we live.

Milka, thou art mine forever,
Milka, thou art mine forever,
Milka, thou art mine forever,
I am thine.

For one long look into thine eyes,
To know again thy tender gaze,
I'd give all other dreams I prize,
All other joy of all my days.

Milka, thou art mine, etc.

With thee the hours would dance and run,
And I could all the tears forgive;
Without thee, dear beloved one,
I cannot live, I cannot live.

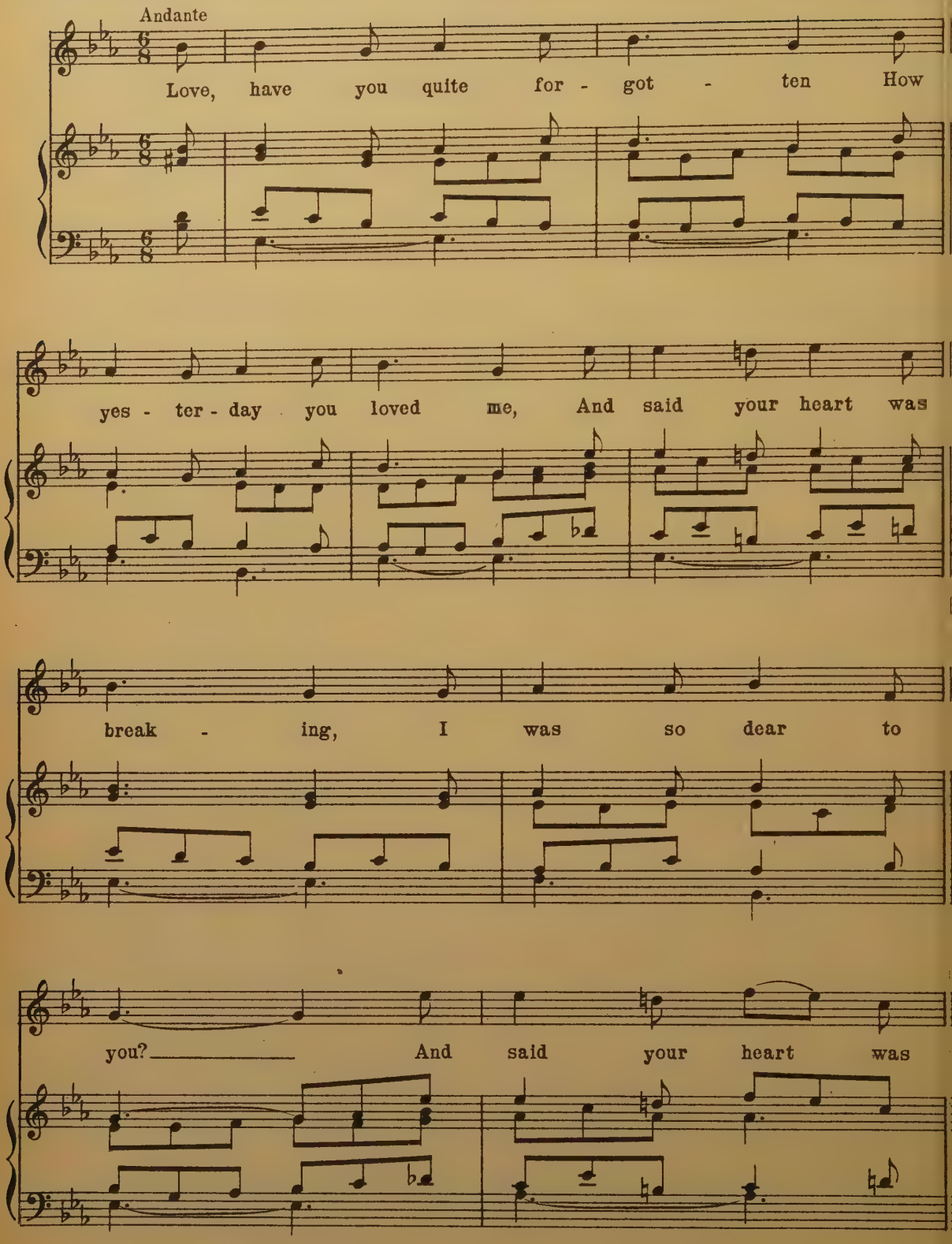
Milka, thou art mine, etc.

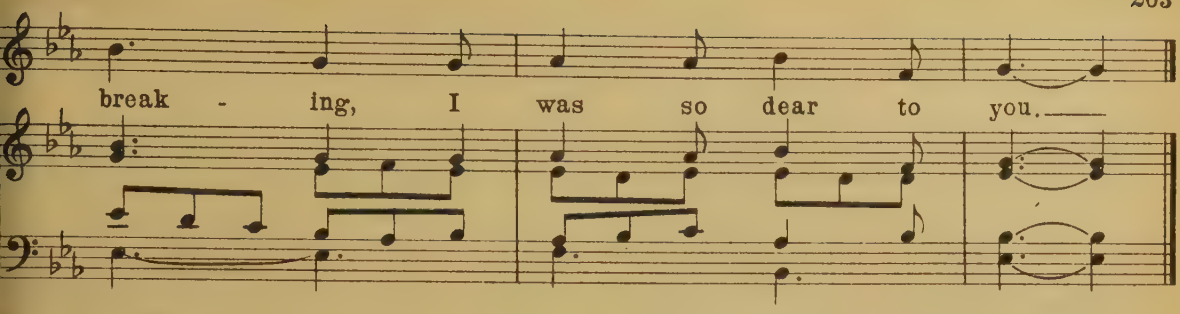
Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham

REPROACH

English version by
William Griffith

Folk Song


Andante
Love, have you quite for - got - ten How
yes - ter - day you loved me, And said your heart was
break - ing, I was so dear to
you? And said your heart was



Ukor

Jučer si meni rekla,
Da ljubiš samo mene,
I da ti srdce vene,
Jer sam ti vele drag.

Al sinoć kad ja prodjoh
Mimo te tvoje dvore,
Vidim te, moj ukore,
Gdje s drugim besjediš.

Njemu si ružu dala,
Spomen ljubavi moje,
Rieči si rekla ove:
Da za me ne mariš.

Evo ti kitu vraćam,
Koju si meni dala,
Na njoj ti mala hvala,
Otrovno cvieće je u njoj.

U toj ćeš kiti naći,
Gdje zmija zmijom kreće,
Al moje srdce neće
Za tvojim proplakat.

Slušat će uši tvoje,
Gdje gora gorom kreće,
Al moje srdce neće
Za tvojim proplakat.

Gledat će oči tvoje,
Gdje more ribu izmeće,
Al moje srdce neće,
Za tvojim proplakat.

Eto si ostarila
U kući ti stojeći,
Eto si izčamila
Dragoga čekajući.

Po svu se noćcu mučiš
Ne da se tužnoj spati,
Sve predaš ka'š ustati,
Dragoga da vidis.

Reproach

Love, have you quite forgotten
How yesterday you loved me,
And said your heart was breaking,
I was so dear to you?
And said your heart was breaking
I was so dear to you.

Yet last night, in the gloaming,
Surely you must remember
I passed and saw you standing,
Another at your side.
I passed and saw you standing,
Another at your side.

A rose I saw you hand him
Of my love once the symbol;
And then I heard you plainly
Forswear my love and me.
And then I heard you plainly
Forswear my love and me.

And so the rose you gave me
I must give it back to you;
But no thanks I'm returning
For such an evil flower.
But no thanks I'm returning
For such an evil flower.

Look at its crimson petals,
And see a serpent twining!
My heart is not repining
For anyone so false.
My heart is not repining
For anyone so false.

And I am not forgetting
That you, when you are old,
May find yourself and fireside
Forsaken in your turn.
May find yourself and fireside
Forsaken in your turn.

And night long you will suffer,
And you will never slumber
Except to dream of seeing
The one whose love you lost.
Except to dream of seeing
The one whose love you lost.

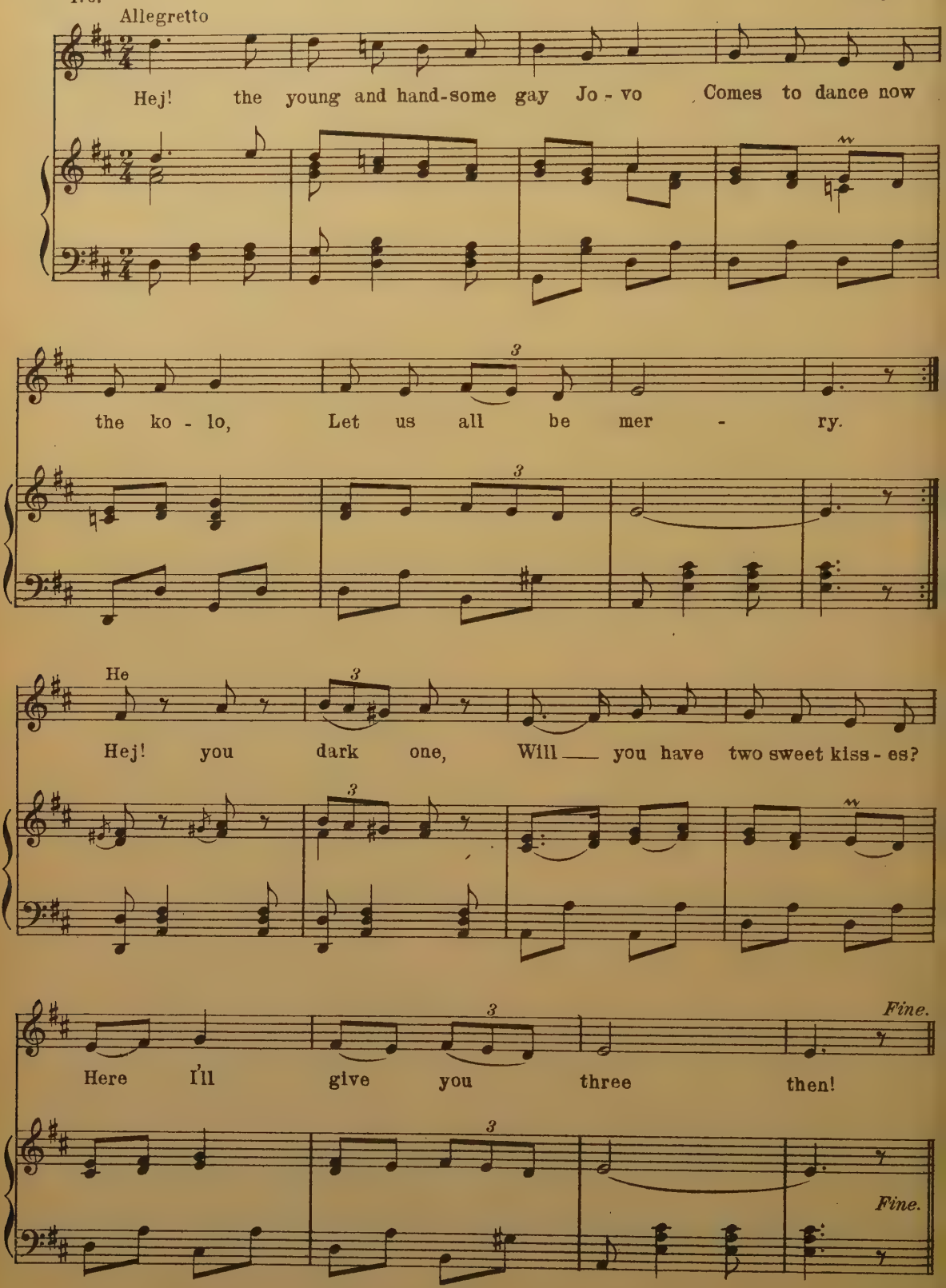
English version by
William Griffith

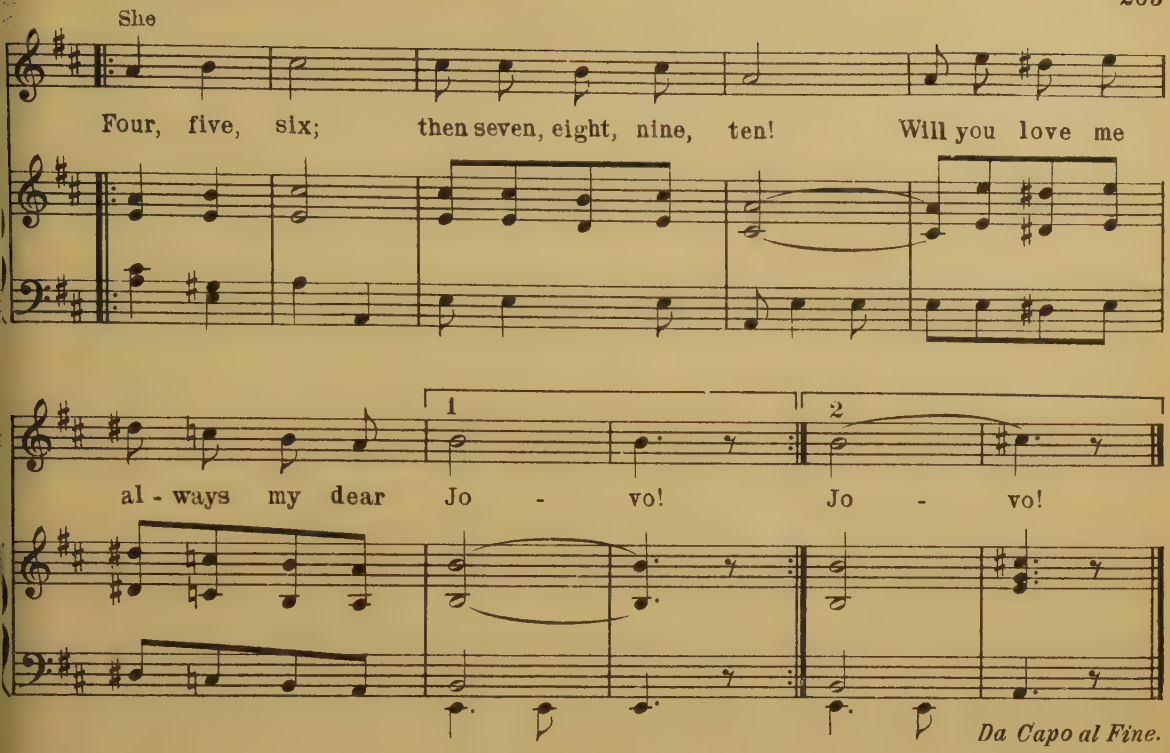
SARAJEVO KOLO

Dance

English words by F.C.

Arranged by I.Bajich


Allegretto
Hej! the young and hand-some gay Jo - vo Comes to dance now
the ko - lo, Let us all be mer - ry.
He
Hej! you dark one, Will you have two sweet kiss - es?
Here I'll give you three then!
Fine.
Fine.



Sarajevsko Kolo

‖: *Igrali su kolo u kolu lijepi Jovo*
to je sad tako veselo. :‖

‖: *Skoči garava, curo lagana,*
Bit' će dva-tri poljubca :‖
‖: *Četir' pet, bit'će i deset,*
Ljubi mene Jovo za navijek :‖

Ljubit' ću ti oko djevojko Sarajevko
neka se čuje ddleko.
Ljubit' ću te draga djevojko Sarajevko
neka se čuje ddleko.

‖: *Skoči garava, curo lagana,*
Bit' će dva-tri poljubca :‖
‖: *Četis' pet, bit'će i deset,*
Ljubi mene Jovo za navijek :‖

Sarajevo Kolo

Hej! the young and handsome gay Jovo
Comes to dance now the kolo,
Let us all be merry!

He

Hej! you dark one,
Will you have two sweet kisses?
Here I'll give you three then!

She

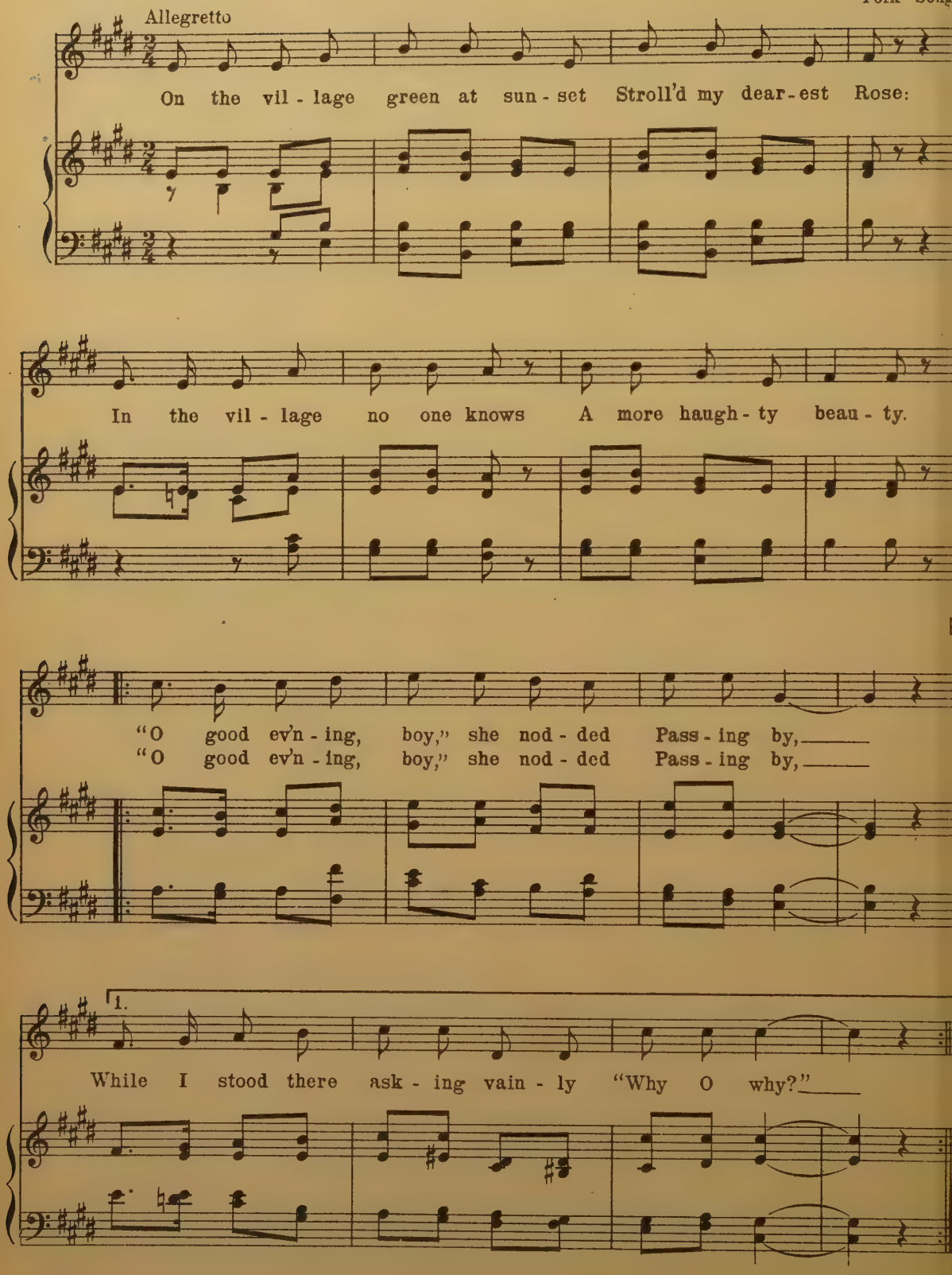
Four, five, six, then seven, eight, nine, ten!
Will you love me always, my dear Jovo!

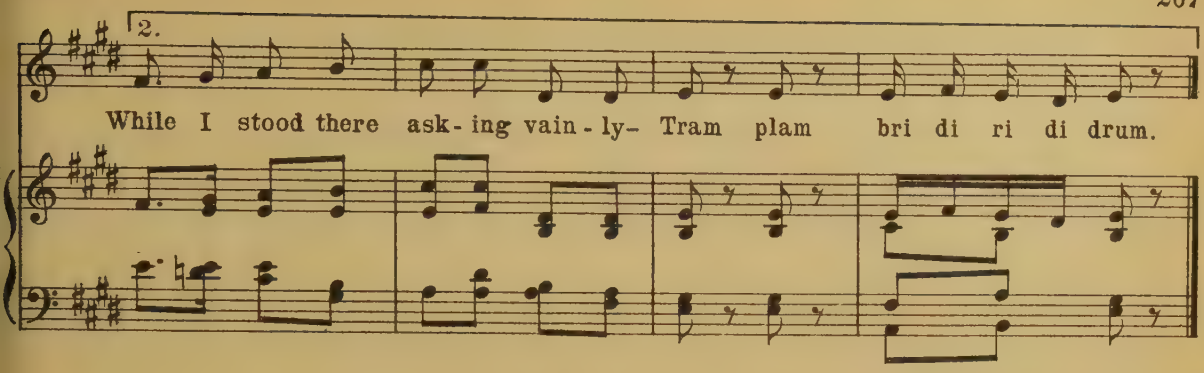
English words by F. C.

YESTERDAY EVENING

English words by
C.H.B.

Istria
Folk Song


Allegretto
On the vil - lage green at sun - set Stroll'd my dear - est Rose:
In the vil - lage no one knows A more haugh - ty beau - ty.
"O good ev'n - ing, boy," she nod - ded Pass - ing by,
"O good ev'n - ing, boy," she nod - ded Pass - ing by,
1.
While I stood there ask - ing vain - ly "Why O why?"



* Yesterday Evening

On the village green at sunset
Strolled my dearest Rose:
In the village no one knows
A more haughty beauty.
"O good-evening, boy," she nodded
Passing by,
While I stood there asking vainly
"Why O why?"
"O good-evening, boy," she nodded
Passing by,
While I stood there asking vainly–
Tram plam bri di ri di drum.

"Tell me why you left your palace,
Princess of Belgrade?
Our poor village I'm afraid
Pays you little honor.
Yet I'd rather kiss your lips, dear,
This I swear,
Than the lips of three girls yonder
In the square.
Yet I'd rather kiss your lips, dear,
This I swear,
Than the lips of three girls yonder"–
Tram plam bri di ri di drum.

"Keep your kisses," said the pouting
Beauty in a rage.
"Kisses may improve with age–
Ask the maidens yonder."
While I waited, thinking sadly
Shall I stay?
Off she flew her red heels clicking
All the way,
While I waited, thinking sadly
Shall I stay?
Off she flew her red heels clicking–
Tram plam bri di ri di drum.

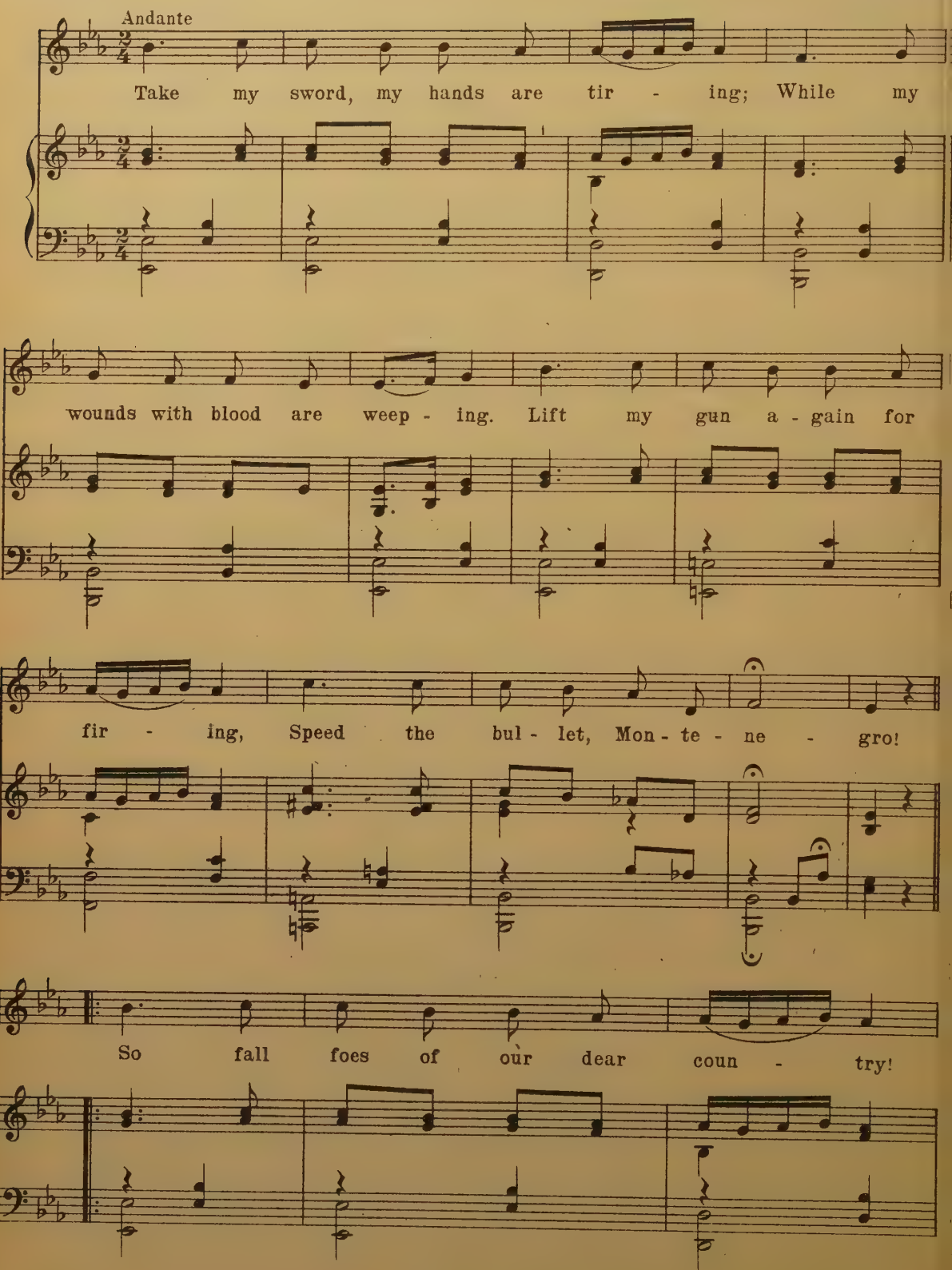
English words by
C. H. B.

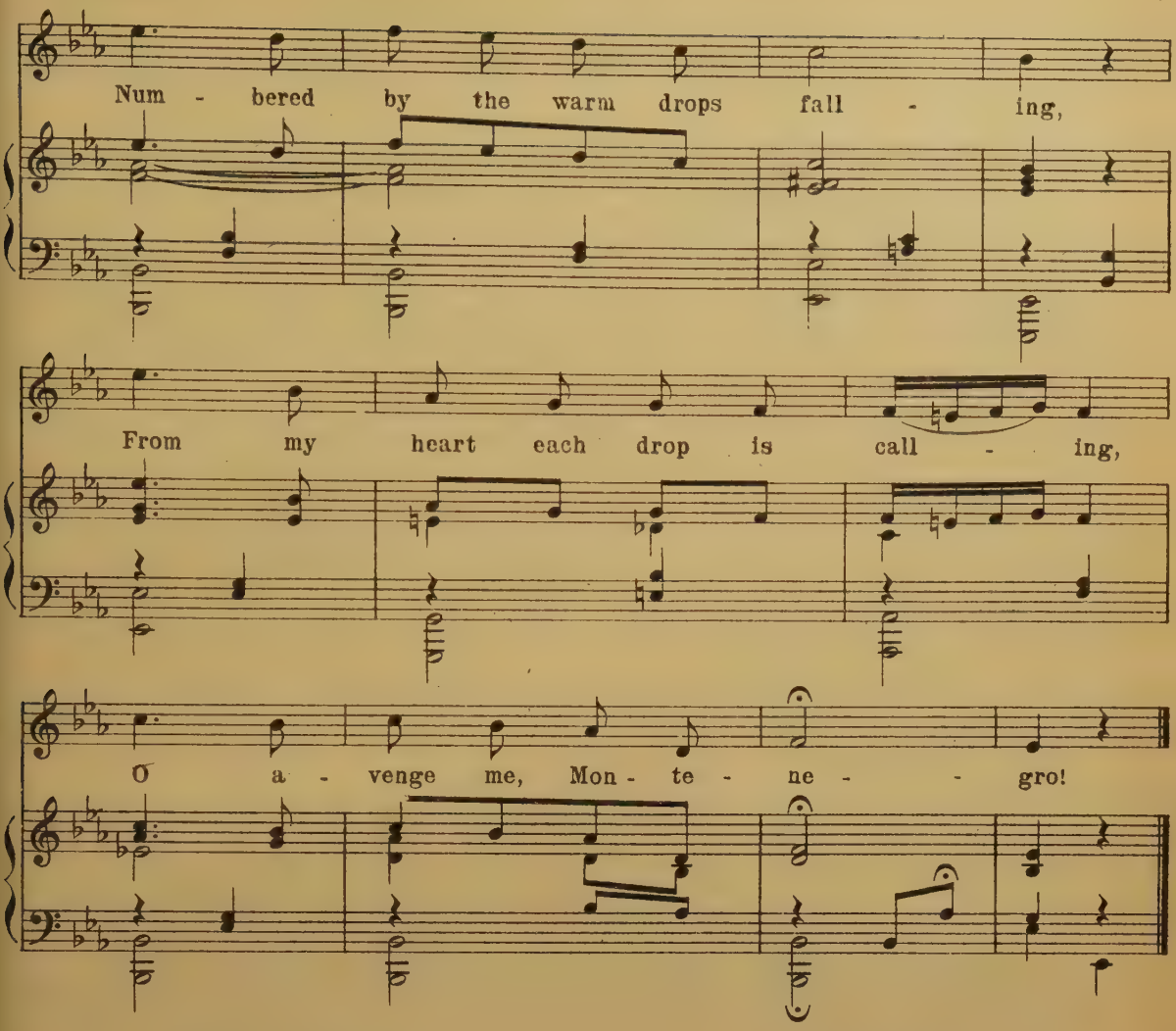
* This song was given to us by a native of Istria, with a prose translation. We have been unable to find the original verse.

MONTENEGRO

Free translation by
Eli Bartlett

National Song


Andante
Take my sword, my hands are tir - ing; While my
wounds with blood are weep - ing. Lift my gun a - gain for
fir - ing, Speed the bul - let, Mon - te - ne - gro!
So fall foes of our dear coun - try!



Crnogorac Crnogorki

Rane moje ljuto tištu,
Moja divna Crnogorko,
Moje grudi pomoć ištu,
Izparane na bojištu;
Pomoć, pomoć Crnogorko,
Podpraši mi puške male,
Ruke su mi malaksale,
Sjekuć Turke, Crnogorko!

A kad padnem gorski lave,
Moja lieпa Crnogorko!
Težke rane i krvave,
Nek zamiene turske glave!
Osveti me, Crnogorko!
Ne kukanjem niti plačem,
Već krvavim, ljutim mačem,
U boj, u boj, Crnogorko!

A na domu hrani sinke,
Moju nadu, Crnogorko!
One divne muške slike,
One divne osvetnike;
Hrani, njeguj, Crnogorko,
I liep nauk kazuj njima,
Svetiti se dušmanima,
Moja vjerna Crnogorko!

Gjuro Jakšić

Montenegro

Take my sword, my hands are tiring;
While my wounds with blood are weeping.
Lift my gun again for firing,
Speed the bullet, Montenegro!
So fall foes of our dear country!
Numbered by the warm drops falling,
From my heart each drop is calling,
O avenge me, Montenegro!

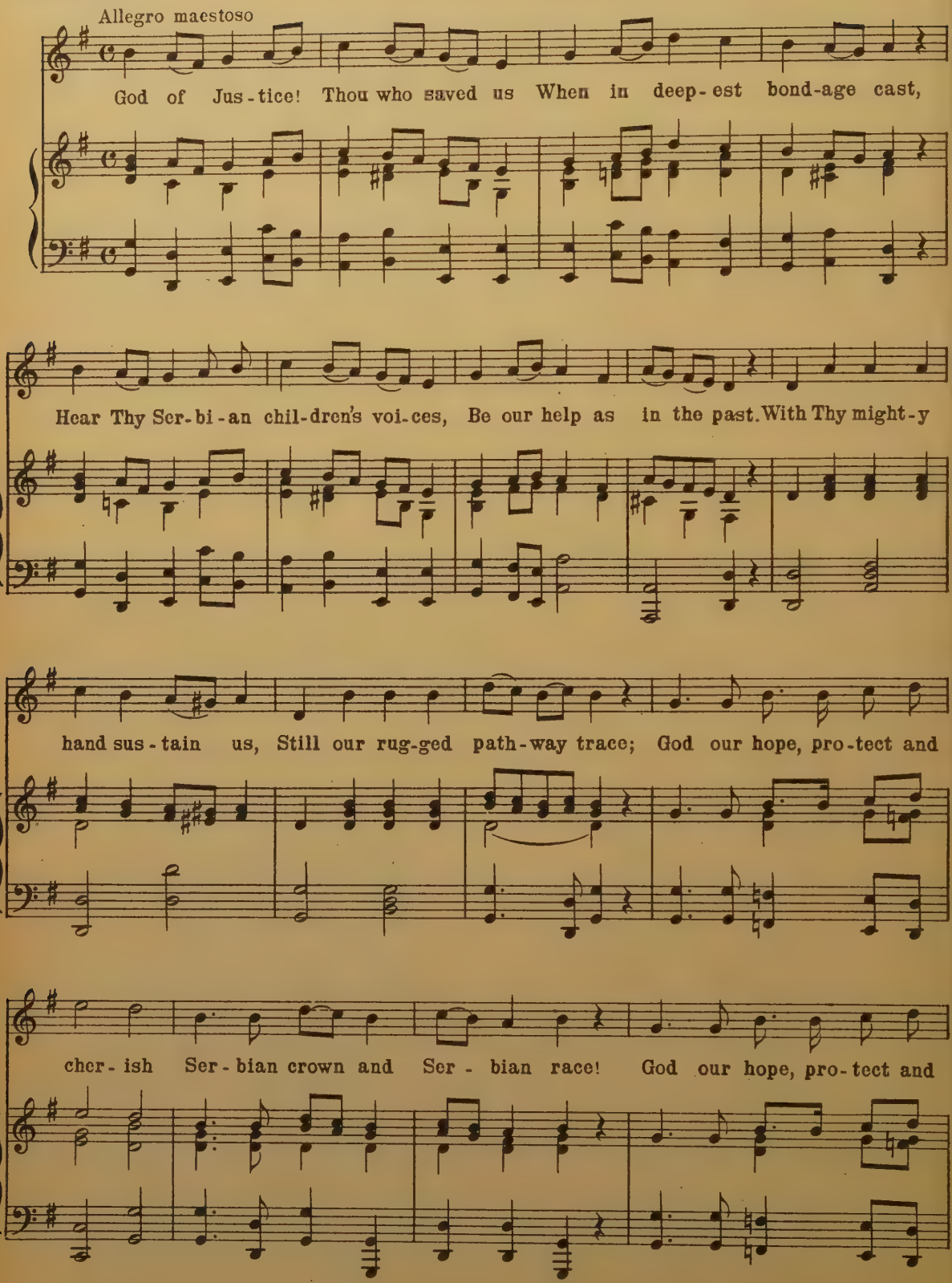
Shed no tears upon the furrow
In the mountains where you hide me,
With my long bright sword beside me.
Shed no tears, my Montenegro!
But when tyrant rule is ended,
Bring my sons to kneel around me,
Tell them how you sought and found me,
How I died for Montenegro!

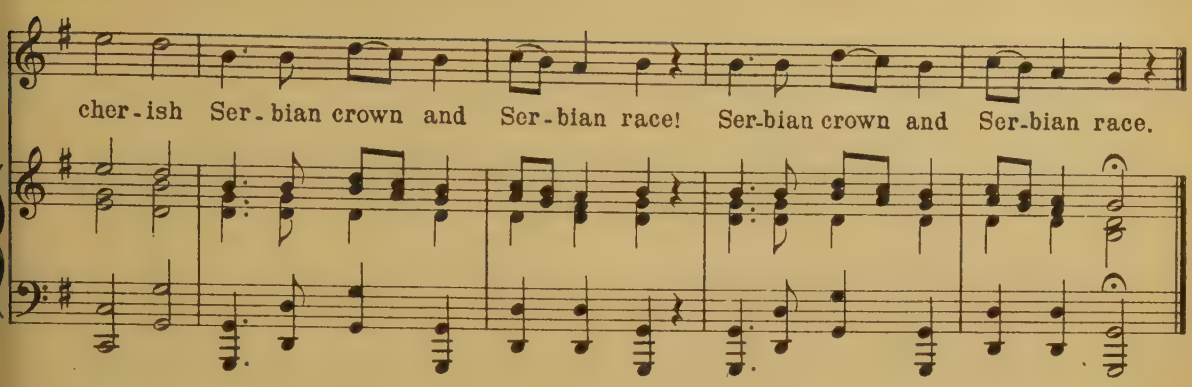
Sweeter than the hidden laughter
Of the Piva and the Tara,
Are the voices of thy daughters,
Loved and lovely Montenegro!
Children of our mighty mountains,
All who know us, all who love us,
Shout to God who reigns above us,
Freedom live in Montenegro!

Free translation by
Eli Bartlett

SERBIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

Translation by
Elizabeth Christitch


Allegro maestoso
God of Jus-tice! Thou who saved us When in deep-est bond-age cast,
Hear Thy Ser-bi-an chil-dren's voi-ces, Be our help as in the past. With Thy might-y
hand sus-tain us, Still our rug-ged path-way trace; God our hope, pro-tect and
cher-ish Ser-bian crown and Ser-bian race! God our hope, pro-tect and



Srpska Narodna Himna

Bože pravde, ti što spase
Od propasti do sad nas!
Čuj i od sad naše glase
I od sad nam budi spas!
Moćnom rukom vodi, brani
Budućnosti srpske brod,
Bože spasi, Bože hrani
Srpskog kralja, srpski rod!

Složi srpsku braću dragu
Na svak' dičan, slavan rad:
Sloga biće poraz vragu
A najjači Srpstvu grad!
Nek na Srpstva blista grani
Bratske sloge zlatan plod,
Bože spasi, Bože hrani
Srpskog kralja, srpski rod!

Nek na srpsko vedro čelo
Tvog ne padne gneva grom,
Blagoslovi Srbu selo,
Polje, njivu, grad i dom!
Kad nastupe borbe dani,
K pobedi mu vodi hod,
Bože spasi, Bože hrani
Srpskog kralja, srpski rod!

Iz mračnoga sinu groba
Srpske krune novi sjaj,
Nastalo je novo doba–
Novu srecú, Bože, daj!
Kraljevinu srpsku brani,
Petvekovne borbe plod,
Srpskog kralja, Bože, hrani
Moli ti se srpski rod!

Jovan Djordjević

Serbian National Anthem

God of Justice! Thou Who saved us
When in deepest bondage cast,
Hear Thy Serbian children's voices,
Be our help as in the past.
With Thy mighty hand sustain us,
Still our rugged pathway trace;
God, our hope, protect and cherish
Serbian crown and Serbian race!

Repeat
God, our hope, protect and cherish
Serbian crown and Serbian race!
Serbian crown and Serbian race!

Bind in closest links our kindred,
Teach the love that will not fail.
May the loathed fiend of discord
Never in our ranks prevail.
Let the golden fruits of union
Our young tree of freedom grace;
God, our Master! guide and prosper
Serbian crown and Serbian race!

Lord, avert from us Thy vengeance,
Thunder of Thy dreaded ire;
Bless each Serbian town and hamlet,
Mountain, meadow, hearth, and spire.
When our host goes forth to battle,
Death or victory to embrace,
God of armies, be our leader!
Strengthen then the Serbian race!

On our sepulchre of ages
Breaks the resurrection morn,
From the slough of direst slavery
Serbia anew is born.
Through five hundred years of durance
We have knelt before Thy face,
All our kin, O God, deliver!
Thus entreats the Serbian race. Amen.

Translation by
Elizabeth Christitch

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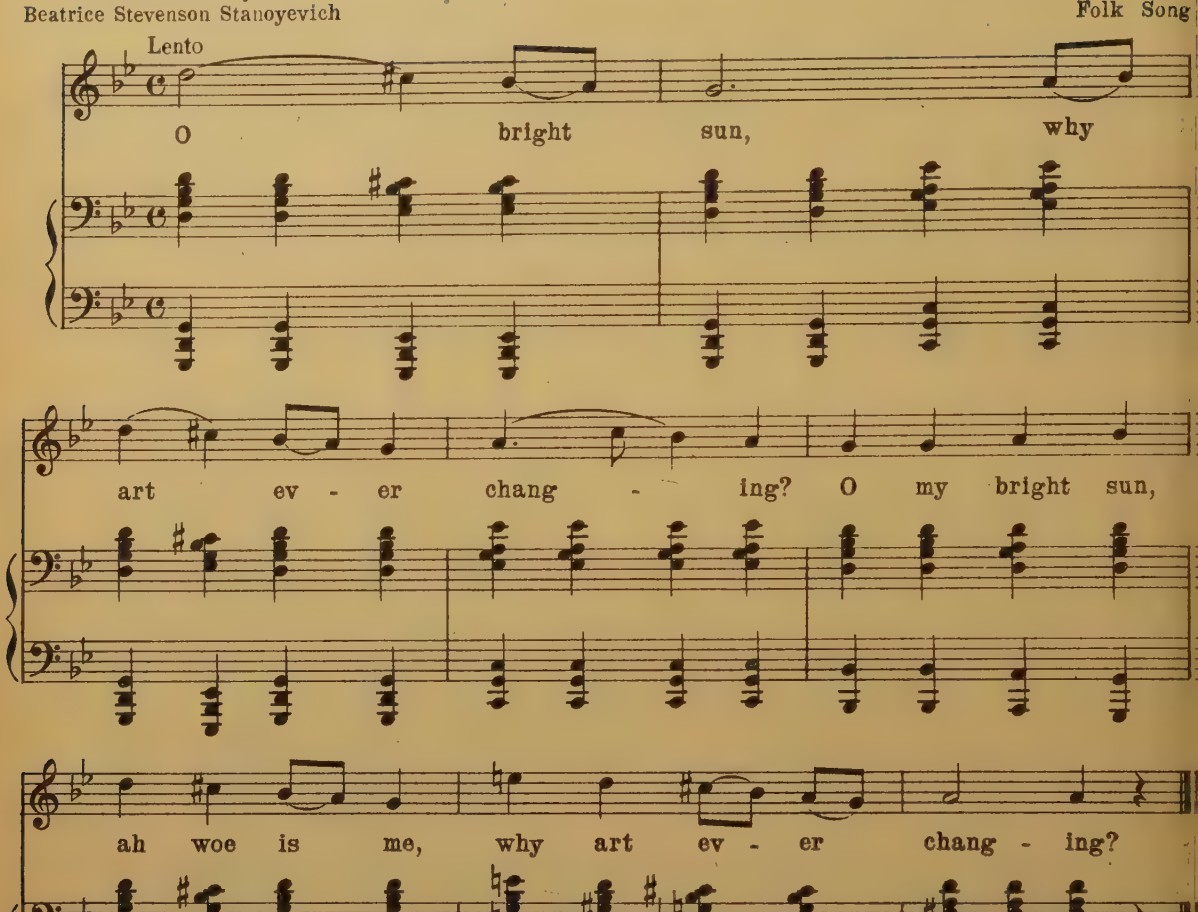
O BRIGHT SUN!

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

Folk Song



Sunce jarko

Sunce jarko nesijaš jednako,–sunce jarko ime moje ne sijaš jednako.– Moj me dragi ne ljubi jednako;– il' jednako il' nemoj nikako,–il' me ljubi il' me se okani,– il' se mani ili me sahrani.– Znaš nevjero, kako si se kleo?–pred oltarom, pred svetim Jovanom,–pred ikonom, pred svetim Nikolom,–nasred sela kod bresta zelena:–drugu ne ću, za tobom umriet ću;– a danas si vjeru prevrnuo,– bolesna te prevrtala majka,–od Mitrova do Petrova danka,–i opet ti duša ne izašla,– dok na mome krilu ne zaspao!

O Bright Sun!

O bright sun, why art ever changing?
O my bright sun, ah woe is me, why art ever changing?

O my dearest, be thou ever faithful;
If unfaithful, ah woe is me, leave me then to perish.

Love, dost recall vowing faith before the ikon
Pledging thy word, ah woe is me, that you loved me only?

Take then this curse: now in sickness may you languish,
From the autumn, ah woe is me, till the spring's first greeting.

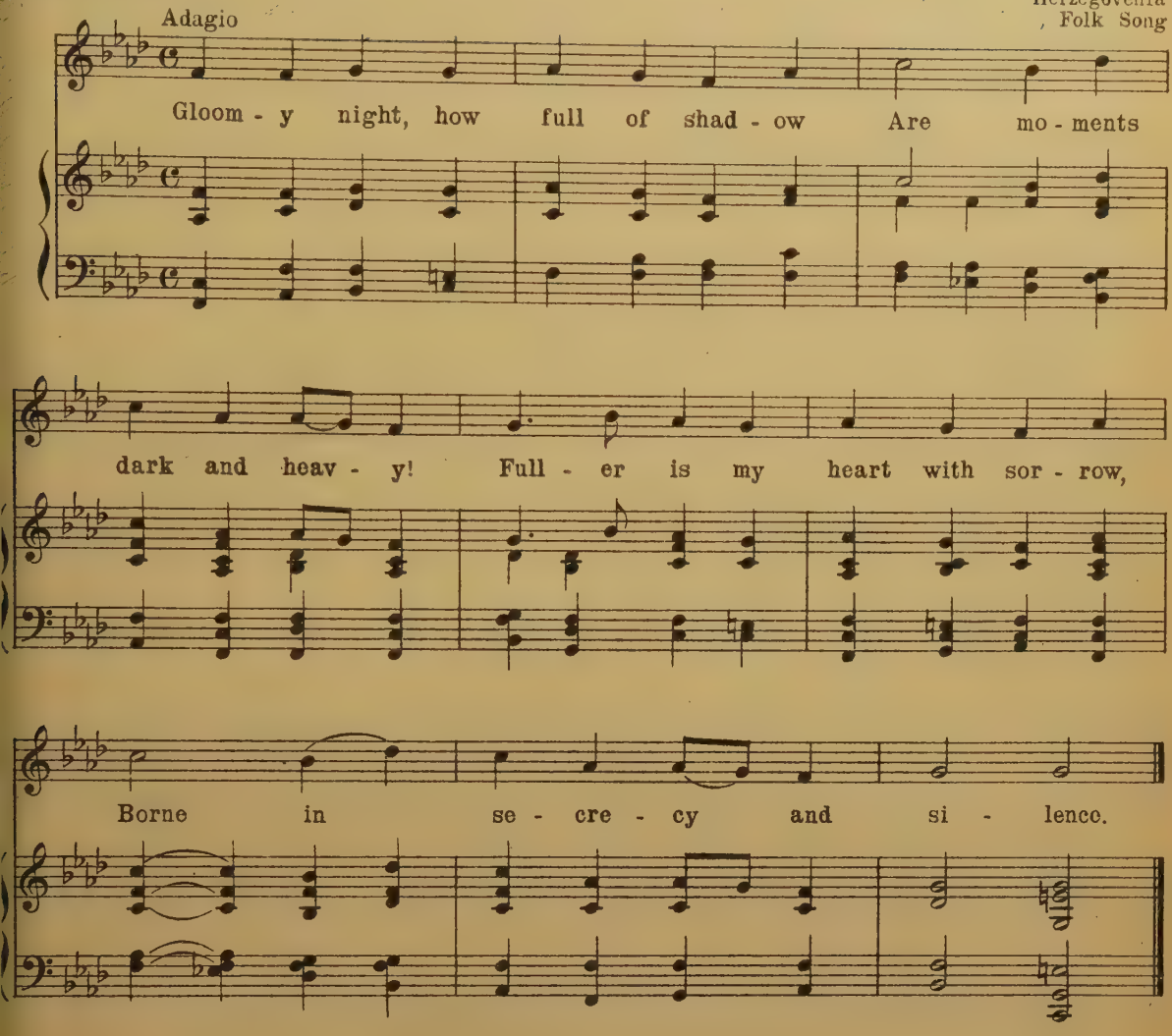
O my dearest, be thou ever faithful,
May death linger, ah woe is me, till love is returning.

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

GLOOMY NIGHT

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Serbia and
Herzegovenia
, Folk Song


Adagio
Gloom - y night, how full of shad - ow Are mo - ments
dark and heav - y! Full - er is my heart with sor - row,
Borne in se - cre - cy and si - lence.

Tavna noći

Tavna noći, puna ti si mraka,
Srdce moje još punije jada.
Jad jadujem, nikom ne kazujem.
Nemam majke, da joj se potužim,
Ni sestrice, da joj jade kažem.

Jedno samo na daleko drago;
Doklem dodje, i pol noći prodje,
Dok obljubi, i zorica svane;
Sada zora, hajde dragi doma.

Gloomy Night

Gloomy night, how full of shadow
Are moments dark and heavy!
Fuller is my heart with sorrow,
Borne in secrecy and silence.

Mother have I none to comfort,
Nor sister for my solace;
One dear love who is not with me,
One for whom I'm waiting lonely.

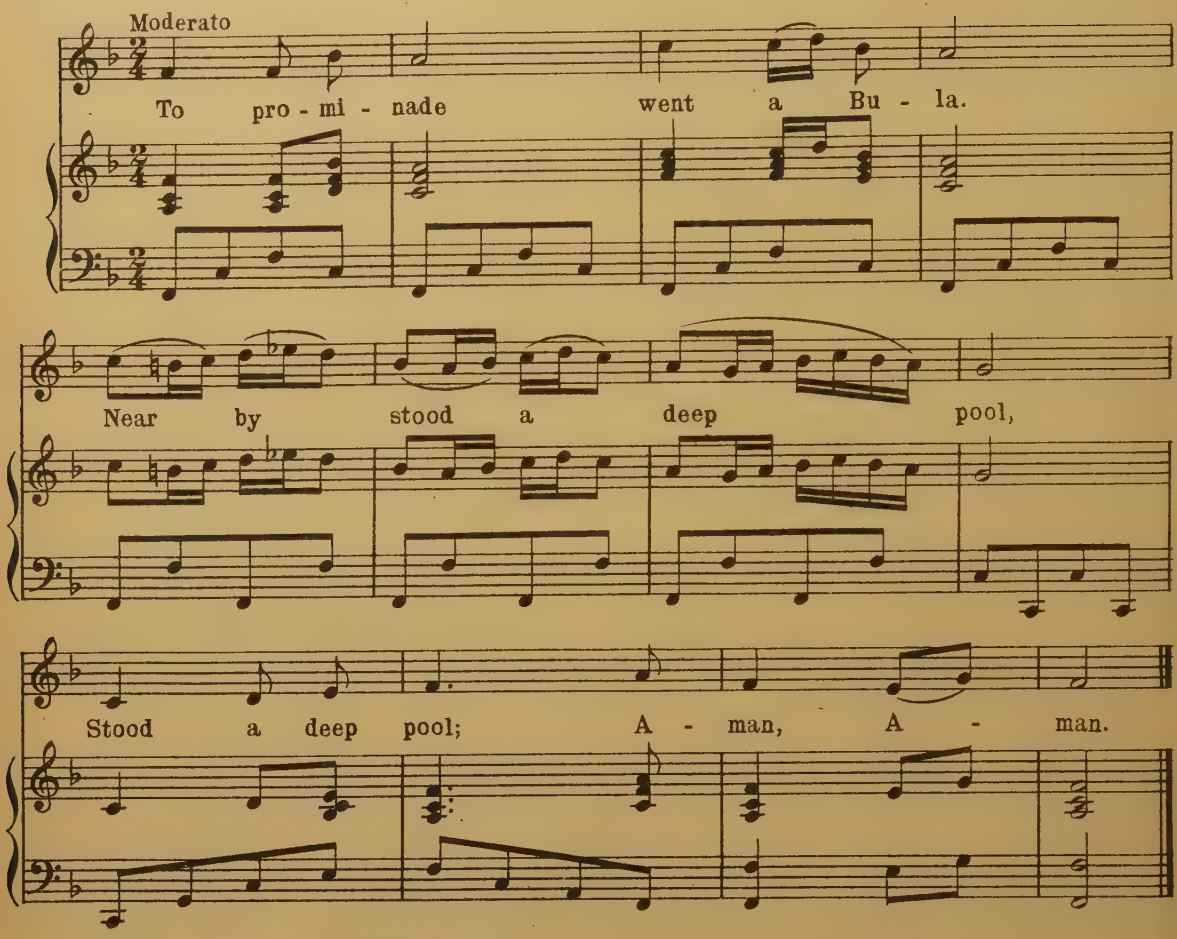
Ere he comes the night is going–
Still kissing, dawn will find us,
And at dawn he must be leaving,
Ah, too soon he will be going!

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

HOW FAIR IS SHE!

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

Folk Song



Havalisava

Pošetala bela bula
Pripjev: Aman, aman.
Kraj bunara vode ladne,
Nad njom se je ogledala:
Bože mili, lepa ti sam,
Kako imam ruse kose,
Ruse kose altan čelo,

Altan čelo, gajtan vedje,
Gajtan vedje, čarne oči,
Čarne oči, belo lice,
Belo lice, medna usta,
Medna usta, biser zube,
Biser zube, kajmak grlo,
Kajmak grlo, bele grudi.

How Fair Is She!

To promenade went a Bula*
Nearby stood a deep pool,
Stood a deep pool;
Aman, Aman.+

Mirrored her face, her lovely face;
Hair golden blonde, brow snowy white,
Brow snowy white.
Aman, Aman.

Eye lashes curled, glance darting fire,
Her skin like milk, honey her mouth,
Honey her mouth.
Aman, Aman.

Teeth are like pearls, throat like a swan;
God of grace, how fair is she,
How fair is she!
Aman, Aman.

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

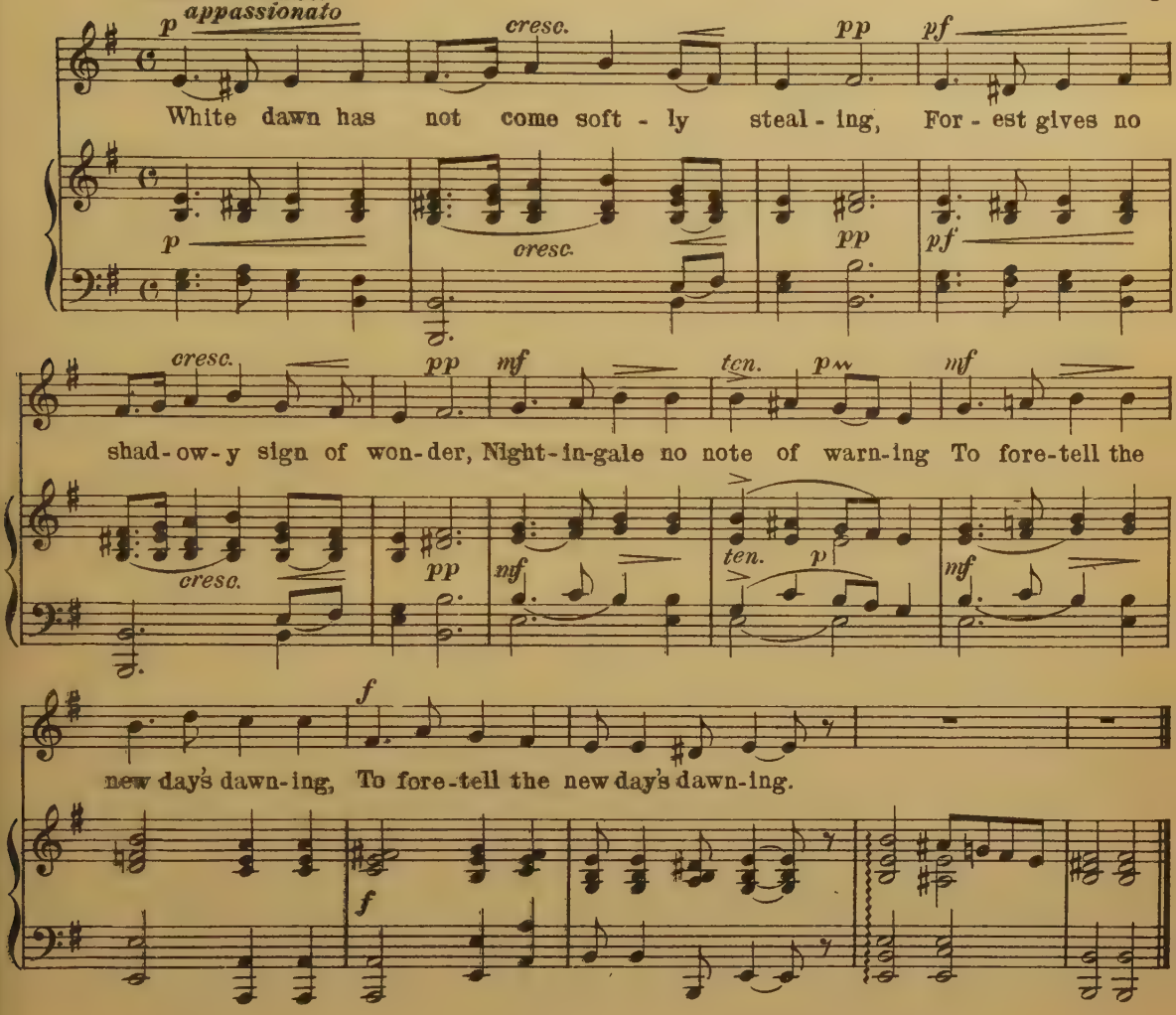
* Turkish lady
\+ Exclamation

WHITE DAWN HAS NOT COME STEALING

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

Andante con moto

Folk Song



Sve veselo a ja tužan

Još' ne sviti bijela zora,
Niti trepti listom gora,
Još' ne zvoni glas slavuja;
Zoru da predkaže

Svaka tvorka u pokoju,
Bar osjecá sladost koju
A od mene pokoj bježi,
Daleko – daleko.

Neka cvjeta poljsko cvieće,
Nek se dići s njim proljeće,
Ja se s njime kitit' neću,
Jer nije za mene.

Ja ga neću više brati,
Jer ga nemam kome dati,
Kome sam ga dosad brala,
Zemlja ga pokriva.

White Dawn Has Not Come Stealing

White dawn has not come softly stealing,
Forests give no shadowy sign of wonder,
Nightingale no note of warning
|: To foretell the new day's dawning. :|

Bloom not, oh golden, bright, spring flowers,
Not for me your crimson splendor,
Lilies only, bending, shaking,
|: Drop their pearls, my sad heart breaking. :|

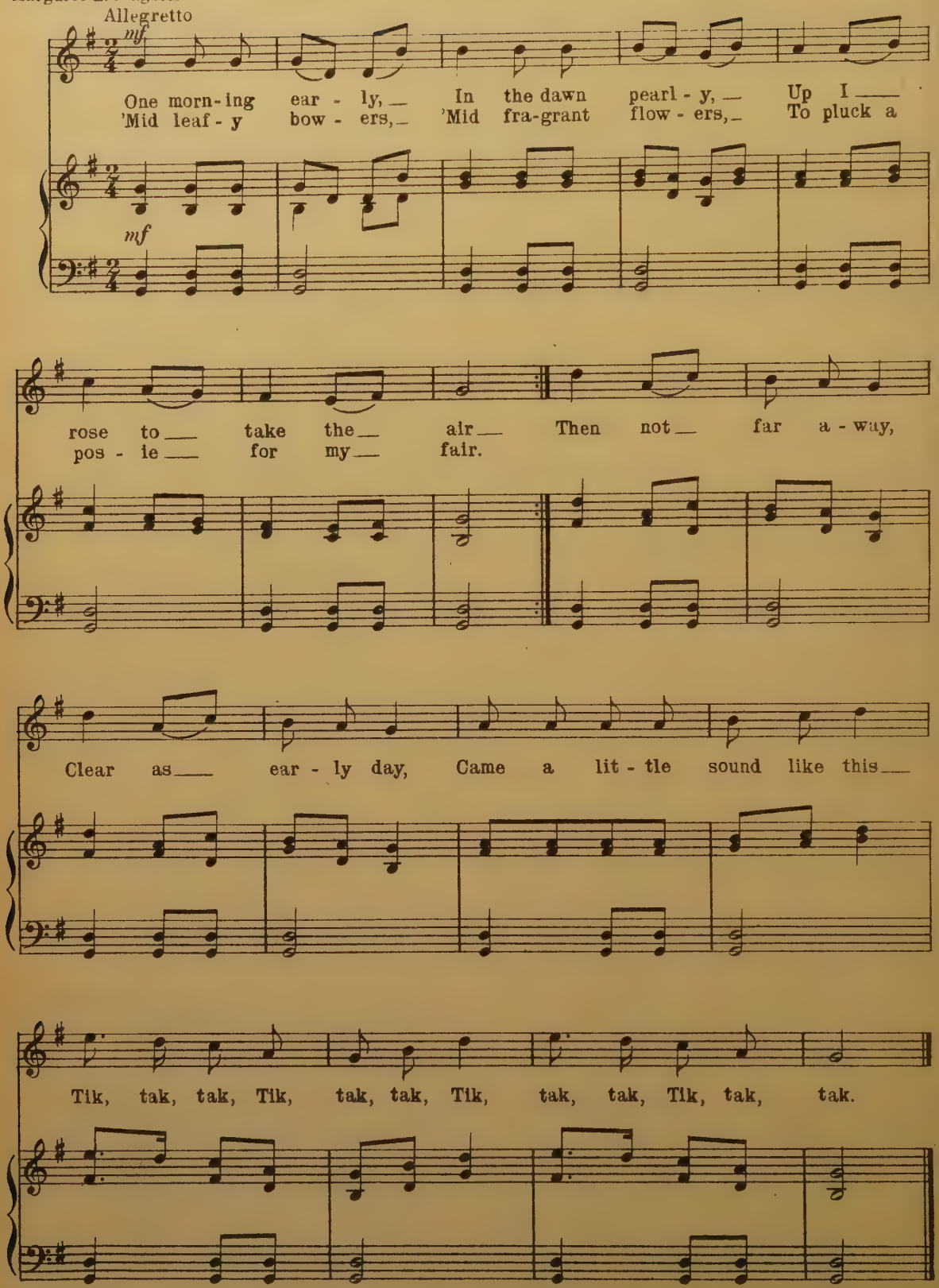
Dark night, stay, stay and close enfold me,
Fountains cease or sing your faintest dirges;
Thou to whom my heart's in keeping,
|: Under bright spring flowers art sleeping. :|

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

TIK, TAK, TAK

English version by
Margaret E. Sangster

Folk Song


Allegretto
mf
One morn-ing ear - ly, In the dawn pearl - y, Up I
'Mid leaf - y bow - ers, 'Mid fra-grant flow - ers, To pluck a
mf
rose to take the air Then not far a - way,
pos - ie for my fair.
Clear as ear - ly day, Came a lit - tle sound like this
Tik, tak, tak, Tik, tak, tak, Tik, tak, tak, Tik, tak, tak.

Tik, Tak, Tak

Što nisam davno,
To jutros rano
Ustadoh i odoh.
Da se malo prodjem
I sa rosnim cvićećem
Nasitim, nakitim.
Kad nedaleko
Čujem iz preko
Nješto čini:
Tik-tik-tak,
Tik-tik, tik-tik
Tik-tik-tak,
Tik-tik, tik-tik, tak.

Što podjoh dalje,
Dodjoh u polje,
I smotrih livadu.
Na livadi trava,
Na njoj dieva spava
Uznojena, rumena.
Oči mi stanu,
Noge mi klonu,
Srdce čini:
Tik-tik-tak,
i t. d.

Ja korak bliže,
Ona se trže,
I skoči s tom rieči:
Kud si zašo,
Vodenicu prošo,
Šta tražiš do mene?
Tam se nose vreće,
Gdjeno potok teče,
Gdje se čuje:
Tik-tik-tak,
i t. d.

Ne budi svirepa,
Dijevo preliepa,
Najmladja, najljepša!
Ja za tabom bludim,
Hoću da poludim,
I žudim da s' ispovedim.
Ti si rosno cvieće
Za kim moje srdce,
Uviek čini:
Tik-tik-tak,
i t. d.

Tik, Tak, Tak

One morning early,
In the dawn pearly,
Up I arose to take the air–
'Mid leafy bowers,
'Mid fragrant flowers,
To pluck a posie for my fair.
Then not far away,
Clear as early day,
Came a little sound like this–
Tik, tak, tak,
Tik, tak, tak, . . .

Further I strolled,
The dew was cold,
On the meadows green with grass;
And a sleeping girl,
With her hair a-curl,
Lay where my feet must pass.
My eyes grew wide,
My heart inside,
Made a little sound like this–
Tik, tak, tak,
Tik, tak, tak, . . .

I stood faint-hearted,
Then she started
Up and cried, "Where do you go?
Pray leave me still,
You've passed the mill,
Where the laughing streamlets flow!
Where the water purrs
And the wheel whirrs
With a little sound like this–
Tik, tak, tak,
Tik, tak, tak!" . . .

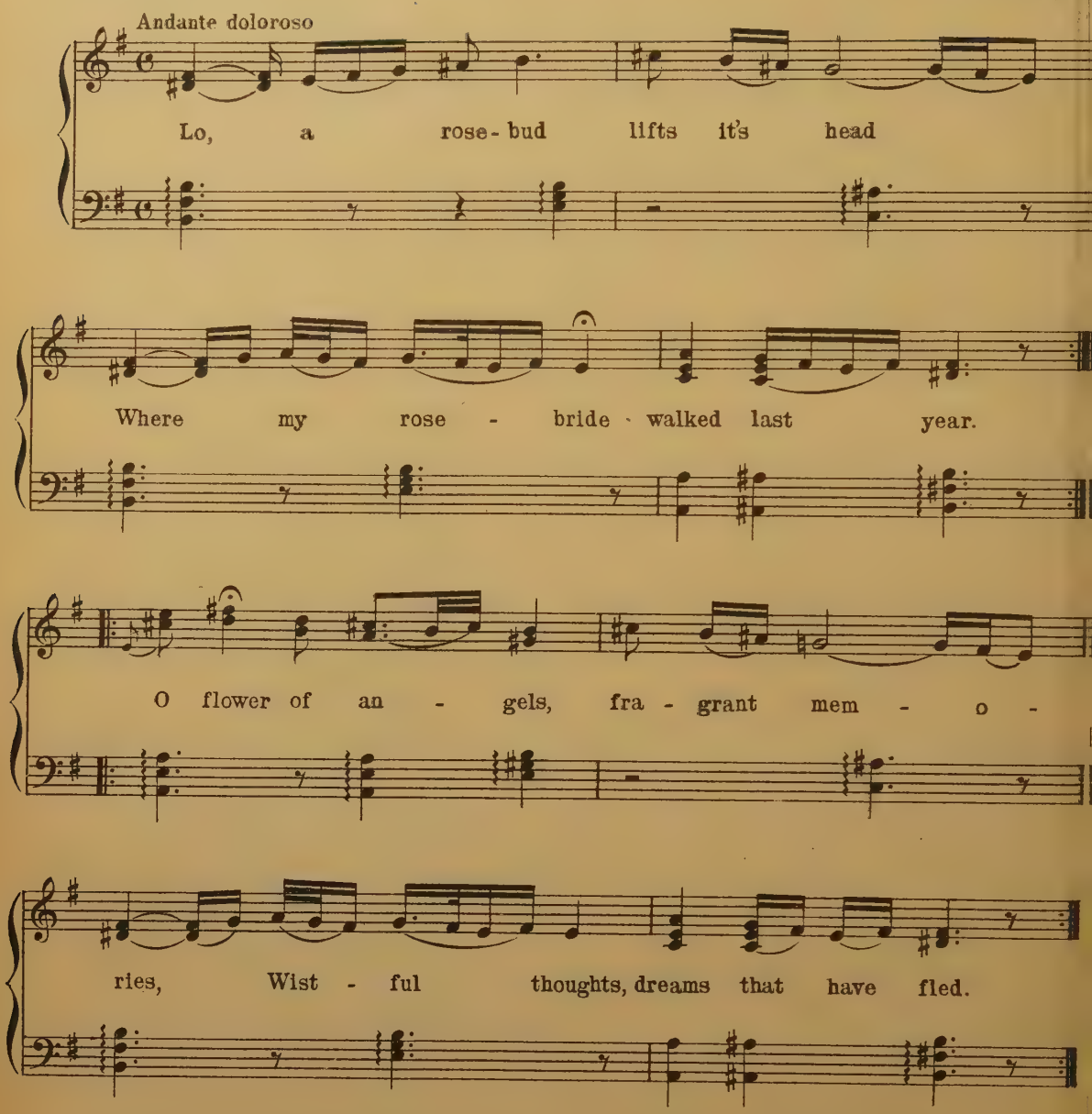
Don't be cruel,
Oh my jewel,
Following you I lose my mind,
My love for you,
Comes back anew,
Oh dear maid don't be unkind;
You are like flowers
In dawn-time hours,
And my heart cried out like this–
Tik, tak, tak,
Tik, tak, tak, . . .

English version by
Margaret E. Sangster

ROSE OF YESTERYEAR

Paraphrase by
Anna Catherine Markham

Arranged by
Isidor Bajich


Andante doloroso
Lo, a rose-bud lifts it's head
Where my rose - bride walked last year.
O flower of an - gels, fra - grant mem - o -
ries, Wist - ful thoughts, dreams that have fled.

Gradinom Cveće Cvetalo

Gradinom cveće cvetalo,
Gradinom drago hodilo.
Oj cveće moje šareno,
Budi mi zdravo veselo!

Rose of Yesteryear

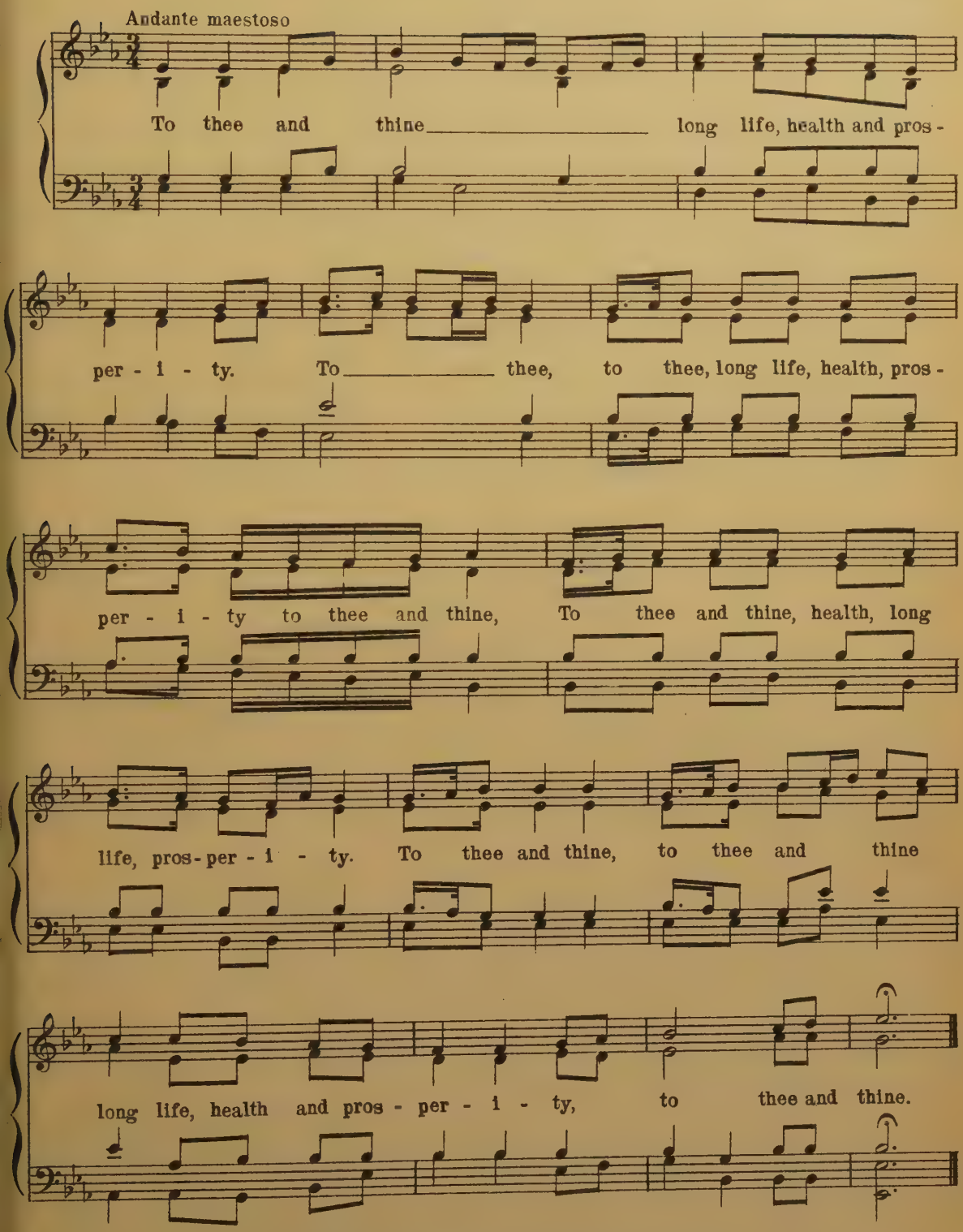
Lo, a rosebud lifts its head
Where my rose-bride walked last year.
O flower of angels, fragrant memories,
Wistful thoughts, dreams that have fled.

Pure the rosebud, without stain,
For heavenly gardens made to bloom,
O, would immortal flower, that thou
Might bud and bloom for me again.

Paraphrase by
Anna Catherine Markham

GREETING

Folk Song

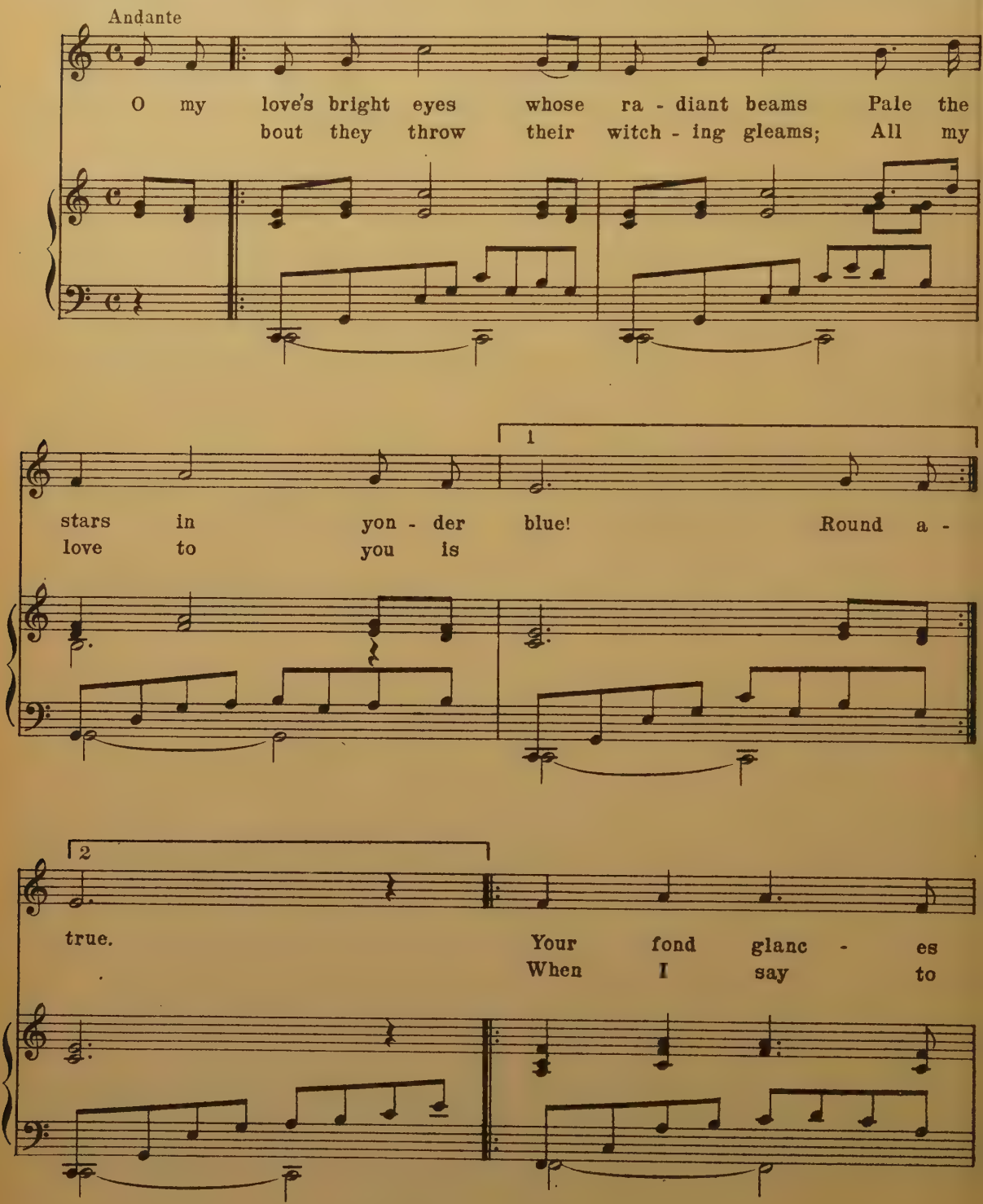

Andante maestoso
To thee and thine long life, health and pros -
per - i - ty. To thee, to thee, long life, health, pros -
per - i - ty to thee and thine, To thee and thine, health, long
life, pros - per - i - ty. To thee and thine, to thee and thine
long life, health and pros - per - i - ty, to thee and thine.

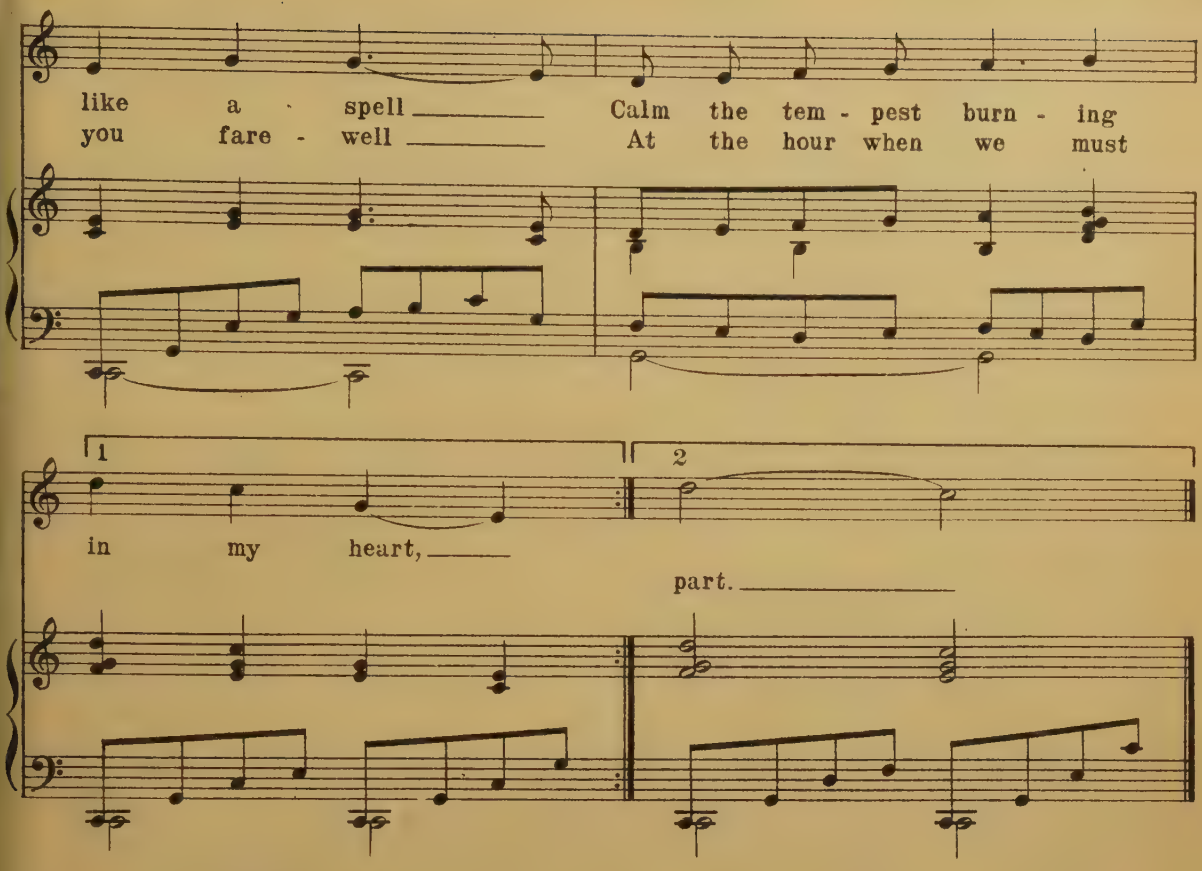
The words МНОГАІА ЉЕТА are repeated over and over to this melody. They mean—"Happiness for many years"—or long life, health, prosperity.
The song is sung throughout Jugo Slavia on holidays and particularly New Year's Day as a greeting.

AT PARTING

English version by
Clinton Scollard

Folk Song


Andante
O my love's bright eyes whose ra - diant beams Pale the
bout they throw their witch - ing gleams; All my
1
stars in yon - der blue! Round a -
love to you is
2
true.
Your fond glanc - es
When I say to



Razstanak

Ljubeznice moja mila,
S Bogom, s Bogom ostaj ti!
Zašt' si draga meni bila,
Opet s Bogom velim ti,
Jer čemerni dan će svanut,
Da te moram ja ostavit.

Kada podjem sutra zorom,
Nemoj za mnom tužiti,
Kojim putem, kojom gorom,
Sve ću tebi javiti.
Budi stalna, nadu goji,
O ljubavi ti nedvoji.

Od mene će tebi, draga
Uviek listak prispjeti,
Samo molim, čuvaj traga,
On će sve teb' prinieti.
Bog će nama opet dati,
Pak ćemo se mi sastati.

Ah ljubezna, ti s' veselje
Ciele moje mladosti,
U tebi su moje želje,
U tebi sve radosti.
Produlji se tavna noći,
Jer ja zorom moram poći.

At Parting

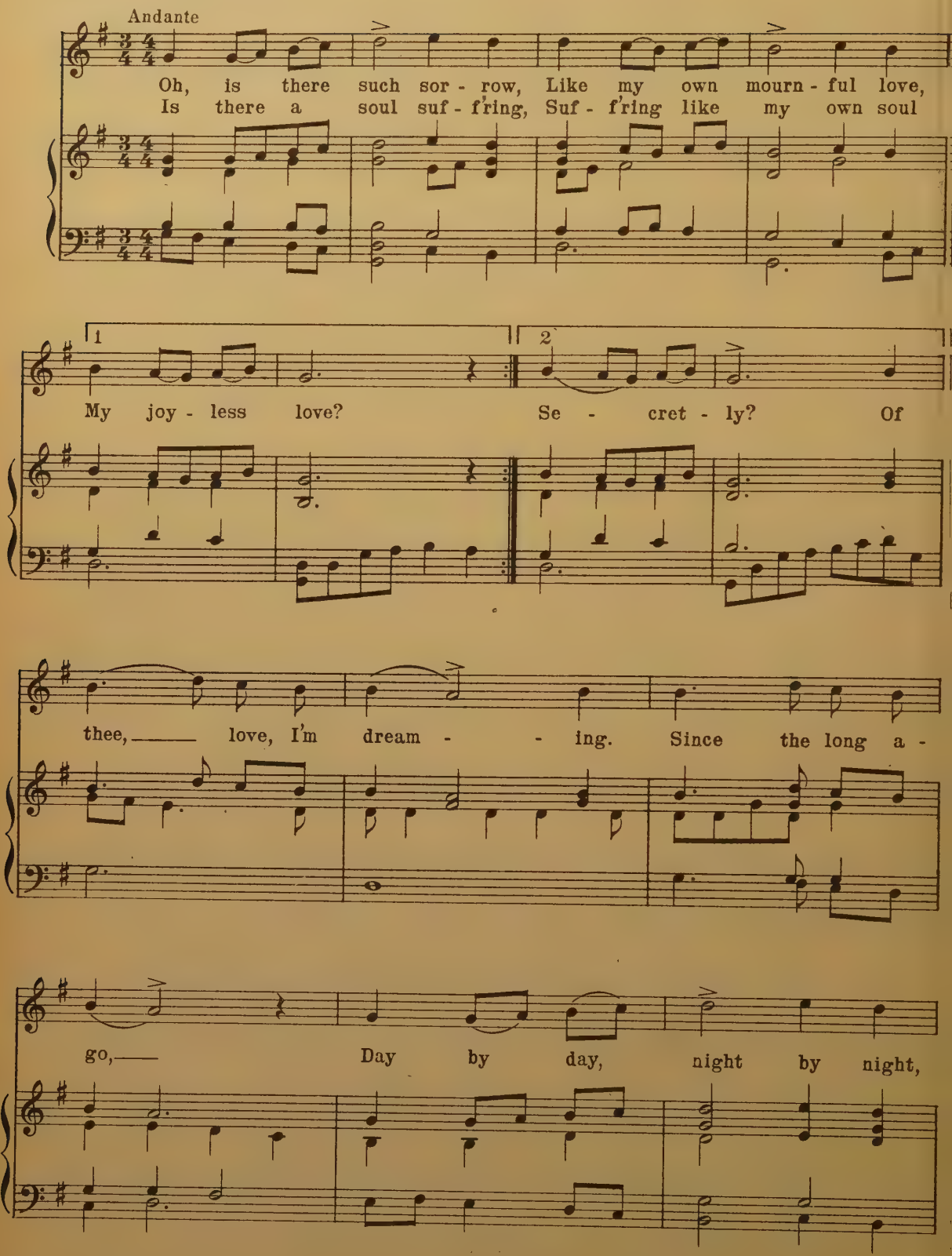
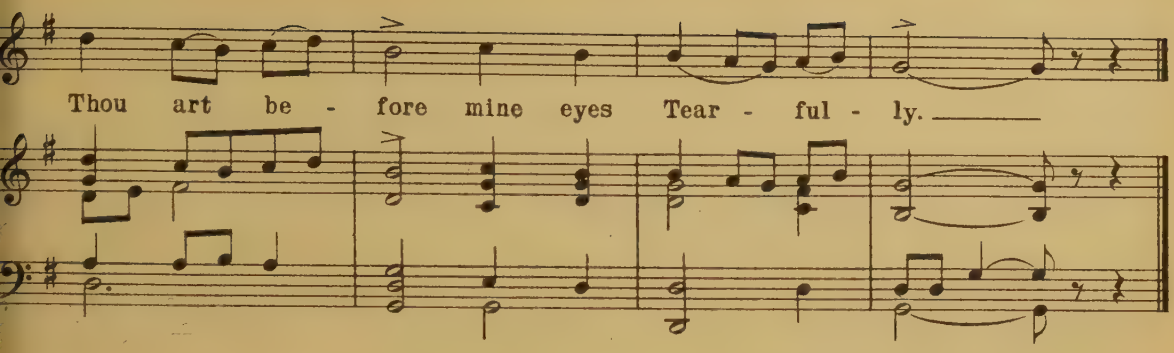
O my love's bright eyes whose radiant beams
Pale the stars in yonder blue!
Round about they throw their witching gleams;
All my love to you is true.
Your fond glances like a spell
Calm the tempest burning in my heart,
When I say to you farewell
At the hour when we must part.

O grieve not, where'er so far I go,
Never will I forget!
O dear one, hope and joy you'll know
Till the last fair sun is set.
You to me a beacon are,
As a clear light on a dreary shore;
Sweet, you are my guiding-star;
May God grant we meet once more.

English version by
Clinton Scollard

MOURNFUL LOVE

Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich


Andante
Oh, is there such sor - row, Like my own mourn - ful love,
Is there a soul suf - f'ring, Suf - f'ring like my own soul
1
My joy - less love?
2
Se - cret - ly? Of
thee, love, I'm dream - - ing. Since the long a -
go, Day by day, night by night,

Z dvojenje

Ah! je li gdje koja
Još ljubav što moja
Bez radosti?

Trpi li gdje koja
Još duša što moja
U tajnosti?

Ja s tebe jedne
Već toliko vreme
I dane i noći
Sve tebi na oči
Priplakujem

Mournful Love

Oh, is there such sorrow,
Like my own mournful love,
My joyless love?

Is there a soul suff'ring,
Suff'ring like my own soul
Secretly?

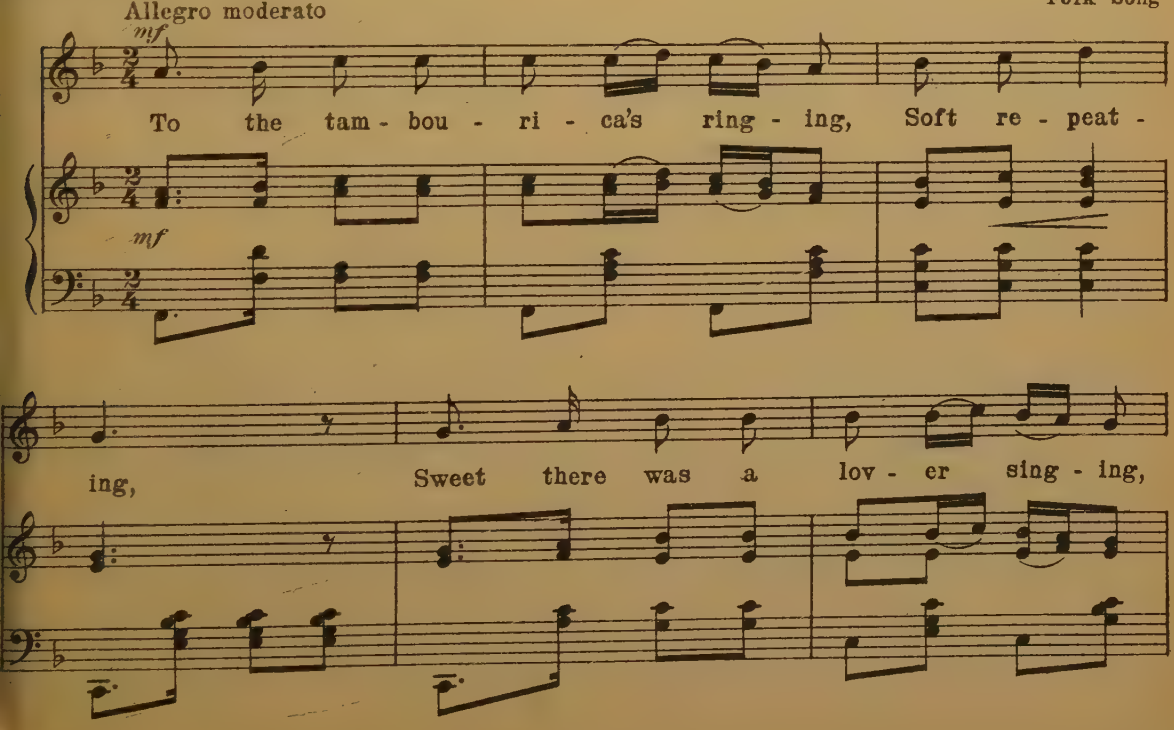
Of thee, love, I'm dreaming.
Since the long ago,
Day by day, night by night,
Thou art before mine eyes
Tearfully.

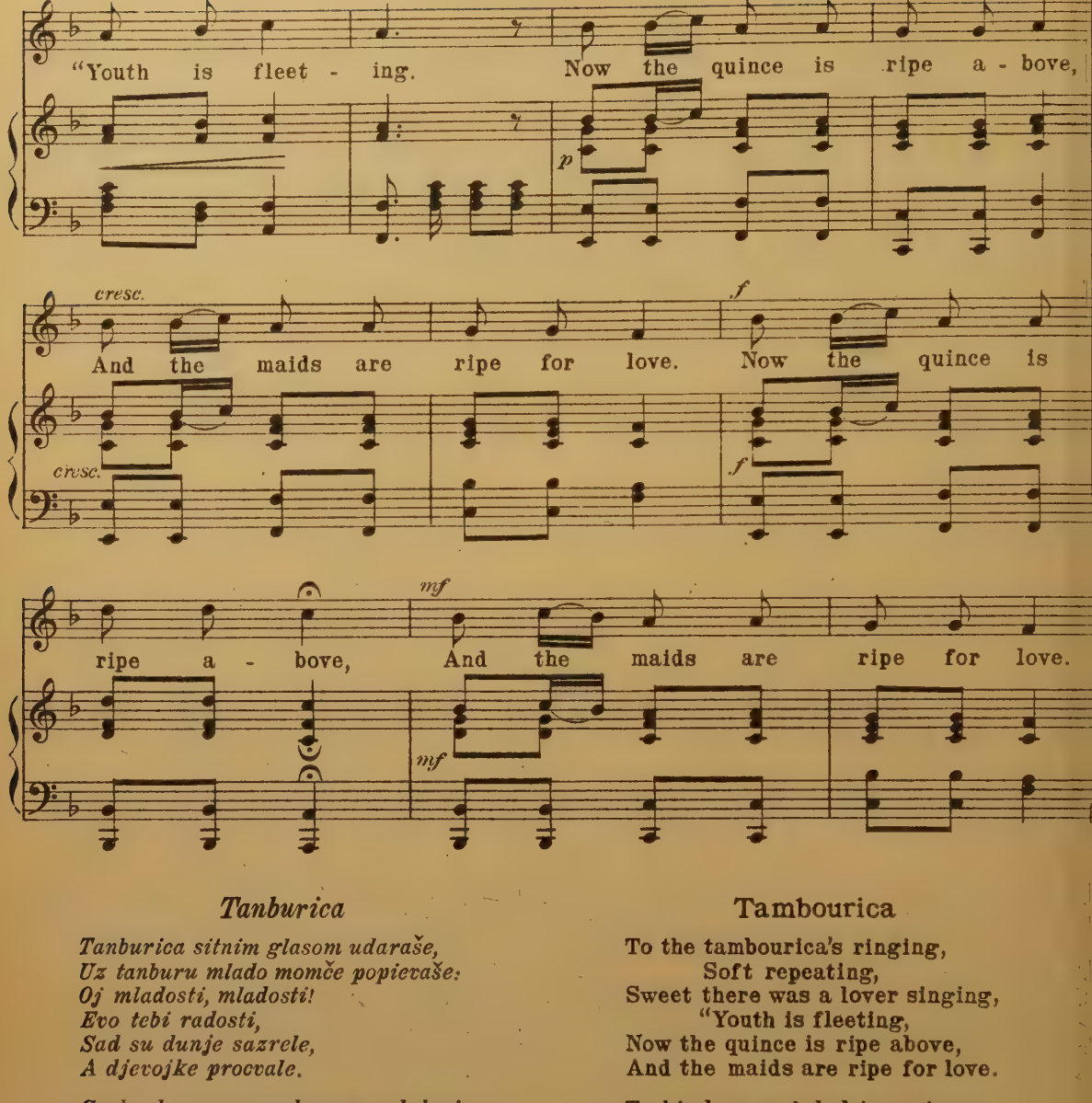
Translation by
Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich

TAMBOURICA

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Folk Song




"Youth is fleet - ing. Now the quince is ripe a - bove,
p
cresc.
And the maids are ripe for love. Now the quince is
f
cresc.
f
mf
ripe a - bove, And the maids are ripe for love.
mf

Tanburica

Tanburica sitnim glasom udaraše,
Uz tanburu mlado momče popievaše:
Oj mladosti, mladosti!
Evo tebi radosti,
Sad su dunje sazrele,
A djevojke procvale.

Svaka draga svoga dragog sad doziva,
A moja se od nikuda ne odziva,
Oj djevojko, djevojko!
Na mom srdcu duboko,
Sitno hodiš lagano,
Po mom srdcu vriedjano.

Ah ljubezna, friško bi me primamila,
Sam' kad bi mi stalnu viernost povjerila:
Oj srdašce, srdašce!
Na mom srdcu ranice;
Čisto li se oko smije,
I na mene namiguje.

Po čelu si lepo prame poredjala,
Izpod vrata sitan djerdan nanizala,
Obrvice pijavice,
Obrn'te se na mene:
Da vas češće polazim,
Da se drage naljubim.

Tambourica

To the tambourica's ringing,
Soft repeating,
Sweet there was a lover singing,
"Youth is fleeting,
Now the quince is ripe above,
And the maids are ripe for love.

To his love each lad is crying,
Longing laden,
Only you are unreplying,
Dearest maiden;
Every step you take apart
Makes a wound within my heart.

Love, you win my heart unheeding,
Still uncaring,
Would that you believed the pleading
I am daring;
When your bright eyes smile on me
Wounded still my soul must be.

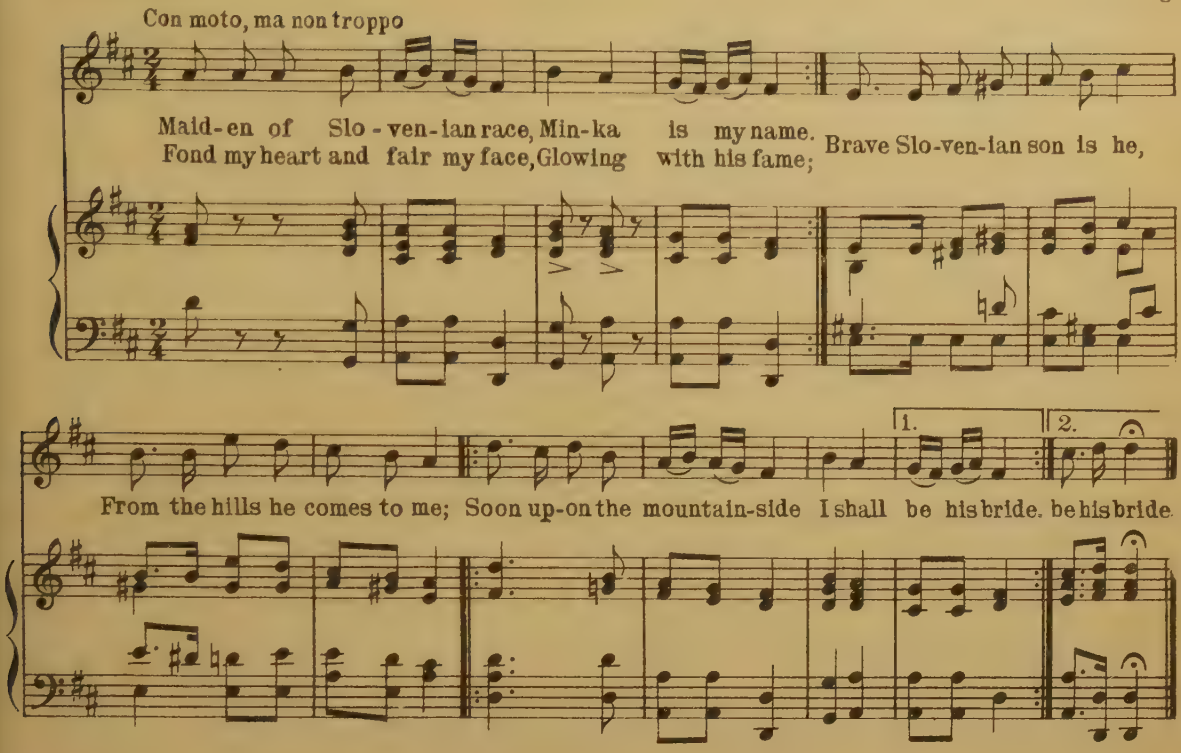
You with lovelocks softly lying,
Turn to love me,
Round your throat the necklace tying
Bend above me!
Eyebrow black and darkest eye
I could kiss you till I die!"

English version b
Margaret Wildeme

A SLOVENIAN GIRL

English version by
Angela Morgan

Folk Song


Con moto, ma non troppo
Maid-en of Slo-ven-ian race, Min-ka is my name.
Fond my heart and fair my face, Glowing with his fame;
Brave Slo-ven-ian son is he,
1.
2.
From the hills he comes to me; Soon up-on the mountain-side I shall be his bride. be his bride.

Sem slovenska deklica

Sem slovenska deklica,
Minka mi je ime,
Sem obraza lepega,
Hrabro imam srce.
Ljubi moj je čvrst vojak,
Lep slovenski korenjak.
Ljubi moj je Slave sin,
Krepki sin planin.]2

Kadar se možila bom
Stabo, moj junak,
Mora strašnih topov grom
Tresti zemlje tlak.
In na vrhu razvalin
Te objamem sin planin,
Dam ti roko, ljub junak,
Hrabri korenjak!]2

Kadar pride boja dan,
Veno mu pletla bom,
In če pade bojnih ran,
Padel je za dom.
Potlej grob bom venčala,
O junaku sanjala:
Padel vbran je naroda,
Srečna Slovenka!]2

A Slovenian Girl

Maiden of Slovenian race,
Minka is my name.
Fond my heart and fair my face,
Glowing with his fame;
Brave Slovenian son is he,
From the hills he comes to me;
Soon upon the mountainside
I shall be his bride.

When so near the sky we stand
Earth will shake with guns;
I will give to him my hand,
First of Slovene sons;
O my hero, you are brave!
For your country you would save.
Warm the kiss I give to you,
Soldier strong and true.

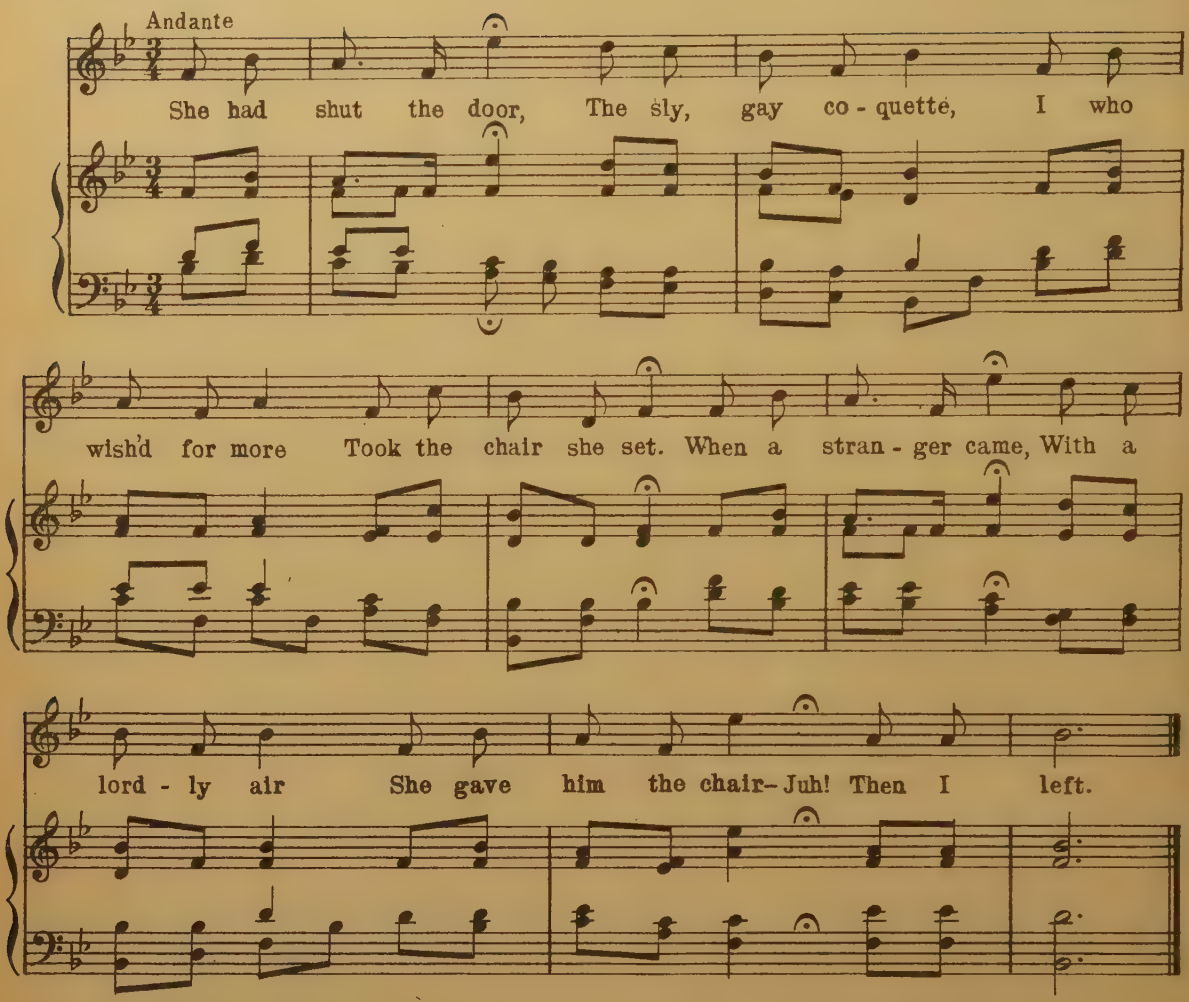
Comes the battle hour at last–
Flowers fair I take;
In his cap I pin them fast,
Minka's own keepsake.
If he perish in the fight,
Minka's heart will still be light–
For his country he has died;
Love is satisfied!

English version by
Angela Morgan

THE COQUETTE

Free translation
F. B. C.

Folk Song


Andante
She had shut the door, The sly, gay co - quette, I who
wish'd for more Took the chair she set. When a stran - ger came, With a
lord - ly air She gave him the chair – Juh! Then I left.

Ko sem k njej pršov

Ko sem k njej pršov
Mi je dala stov
Mi je dala stov
Mi je dala stov,
Ko j'pa en drug pršov
Mi je vzela stov,
Sem pa zavriskov juh!
Pa sem šov.

Ko sem k njej pršov
Da bi plesat šov,
Je pa en drug pršov,
Pa jo j' plesat gnov,
Pa jo j' plesat gnov,
Če prav ni plesat' znov.
Sem pa zavriskov juh!
Pa sem šov!

The Coquette

She had shut the door,
The sly, gay coquette;
I who wished for more
Took the chair she set.
When a stranger came
With a lordly air,
She gave him the chair – Juh!
Then I left.

She had given her hand
With a loving glance,
Said, the gay coquette,
"Will you lead the dance?"
Then the stranger came –
One I'll ne'er forget:
She gave him her hand – Juh!
Then I left.

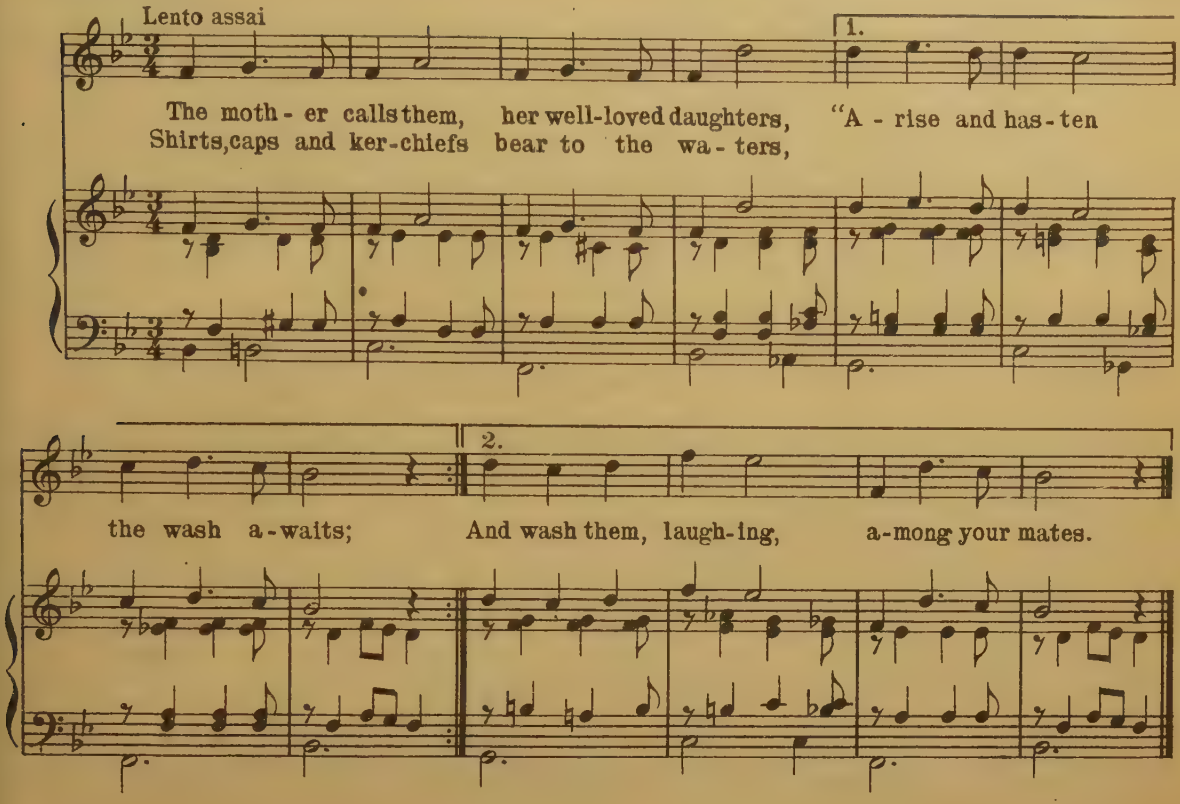
As sung by Mme. Milka Polanzer-Schneid

English version by
F. C.

GIRLS AT THE RIVER

English version by
Theodosia Garrison

Folk Song


Lento assai
1.
The moth - er calls them, her well-loved daughters, "A - rise and has - ten
Shirts, caps and ker-chiefs bear to the wa - ters,
2.
the wash a - waits; And wash them, laugh-ing, a-mong your mates.

Mati zakliče

Mati zakliče pridne dekliče:
Hitro vstanite, prat' se mudi!
Srajce, rokavce, rute in peče,
Prte poberte, prat' se mudi!

Žehto končale, lug ste izprale,
Le na perišče nesite prat'!
Ptičke vesele vam bodo pele,
Ribice hoč'jo vas pozdravljat'.

Pridne perilje, da b' se učile
Tudi oprati svoje srcé,
Grenke solzice vaše dušice
Bodo omile, očedile.

Dobro omijte ino splaknite,
Vmazano p'stiti b'lo bi grdó;
Solnce sušilo nam bo perilo,
Belo ko sneg se bliščalo bo.

Prav spokoriti, dobro omiti
Grešniki morimo svoje srcé;
Milost bo s'jala, srce nam vžgala,
Da bo v ljubezni svetilo se.

Girls at the River

The mother calls them, her well-loved daughters,
"Arise and hasten, the wash awaits;
Shirts, caps and kerchiefs bear to the waters,
And wash them, laughing, among your mates.

When you have finished rubbing and wringing,
Go rinse them newly within the brook;
The happy birds will rejoice you, singing,
The silver fishes will come to look.

Thus you must learn to wash well, my daughters,
For days are dawning when you must know
That tears alone are the sacred waters
That cleanse and whiten the soul like snow.

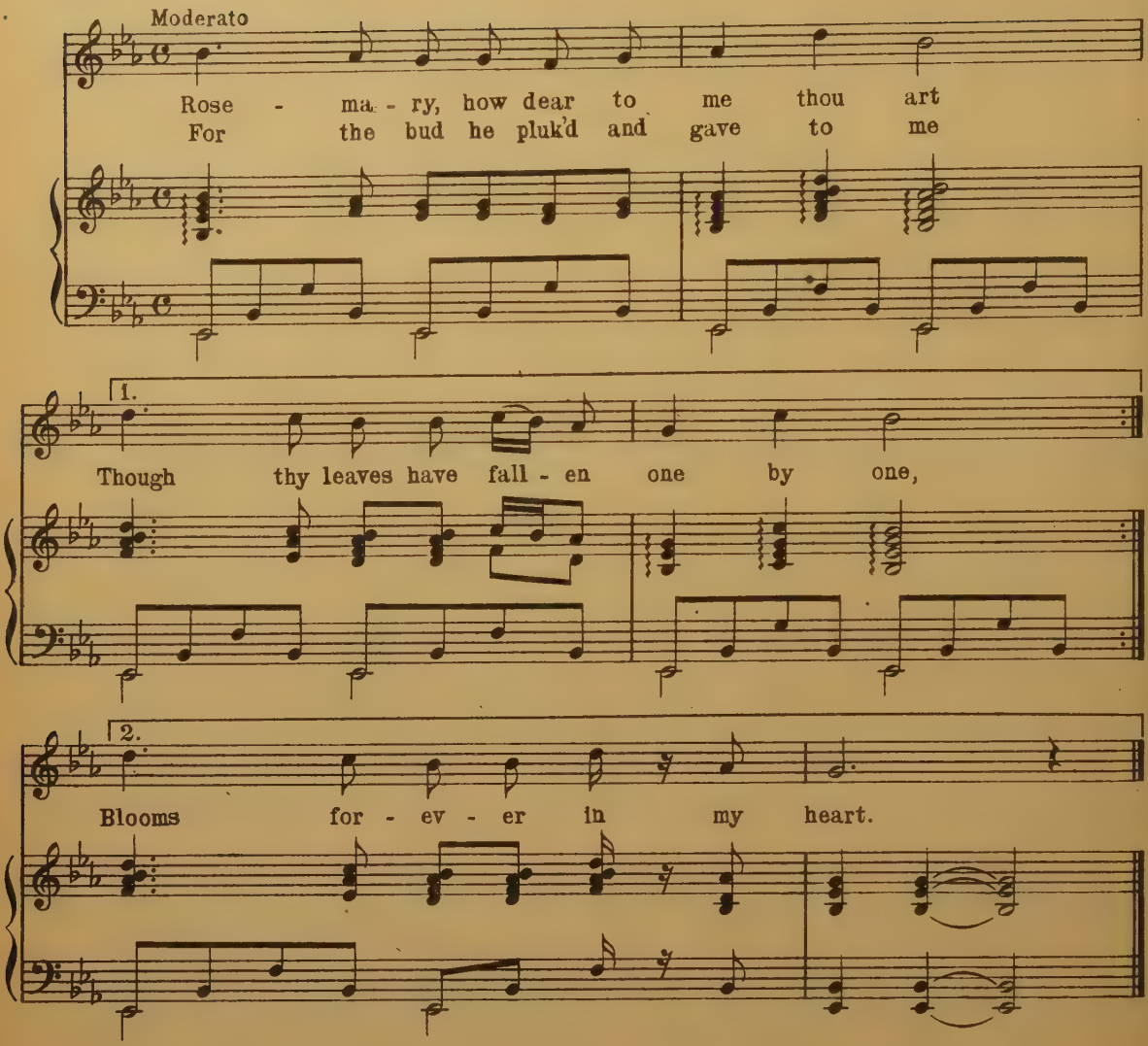
As goes this washing so life goes daily,
The sun of gladness shall dry your tears,
And pure and loving your hearts beat gaily,
Made bright with kindness and clean of fears."

English version by
Theodosia Garrison

ROSEMARY

English words
by F.C.

Folk Song


Moderato
Rose - ma - ry, how dear to me thou art
For the bud he pluk'd and gave to me
1.
Though thy leaves have fall - en one by one,
2.
Blooms for - ev - er in my heart.

Rožmarin se je posušil

Rožmarin se je posušil,
Rožmarin se je posušil,
Rožmarin se je posušil,
perjice mu proč leti.

Ena rožca je ostala,
ena rožca je ostala,
ena rožca je ostala,
nikdar nebo zvenila.

Rosemary

Rosemary, how dear to me thou art
Though thy leaves have fallen one by one,
For the bud he plucked and gave to me
Blooms forever in my heart.

Rosemary, blue floweret from above,
Let me tell you of my heart's desire;
'Tis to live one moment in that hour
When he whispered low of love.

Rosemary, the land is far away
Whence you drew your beauty and your grace;
Tears that blind me are not all for thee,
But for one beloved face.

English words
by F.C.

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